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RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY

VOL. I.

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RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY

CONSISTING OF OLD HEROIC BALLADS, SONGS, AND OTHER PIECES OF OUR EARLIER POETS, TOGETHER WITH SOME OF LATER DATE

BY

THOMAS PERCY

LORD BISHOP OF DROMORE

EDITED BY

J. V. PRICHARD

VOL. I.

LONDON

GEORGE BELL AND SONS

1908

[*Reprinted from Stereotype plates.*]

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ELIZABETH

COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND:

IN HER OWN RIGHT

BARONESS PERCY, LUCY, POYNINGS, FITZ-PAYNE, BRYAN, AND LATIMER.

MADAM,

THOSE writers who solicit the protection of the noble and the great are often exposed to censure by the impropriety of their addresses: a remark that will perhaps be too readily applied to him who, having nothing better to offer than the rude Songs of ancient Minstrels, aspires to the patronage of the Countess of Northumberland, and hopes that the barbarous productions of unpolished ages can obtain the approbation or the notice of her, who adorns courts by her presence, and diffuses elegance by her example.

But this impropriety, it is presumed, will disappear, when it is declared that these poems are presented to your Ladyship, not as labours of art, but as effusions of nature, showing the first efforts of ancient genius, and exhibiting the customs and opinions of remote ages,—of ages that had been almost lost to memory, had not the gallant deeds of your illustrious Ancestors preserved them from oblivion.

No active or comprehensive mind can forbear some attention to the reliques of antiquity: it is prompted by natural curiosity to survey the progress of life and manners, and to inquire by what gradations barbarity was civilized, grossness refined, and ignorance instructed; but this curiosity, Madam, must be stronger in those who, like your Ladyship, can remark in every period the influence of some great Progenitor, and who still feel in their effects the transactions and events of distant centuries.

By such Bards, Madam, as I am now introducing to your presence, was the infancy of genius nurtured and advanced; by such were the minds of unlettered warriors softened and enlarged; by such was the memory of illustrious actions preserved and propagated; by such were the heroic deeds of the Earls of NORTHUMBERLAND sung at festivals in the hall of ALNWICK: and those Songs which the bounty of your ancestors rewarded, now return to your Ladyship by a kind of hereditary right; and, I flatter myself, will find such reception as is usually shown to poets and historians by those whose consciousness of merit makes it their interest to be long remembered.

I am, Madam,
Your Ladyship's most humble
and most devoted servant,
THOMAS PERCY.

MDCCLXV.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE EDITION OF 1876.

As early as the year 1794, when only the fourth edition of the *Reliques* had appeared, the Rev. Thomas Percy, acting as assistant-editor to his uncle, the Bishop of Dromore, hinted at the difficulty attendant upon such a composition as a collection of poems from a mutilated and incorrect manuscript. At that date Bishop Percy, his nephew, and a few friends were alone enabled to pass this judgment. To-day, however, the concealed manuscript is the property of the British Museum, its masterly edition[1] by Messrs. Hales and Furnivall rests in the hands of the public, and our knowledge of the original poems enables us to appreciate the extraordinary ingenuity displayed by the Bishop in his manipulation of the forty-five numbers extracted from his Folio Manuscript; nor is our admiration for his poetic genius other than redoubled by the discovery.

The Folio Manuscript itself, which has been too closely connected in the general mind with the *Reliques*, considering that the latter contains only about one-sixth of the contents of the former, is a narrow book, about fifteen and a half inches long by five and a half wide, which has been torn and cut, and is deficient in many parts.

It consists of a mass of some two hundred Sonnets, Ballads, Historical Songs, and Metrical Romances, transcribed, we are

[1] Bishop Percy's Folio Manuscript. Ballads and Romances. Edited by C. W. Hales, M.A., and F. J. Furnivall, M.A. 4 vols. (Trübner & Co. 1868.)

assured, "from defective copies, or the imperfect recitation of illiterate singers; so that a considerable portion of the song or narrative is sometimes omitted, and miserable trash or nonsense not unfrequently introduced into pieces of considerable merit." [2]

Mr. Furnivall fixes the date of the handwriting to the year 1650, or thereabouts, and observes, "The dialect of the copies of the MS. seems to have been Lancashire." [3] Who this copier may have been still remains a mystery. Percy's suggestion that it was Thomas Blount has been dismissed as incredible.

Concerning the treatment of the text in Percy's selections, we have Mr. Furnivall's word that the Reverend Editor "looked upon it as a young woman from the country with unkempt locks, whom he had to fit for fashionable society." [4]

Be that as it may, the *Reliques* have admirably served their purpose; they have passed through at least thirty editions in various parts of the world; they rank among those works which have supported popularity for more than a century, and they may make their vaunt of having aroused the "Wizard of the North" to exclaim, "The first time I could scrape a few shillings together,—which were not common occurrences with me,—I bought unto myself a copy of the beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm." [5]

The endeavour of the present Editor has been in no way critical, nor has his end in view been the satisfaction of the "judicious antiquary" so much as the desire to effect a correct reproduction of the *Reliques* as put forth during Percy's life.

Consequently, the four earliest editions have been carefully

[2] Advertisement to the fourth edition of the *Reliques*, 1794.
[3] Percy's Folio MS. i., xiii.
[4] Percy's Folio MS. i., xvi.
[5] Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chap. i.

collated with the Folio Manuscript, and with Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (edit. 1857, Boston).

The result is, a refinement and correction of the text, an improvement in the punctuation, and an enlarged Glossary. A comprehensive Index has also been prepared.

The original three volumes appear in two, though Percy's arrangement of Books remains unaltered and consecutive.

A few explanatory foot-notes, the fruit of late research, increase the already copious stock, but the paternity of all such is distinctly noted.

The work, then, of revision and addition merely aims at heightening the intrinsic merit of the early editions and at assisting in making the *Reliques* of 1875 an improved re-cast.

THE EDITOR.

Oct. 1875.

PREFACE.

The reader is here presented with select remains of our ancient English Bards and Minstrels, an order of men who were once greatly respected by our ancestors, and contributed to soften the roughness of a martial and unlettered people by their songs and by their music.

The greater part of them are extracted from an ancient folio MS. in the Editor's possession, which contains near two hundred Poems, Songs, and Metrical Romances. This manuscript was written about the middle of the last century but contains compositions of all times and dates, from the ages prior to Chaucer, to the conclusion of the reign of Charles I.[1]

This manuscript was shown to several learned and ingenious friends, who thought the contents too curious to be consigned to oblivion, and importuned the possessor to select some of them, and give them to the press. As most of them are of great simplicity, and seem to have been merely written for the people, he was long in doubt whether, in the present state of improved literature, they could be deemed worthy the attention of the public. At length the importunity of his friends prevailed, and he could refuse nothing to such judges as the author of *The Rambler*, and the late Mr. Shenstone.

[1] Chaucer quotes the old romance of "Libius Disconius," and some others, which are found in this MS.—See the Essay in vol. ii. p. 89, et seq. It also contains several Songs relating to the Civil War in the last century, but not one that alludes to the Restoration.

Accordingly, such specimens of ancient poetry have been selected as either show the gradation of our language, exhibit the progress of popular opinions, display the peculiar manners and customs of former ages, or throw light on our earlier classical poets.

They are here distributed into VOLUMES, each of which contains an independent SERIES of poems, arranged chiefly according to the order of time, and shewing the gradual improvements of the English language and poetry from the earliest ages down to the present. Each VOLUME, or SERIES, is divided into three BOOKS, to afford so many pauses or resting-places to the reader, and to assist him in distinguishing between the productions of the earlier, the middle, and the latter times.

In a polished age like the present, I am sensible that many of these reliques of antiquity will require great allowances to be made for them. Yet have they, for the most part, a pleasing simplicity, and many artless graces, which, in the opinion of no mean critics,[2] have been thought to compensate for the want of higher beauties, and if they do not dazzle the imagination, are frequently found to interest the heart.

To atone for the rudeness of the more obsolete poems, each volume concludes with a few modern attempts in the same kind of writing; and to take off from the tediousness of the longer narratives, they are everywhere intermingled with little elegant pieces of the lyric kind. Select ballads in the old Scottish dialect, most of them of the first-rate merit, are also interspersed among those of our ancient English minstrels; and the artless productions of these old rhapsodists are occasionally confronted with specimens of the composition of contemporary poets of a higher class,—of those who had all

[2] Mr. Addison, Mr. Dryden, and the witty Lord Dorset, &c.—See the *Spectator*, No. 70. To these might be added many eminent judges now alive. The learned Selden appears also to have been fond of collecting these old things.—See below.

the advantages of learning in the times in which they lived, and who wrote for fame and for posterity. Yet perhaps the palm will be frequently due to the old strolling Minstrels, who composed their rhymes to be sung to their harps, and who looked no further than for present applause and present subsistence.

The reader will find this class of men occasionally described in the following volumes, and some particulars relating to their history in an Essay subjoined to this Preface.

It will be proper here to give a short account of the other Collections that were consulted, and to make my acknowledgments to those gentlemen who were so kind as to impart extracts from them; for while this Selection was making, a great number of ingenious friends took a share in the work, and explored many large repositories in its favour.

The first of these that deserved notice was the Pepysian Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge. Its founder, Samuel Pepys, Esq.,[3] Secretary of the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., had made a large collection of ancient English ballads, near 2000 in number, which he has left pasted in five volumes in folio; besides garlands and other smaller miscellanies. This Collection, he tells us, was "begun by Mr. Selden; improved by the addition of many pieces elder thereto in time; and the whole continued down to the year 1700; when the form peculiar till then thereto, viz. of the black-letter with pictures, seems (for cheapness' sake) wholly laid aside for that of the white-letter without pictures."

In the Ashmole Library at Oxford is a small collection of ballads made by Anthony Wood in the year 1676, containing somewhat more than 200. Many ancient popular poems are also preserved in the Bodleian Library.

[3] A life of our curious collector, Mr. Pepys, may be seen in "The Continuation of Mr. Collier's Supplement to his great Dictionary, 1715, at the end of vol. iii. folio. Art. PEP."

The archives of the Antiquarian Society at London contain a multitude of curious political poems in large folio volumes, digested under the several reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, James I., &c.

In the British Museum is preserved a large treasure of ancient English poems in MS., besides one folio volume of printed ballads.

From all these some of the best pieces were selected; and from many private Collections, as well printed as manuscript, particularly from one large folio volume which was lent by a lady.

Amid such a fund of materials the Editor is afraid he has been sometimes led to make too great a parade of his authorities. The desire of being accurate has perhaps seduced him into too minute and trifling an exactness; and in pursuit of information he may have been drawn into many a petty and frivolous research. It was, however, necessary to give some account of the old copies; though often, for the sake of brevity, one or two of these only are mentioned, where yet assistance was received from several. Where anything was altered that deserved particular notice, the passage is generally distinguished by two inverted 'commas:' and the Editor has endeavoured to be as faithful as the imperfect state of his materials would admit. For these old popular rhymes being many of them copied only from illiterate transcripts, or the imperfect recitation of itinerant ballad-singers, have, as might be expected, been handed down to us with less care than any other writings in the world. And the old copies, whether MS. or printed, were often so defective or corrupted, that a scrupulous adherence to their wretched readings would only have exhibited unintelligible nonsense, or such poor meagre stuff as neither came from the bard nor was worthy the press; when, by a few slight corrections or additions, a most beautiful or interesting sense hath started

forth, and this so naturally and easily, that the Editor could seldom prevail on himself to indulge the vanity of making a formal claim to the improvement; but must plead guilty to the charge of concealing his own share in the amendments under some such general title as a "Modern Copy," or the like. Yet it has been his design to give sufficient intimation where any considerable liberties[4] were taken with the old copies, and to have retained, either in the text or margin, any word or phrase which was antique, obsolete, unusual, or peculiar; so that these might be safely quoted as of genuine and undoubted antiquity. His object was to please both the judicious antiquary and the reader of taste; and he hath endeavoured to gratify both without offending either.

The plan of the work was settled in concert with the late elegant Mr. Shenstone, who was to have borne a joint share in it, had not death unhappily prevented him.[5] Most of the modern pieces were of his selection and arrangement, and the Editor hopes to be pardoned if he has retained some things out of partiality to the judgment of his friend. The old folio MS. above mentioned was a present from Humphrey Pitt, Esq., of Prior's-Lee, in Shropshire,[6] to whom this public acknowledgment is due for that and many other

[4] Such liberties have been taken with all those pieces which have three asterisks subjoined, thus *_*.

[5] That the Editor hath not here underrated the assistance he received from his friend, will appear from Mr. Shenstone's own letter to the Rev. Mr. Graves, dated March 1st, 1761.—See his Works, vol. iii. letter ciii. It is doubtless a great loss to this work that Mr. Shenstone never saw more than about a third of one of these volumes, as prepared for the press.

[6] Who informed the Editor that this MS. had been purchased in a library of old books, which was thought to have belonged to Thomas Blount, author of the *Jocular Tenures*, 1679, 4to, and of many other publications enumerated in Wood's *Athenæ*, ii. 73; the earliest of which is *The Art of making Devises*, 1646, 4to., wherein he is described to be "of the Inner Temple." If the collection was made by this lawyer (who also published the *Law Dictionary*, 1671, folio), it should seem, from the errors and defects with which the MS. abounds, that he had employed his clerk in writing the transcripts, who was often weary of his task.

obliging favours. To Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., of Hales, near Edinburgh, the Editor is indebted for most of the beautiful Scottish poems with which this little miscellany is enriched, and for many curious and elegant remarks with which they are illustrated. Some obliging communications of the same kind were received from John MacGowan, Esq., of Edinburgh; and many curious explanations of Scottish words in the glossaries from John Davidson, Esq., of Edinburgh, and from the Rev. Mr. Hutchinson, of Kimbolton. Mr. Warton, who has twice done so much honour to the Poetry Professor's chair at Oxford, and Mr. Hest, of Worcester College, contributed some curious pieces from the Oxford libraries. Two ingenious and learned friends at Cambridge deserve the Editor's warmest acknowledgments: to Mr. Blakeway, late Fellow of Magdalen College, he owes all the assistance received from the Pepysian Library; and Mr. Farmer, Fellow of Emanuel, often exerted in favour of this little work that extensive knowledge of ancient English literature for which he is so distinguished.[7] Many extracts

[7] To the same learned and ingenious friend, since Master of Emanuel College, the Editor is obliged for many corrections and improvements in his second and subsequent editions; as also to the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmistone, near Salisbury, editor of the curious edition of *Don Quixote*, with Annotations, in Spanish, in 6 vols. 4to; to the Rev. Mr. Cole, formerly of Blecheley, near Fenny-Stratford, Bucks; to the Rev. Mr. Lambe, of Noreham, in Northumberland (author of a learned *History of Chess*, 1764, 8vo, and editor of a curious Poem on the *Battle of Flodden Field*, with learned notes, 1774, 8vo); and to G. Paton, Esq., of Edinburgh. He is particularly indebted to two friends, to whom the public, as well as himself, are under the greatest obligations: to the Honourable Danes Barrington, for his very learned and curious *Observations on the Statutes*, 4to; and to Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq., whose most correct and elegant edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 5 vols. 8vo, is a standard book, and shows how an ancient English classic should be published. The Editor was also favoured with many valuable remarks and corrections from the Rev. Geo. Ashby, late Fellow of St. John's College, in Cambridge, which are not particularly pointed out, because they occur so often. He was no less obliged to Thomas Butler, Esq., F.A.S., agent to the Duke of Northumberland, and Clerk of the Peace for the county of Middlesex, whose extensive knowledge of ancient writings, records, and history has been of great use to the Editor in his attempts to illustrate the literature or manners of our

from ancient MSS. in the British Museum and other repositories were owing to the kind services of Thomas Astle, Esq., to whom the public is indebted for the curious Preface and Index annexed to the Harleian Catalogue.[8] The worthy librarian of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Norris, deserved acknowledgment for the obliging manner in which he gave the Editor access to the volumes under his care. In Mr. Garrick's curious collection of old Plays are many scarce pieces of ancient poetry, with the free use of which he indulged the Editor in the politest manner. To the Rev. Dr. Birch he is indebted for the use of several ancient and valuable tracts. To the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson he owes many valuable hints for the conduct of the work. And if the glossaries are more exact and curious than might be expected in so slight a publication, it is to be ascribed to the supervisal of a friend who stands at this time the first in the world for northern literature, and whose learning is better known and respected in foreign nations than in his own country. It is perhaps needless to name the Rev. Mr. Lye, editor of Junius's *Etymologicum*, and of the *Gothic Gospels*.

The names of so many men of learning and character the Editor hopes will serve as an amulet, to guard him from every unfavourable censure for having bestowed any attention on a parcel of Old Ballads. It was at the request of many of these gentlemen, and of others eminent for their genius and taste, that this little work was undertaken. To prepare it for the press has been the amusement of now and then a vacant hour amid the leisure and retirement of rural life,

ancestors. Some valuable remarks were procured by Samuel Pegge, Esq., author of that curious work the *Curialia*, 4to; but this impression was too far advanced to profit by them all; which hath also been the case with a series of learned and ingenious annotations inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1793; April, June, July, and October, 1794; and which it is hoped will be continued.

[8] Since keeper of the Records in the Tower

and hath only served as a relaxation from graver studies. It has been taken up at different times, and often thrown aside for many months, during an interval of four or five years. This has occasioned some inconsistencies and repetitions, which the candid reader will pardon. As great care has been taken to admit nothing immoral and indecent, the Editor hopes he need not be ashamed of having bestowed some of his idle hours on the ancient literature of our own country, or in rescuing from oblivion some pieces (though but the amusements of our ancestors) which tend to place in a striking light their taste, genius, sentiments, or manners.

*** Except in one paragraph, and in the notes subjoined, this preface is given with little variation from the first edition in MDCCLXV.

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AN ESSAY

ON

THE ANCIENT MINSTRELS IN ENGLAND.

I. The MINSTRELS (A) were an order of men in the Middle Ages, who subsisted by the arts of poetry and music, and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves, or others.[1] They also appear to have accompanied their songs with mimickry and action, and to have practised such various means of diverting as were much admired in those rude times, and supplied the want of more refined entertainment (B). These arts rendered them extremely popular and acceptable in this and all the neighbouring countries, where no high scene of festivity was esteemed complete that was not set off with the exercise of their talents, and where, so long as the spirit of chivalry subsisted, they were protected and caressed, because their songs tended to do honour to the ruling passion of the times, and to encourage and foment a martial spirit.

The Minstrels seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient Bards (C), who, under different names, were admired and revered from the earliest ages among the people of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and the North, and indeed by almost all the first inhabitants of Europe, whether of Celtic or Gothic race;[2] but by none more than by our own Teutonic ancestors,[3] particularly by all the Danish tribes.[4] Among these they were distinguished by the name of SCALDS, a word

(A) The larger notes and illustrations referred to by the letters (A) (B), &c., are thrown together to the end of this Essay.

1 Wedded to no hypothesis, the Author hath readily corrected any mistakes which have been *proved* to be in this Essay; and considering the novelty of the subject, and the time and place when and where he first took it up, many such had been excusable. —That the term *minstrel* was not confined, as some contend, to a mere *musician* in this country, any more than on the Continent, will be considered more fully in the last note (G G) at the end of this Essay.

2 Vide Pelloutier, Hist. des Celtes, tom. 1, l. 2, c. 6, 10.

3 Tacit. de Mor. Germ. cap. 2.

4 Vide Bartholin. De Causis contemptæ a Danis Mortis, lib. i. cap. 10.—Wormii. Literatura Runic. ad finem.—See also "Northern Antiquities, or a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c., of the ancient Danes and other Northern Nations: from the French of M. Mallet." London, printed for T. Carnan, 1770, 2 vols. 8vo.

which denotes "smoothers and polishers of language."[5] The origin of their art was attributed to Odin, or Woden, the father of their gods, and the professors of it were held in the highest estimation. Their skill was considered as something divine; their persons were deemed sacred; their attendance was solicited by kings; and they were everywhere loaded with honours and rewards. In short, Poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

As these honours were paid to Poetry and Song from the earliest times in those countries which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors inhabited before their removal into Britain, we may reasonably conclude that they would not lay aside all their regard for men of this sort immediately on quitting their German forests. At least, so long as they retained their ancient manners and opinions they would still hold them in high estimation. But as the Saxons, soon after their establishment in this island, were converted to Christianity, in proportion as literature prevailed among them this rude admiration would begin to abate, and poetry would be no longer a peculiar profession. Thus the Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons (D). Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately, and many of the most popular rhymes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the minstrels continued a distinct order of men for many ages after the Norman Conquest, and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great (E). There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors, the Bards and Scalds (F). And though, as their art declined, many of them only recited the compositions of others, some of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic ballads in this collection were composed by this order of men, for although some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of the monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the minstrels who sang them. From the amazing variations which occur in different copies of the old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each other's productions; and the reciter added or omitted whole stanzas according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as was hinted above, the profession of oral itinerant Poet was held in the utmost reverence among all the Danish tribes; and therefore we might have concluded that it was not unknown or unrespected among their Saxon brethren in Britain, even if history had been altogether silent on this subject. The original country of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors is well known to have lain chiefly in the Cimbric Chersonese, in the tracts of land since distinguished by the name of Jutland, Angelen, and Holstein.[6] The Jutes and Angles in particular, who composed two-thirds of the conquerors

[5] Torfæi, Præfat. ad Orcad. Hist.—Pref. to "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," &c.

[6] Vide Chronic. Saxon. à Gibson, pp. 12, 13, 31.—Bed. Hist. Eccles. à Smith, lib. i. c. xv.—"Ealdsexe [Regio antiq. Saxonum] in cervice Cimbricæ Chersonesi, Holsatiam

of Britain, were a Danish people, and their country at this day belongs to the crown of Denmark;[7] so that when the Danes again infested England, three or four hundred years after, they made war on the descendants of their own ancestors.[8] From this near affinity we might expect to discover a strong resemblance between both nations in their customs, manners, and even language; and in fact we find them to differ no more than would naturally happen between a parent country and its own colonies, that had been severed in a rude, uncivilized state, and had dropt all intercourse for three or four centuries; especially if we reflect that the colony here settled had adopted a new religion, extremely opposite in all respects to the ancient Paganism of the mother-country; and that even at first, along with the original Angli, had been incorporated a large mixture of Saxons from the neighbouring parts of Germany; and afterwards, among the Danish invaders, had come vast multitudes of adventurers from the more northern parts of Scandinavia. But all these were only different tribes of the same common Teutonic stock, and spoke only different dialects of the same Gothic language.[9]

From this sameness of original and similarity of manners we might justly have wondered if a character so dignified and distinguished among the ancient Danes as the Scald or Bard had been totally unknown or unregarded in this sister nation. And indeed this argument is so strong, and at the same time the early annals of the Anglo-Saxons are so scanty and defective (G), that no objections from their silence could be sufficient to overthrow it. For if these popular bards were confessedly revered and admired in those very countries which the Anglo-Saxons inhabited before their removal into Britain, and if they were afterwards common and numerous among the other descendants of the same Teutonic ancestors, can we do otherwise than conclude that men of this order accompanied such tribes as migrated hither; that they afterwards subsisted here, though perhaps with less splendour than in the North; and that there never was wanting a succession of them to hand down the art, though some particular conjunctures may have rendered it more respectable at one time than another? And this was evidently the case. For though much greater honours seem to have been heaped upon the northern Scalds, in whom the characters of historian, genealogist, poet, and musician were all united, than appear to have been paid to the Minstrels and Harpers (H) of the Anglo-Saxons, whose talents were chiefly calculated to entertain and divert, while the Scalds professed to inform and instruct, and were at once the moralists and theologues of their Pagan countrymen; yet the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels continued to possess no small portion of public favour, and the arts they professed were so extremely acceptable to our ancestors, that the word *Glee*, which

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proprie dictam, Dithmarsiam, Stormariam, et Wagriam, complectens." Annot. in Bed. a Smith, p. 52. Et vide Camdeni Britan.

7 "Anglia Vetus, hodie etiam Anglen, sita est inter Saxones et Giotes [Jutos], habens oppidum capitale . . . . Sleswick."—Ethelwerd. lib. i.

8 See Northern Antiquities, &c., vol. i. pp. 7, 8. 185, 259, 260, 261.

9 Ibid. Preface, p. xxvi.

peculiarly denoted their art, continues still in our own language to be of all others the most expressive of that popular mirth and joility, that strong sensation of delight, which is felt by unpolished and simple minds (I).

II. Having premised these general considerations, I shall now proceed to collect from history such particular incidents as occur on this subject; and, whether the facts themselves are true or not, they are related by authors who lived too near the Saxon times, and had before them too many recent monuments of the Anglo-Saxon nation, not to know what was conformable to the genius and manners of that people; and therefore we may presume that their relations prove at least the existence of the customs and habits they attribute to our forefathers before the Conquest, whatever becomes of the particular incidents and events themselves. If this be admitted, we shall not want sufficient proofs to show that Minstrelsy and Song were not extinct among the Anglo-Saxons, and that the professor of them here, if not quite so respectable a personage as the Danish Scald, was yet highly favoured and protected, and continued still to enjoy considerable privileges.

Even so early as the first invasion of Britain by the Saxons an incident is recorded to have happened which, if true, shows that the Minstrel or Bard was not unknown among this people, and that their princes themselves could, upon occasion, assume that character. Colgrin, son of that Ella who was elected king or leader of the Saxons in the room of Hengist,[1] was shut up in York, and closely besieged by Arthur and his Britons. Baldulph, brother of Colgrin, wanted to gain access to him, and to apprize him of a reinforcement which was coming from Germany. He had no other way to accomplish his design but to assume the character of a Minstrel. He therefore shaved his head and beard, and, dressing himself in the habit of that profession, took his harp in his hand. In this disguise he walked up and down the trenches without suspicion, playing all the while upon his instrument as a Harper. By little and little he advanced near to the walls of the city, and making himself known to the sentinels, was in the night drawn up by a rope.

Although the above fact comes only from the suspicious pen of Geoffrey of Monmouth (K), the judicious reader will not too hastily reject it, because if such a fact really happened, it could only be known to us through the medium of the British writers: for the first Saxons, a martial but unlettered people, had no historians of their own, and Geoffrey, with all his fables, is allowed to have recorded many true events that have escaped other annalists.

We do not however want instances of a less fabulous era, and more indubitable authority; for later history affords us two remarkable facts (L), which I think clearly show that the same arts of poetry and song, which were so much admired among the Danes, were by no means unknown or neglected in this sister nation; and that the

1 See Rapin's Hist. (by Tindal, fol. 1732, vol. 1, p. 38), who places the incident here related under the year 495.

privileges and honours which were so lavishly bestowed upon the northern Scalds were not wholly withheld from the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels.

Our great King Alfred, who is expressly said to have excelled in music,[2] being desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, assumed the dress and character of a minstrel (M); when, taking his harp, and one of the most trusty of his friends disguised as a servant,[3] (for in the early times it was not unusual for a minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp), he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp; and though he could not but be known to be a Saxon by his dialect, the character he had assumed procured him a hospitable reception. He was admitted to entertain the king at table, and stayed among them long enough to contrive that assault which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after,[4] a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a minstrel (N), Aulaff,[5] king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents; and, taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music, and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane (O). Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Aulaff bury the money which had been given him, either from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

Now if the Saxons had not been accustomed to have minstrels of their own, Alfred's assuming so new and unusual a character would have excited suspicions among the Danes. On the other hand, if it had not been customary with the Saxons to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds, Aulaff would not have ventured himself among them, especially on the eve of a battle (P). From the uniform procedure, then, of both these kings we may fairly conclude that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the Minstrel was a privileged character with each.

But, if these facts had never existed, it can be proved from undoubted records, that the Minstrel was a regular and stated officer in the court of our Anglo-Saxon kings; for in Domesday-book, *Joculator Regis*, the King's Minstrel is expressly mentioned in Gloucestershire; in which county it should seem that he had lands assigned him for his maintenance (Q).

III. We have now brought the inquiry down to the Norman

2 By Bale and Spelman.—See note (M).

3 Ibid.

4 Anno 938.—Vide Rapin, &c.

5 So I think the name should be printed, rather than Anlaff, the more usual form (the same traces of the letters express both names in MS.), Aulaff being evidently the genuine northern name Olaff, or Olave, Lat. Olaus. In the old Romance of *Horn-Childe*, (See vol. ii. page 95,) the name of the king his father is Allof, which is evidently Ollaf, with the vowels only transposed.

Conquest; and as the Normans had been a late colony from Norway and Denmark, where the Scalds had arrived to the highest pitch of credit before Rollo's expedition into France, we cannot doubt but this adventurer, like the other northern princes, had many of these men in his train who settled with him in his new duchy of Normandy, and left behind them successors in their art: so that, when his descendant, William the Bastard, invaded this kingdom in the following century,[6] that mode of entertainment could not but be still familiar with the Normans. And that this is not mere conjecture will appear from a remarkable fact, which shows that the arts of Poetry and Song were still as reputable among the Normans in France as they had been among their ancestors in the north; and that the profession of Minstrel, like that of Scald, was still aspired to by the most gallant soldiers. In William's army was a valiant warrior, named Taillefer, who was distinguished no less for the minstrel arts (R) than for his courage and intrepidity. This man asked leave of his commander to begin the onset, and obtained it. He accordingly advanced before the army, and with a loud voice animated his countrymen with songs in praise of Charlemagne and Roland, and other heroes of France; then rushing among the thickest of the English, and valiantly fighting, lost his life.

Indeed, the Normans were so early distinguished for their minstrel-talents, that an eminent French writer (S) makes no scruple to refer to them the origin of all modern poetry, and shows that they were celebrated for their songs near a century before the Troubadours of Provence, who are supposed to have led the way to the poets of Italy, France, and Spain.[7]

We see, then, that the Norman Conquest was rather likely to favour the establishment of the minstrel profession in this kingdom, than to suppress it: and although the favour of the Norman conquerors would be probably confined to such of their own countrymen as excelled in the minstrel arts; and in the first ages after the Conquest no other songs would be listened to by the great nobility, but such as were composed in their own Norman-French; yet as the great mass of the original inhabitants were not extirpated, these could only understand their own native Gleemen or Minstrels, who must still be allowed to exist, unless it can be proved that they were all proscribed and massacred, as, it is said, the Welsh Bards were afterwards by the severe policy of King Edward I. But this we know was not the case; and even the cruel attempts of that monarch, as we shall see below, proved ineffectual (S 2).

The honours shown to the Norman or French Minstrels by our princes and great barons, would naturally have been imitated by their English vassals and tenants, even if no favour or distinction had ever been shown here to the same order of men in the Anglo-Saxon and

[6] Rollo was invested in his new duchy of Normandy A.D. 912. William invaded England A.D. 1066.

[7] Vide Hist. des Troubadours, 3 tom. passim; and vide Fableaux ou Contes des XII. et du XIII. Siecle, traduits, &c., avec des Notes historiques et critiques, &c., par M. Le Grand. Paris, 1781. 5 tom. 12mo.

Danish reigns. So that we cannot doubt but the English Harper and Songster would, at least in a subordinate degree, enjoy the same kind of honours, and be received with similar respect, among the inferior English gentry and populace. I must be allowed, therefore, to consider them as belonging to the same community, as subordinate members at least of the same college; and therefore, in gleaning the scanty materials for this slight history, I shall collect whatever incidents I can find relating to minstrels and their art, and arrange them, as they occur in our own annals, without distinction; as it will not be always easy to ascertain, from the slight mention of them by our regular historians, whether the artists were Norman or English. For it need not be remarked, that subjects of this trivial nature are but incidentally mentioned by our ancient annalists, and were fastidiously rejected by other grave and serious writers; so that, unless they were accidentally connected with such events as became recorded in history, they would pass unnoticed through the lapse of ages, and be as unknown to posterity as other topics relating to the private life and amusements of the greatest nations.

On this account it can hardly be expected that we should be able to produce regular and unbroken annals of the minstrel art and its professors, or have sufficient information whether every minstrel or harper composed himself, or only repeated the songs he chanted. Some probably did the one, and some the other; and it would have been wonderful indeed, if men whose peculiar profession it was, and who devoted their time and talents to entertain their hearers with poetical compositions, were peculiarly deprived of all poetical genius themselves, and had been under a physical incapacity of composing those common popular rhymes which were the usual subjects of their recitation. Whoever examines any considerable quantity of these, finds them in style and colouring as different from the elaborate production of the sedentary composer at his desk or in his cell, as the rambling harper or minstrel was remote in his modes of life and habits of thinking from the retired scholar or the solitary monk (r).

It is well known that on the Continent, whence our Norman nobles came, the bard who composed, the harper who played and sang, and even the dancer and the mimic, were all considered as of one community, and were even all included under the common name of Minstrels.[s] I must therefore be allowed the same application of the term here, without being expected to prove that every singer composed, or every composer chanted, his own song; much less that every one excelled in all the arts which were occasionally exercised by some or other of this fraternity.

IV. After the Norman Conquest, the first occurrence which I have met with relating to this order of men is the founding of a priory and hospital by one of them; scil. the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, London, by Royer or Raherus, the King's Minstrel, in the third year of King Henry I., A.D. 1102. He was the

s See notes (B) and (AA)

first Prior of his own establishment, and presided over it to the time of his death (T 2).

In the reign of King Henry II. we have upon record the name of Galfrid, or Jeffrey, a harper, who in 1180 received a corrody, or annuity, from the abbey of Hide, near Winchester; and, as in the early times every harper was expected to sing, we cannot doubt but this reward was given to him for his music and his songs; which, if they were for the solace of the monks there, we may conclude would be in the English language (U).

Under his romantic son, King Richard I., the minstrel profession seems to have acquired additional splendour. Richard, who was the great hero of chivalry, was also the distinguished patron of poets and minstrels. He was himself of their number, and some of his poems are still extant.[9] They were no less patronized by his favourites and chief officers. His Chancellor, William Bishop of Ely, is expressly mentioned to have invited singers and minstrels from France, whom he loaded with rewards; and they in return celebrated him as the most accomplished person in the world (U 2). This high distinction and regard, although confined perhaps in the first instance to poets and songsters of the French nation, must have had a tendency to do honour to poetry and song among all his subjects, and to encourage the cultivation of these arts among the natives; as the indulgent favour shown by the monarch or his great courtiers to the Provençal *Troubadour*, or Norman *Rymour*, would naturally be imitated by their inferior vassals to the English Gleeman or Minstrel. At more than a century after the Conquest, the national distinctions must have begun to decline, and both the Norman and English languages would be heard in the houses of the great (U 3); so that probably about this era, or soon after, we are to date that remarkable intercommunity and exchange of each other's compositions, which we discover to have taken place at some early period between the French and English Minstrels; the same set of phrases, the same species of characters, incidents, and adventures, and often the same identical stories, being found in the old metrical romances of both nations (V).

The distinguished service which Richard received from one of his own minstrels, in rescuing him from his cruel and tedious captivity, is a remarkable fact, which ought to be recorded for the honour of poets and their art. This fact I shall relate in the following words of an ancient writer:[1]—

"The Englishmen were more than a whole yeare without hearing any tydings of their King, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He

[9] See a pathetic Song of his in Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Authors, vol. i. p. 5. The reader will find a translation of it into modern French in Hist. Littéraire des Troubadours, 1774, 3 tom. 12mo. See vol. i. (p. 58), where some more of Richard's poetry is translated. In Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music, vol. ii. p. 238, is a poetical version of it in English.

[1] Mons. Favine's Theatre of Honour and Knighthood, translated from the French. Lond. 1623, fol. tom. ii. p. 49. An elegant relation of the same event (from the French of Presid. Fauchet's "Recueil," &c.) may be seen in "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse by Anna Williams, Lond. 1766." 4to, p. 46. It will excite the reader's admiration to be informed that most of the pieces of that collection were composed under the disadvantage of a total deprivation of sight.

had trained up in his court a Rimer or Minstrill,[2] called Blondel de Nesle, who) so saith the manuscript of Old Poesies,[3] and an auncient manuscript French Chronicle) being so long without the sight of his Lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholly. Knowne it was that he came backe from the Holy Land; but none could tell in what countrey he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel, resolving to make search for him in many countries, but he would heare some newes of him; after expence of divers dayes in travaile, he came to a towne[4] (by good hap) neere to the castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the castell appertained, and the host told him that it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no; for alwayes he made such secret questionings wheresoever he came. And the hoste gave answer, there was one onely prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had bin detained there more than the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such meanes, that he became acquainted with them of the castell, *as Minstrels doe easily win acquaintance any where*;[5] but see the king he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell, where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French, which King Richard and Blondel had sometime composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it; and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the King *began the other half, and completed it*.[6] Thus Blondel won knowledge of the King his maister, and returning home into England, made the Barons of the countrie acquainted where the King was." This happened about the year 1193.

The following old Provençal lines are given as the very original song;[7] which I shall accompany with an imitation offered by Dr. Burney, ii. 237:—

2 Favine's words are, "Jongleur appellé Blondiaux de Nesle." (Paris, 1620, 4to. p. 1106.) But Fauchet, who has given the same story, thus expresses it, "Or ce roy ayant nourri un Menestrel appellé Blondel," &c. liv. ii. p. 92. "Des anciens Poëtes François." He is however said to have been another *Blondel*, not *Blondel* (or *Blondiaux*) *de Nesle*; but this no way affects the circumstances of the story.

3 This the author calls in another place "An ancient MS. of old Poesies, written about those very times."—From this MS. Favine gives a good account of the taking of Richard by the Duke of Austria, who sold him to the emperor. As for the MS. chronicle, it is evidently the same that supplied Fauchet with this story. See his "Recueil de l'Origine de la langue et Poesie Françoise, Ryme, et Romans," &c. Par. 1581.

4 Tribales.—"Retrudi eum præcepit in Triballis: a quo carcere nullus ante dies istos exivit."—Lat. Chron. of Otho of Austria: apud Favin.

5 "Comme Menestrels s'accointent legerement."—Favine. (Fauchet expresses it in the same manner.)

6 I give this passage corrected; as the English translator of Favine's book appeared here to have mistaken the original:—Scil. "Et quant Blondel eut dit la moitie de la Chanson, le Roy Richart se prist a dire l'autre moitie et l'acheva."—Favine, p. 1106. Fauchet has also expressed it in nearly the same words.—Recueil, p. 93.

7 In a little romance or novel, entitled, "La Tour Tenebreuse, et les Jours Lumineux, Contes Angloises, accompagnez d'Historiettes, & tirez d'une ancienne Chronique composee par Richard, surnomme Cœur de Lion, Roy d'Angleterre," &c. Paris, 1765, 12mo.—In the preface to this romance the editor has given another song of Blondel de Nesle, as also a copy of the song written by King Richard, and published by Mr.

BLONDEL.

Domna vostra beutas	*Your beauty, lady fair,*
Elas bellas faissos	*None views without delight,*
Els bels oils amoros	*But still so cold an air*
Els gens cors ben taillats	*No passion can excite:*
Don sieu empresenats	*Yet this I patient see*
De vostra amor que mi lia.	*While all are shunn'd like me.*

RICHARD.

Si bel trop affansia	*No nymph my heart can wound*
Ja de vos non portrai	*If favour she divide,*
Que major hon rai	*And smiles on all around*
Sol en votre doman	*Unwilling to decide:*
Que sautra des beisan	*I'd rather hatred bear*
Tot can de vos voiria.	*Than love with others share.*

The access which Blondel so readily obtained in the privileged character of a Minstrel, is not the only instance upon record of the same nature (v 2). In this very reign of King Richard I., the young heiress of D'Evreux, Earl of Salisbury, had been carried abroad and secreted by her French relations in Normandy. To discover the place of her concealment, a knight of the Talbot family spent two years in exploring that province, at first under the disguise of a Pilgrim; till having found where she was confined, in order to gain admittance he assumed the dress and character of a Harper, and being a jocose person, exceedingly skilled in "the *Gests* of the antients"[8] (so they called the romances and stories which were the delight of that age), he was gladly received into the family. Whence he took an opportunity to carry off the young lady, whom he presented to the king; and he bestowed her on his natural brother, William Longespee (son of fair Rosamond), who became in her right Earl of Salisbury (v 3).

The next memorable event which I find in history reflects credit on the English minstrels: and this was their contributing to the Rescue of one of the great Earls of Chester, when besieged by the Welsh. This happened in the reign of King John, and is related to this effect.[9]

Hugh, the first Earl of Chester, in his charter of foundation of St. Werburg's Abbey in that city, had granted such a privilege to those who should come to Chester fair, that they should not be then apprehended for theft or any other misdemeanour, except the crime were committed during the fair. This special protection occasioning a multitude of loose people to resort to that fair, was afterwards of signal benefit to one of his successors. For Ranulph, the last Earl of

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Walpole, mentioned above (in note 9, page xxx.); yet the two last are not in Provençal like the sonnet printed here; but in the old French, called *Langage Romain.*

[8] The words of the original, viz. "Citharisator homo jocosus in Gestis antiquorum valde peritus," I conceive to give the precise idea of the ancient Minstrel.—See note (7 2). That *Gesta* was appropriated to romantic stories, see note (1) part iv (i.)

[9] See Dugdale (Bar. i. 42, 101), who places it after 13 John, A.D. 1212. See also Plot's Staffordsh. Camden's Britann. (Chesbire.)

Chester, marching into Wales with a slender attendance, was constrained to retire to his castle of Rothelan (or Rhuydland), to which the Welsh forthwith laid siege. In this distress he sent for help to the Lord de Lacy, Constable of Chester: "Who, making use of the Minstrells of all sorts, then met at Chester fair; by the allurement of their musick, got together a vast number of such loose people, as, by reason of the before specified priviledge, were then in that city; whom he forthwith sent under the conduct of Dutton (his steward)," a gallant youth, who was also his son-in-law. The Welsh, alarmed at the approach of this rabble, supposing them to be a regular body of armed and disciplined veterans, instantly raised the siege and retired.

For this good service, Ranulph is said to have granted to De Lacy, by charter, the patronage and authority over the minstrels and the loose and inferior people: who, retaining to himself that of the lower artificers, conferred on Dutton the jurisdiction of the minstrels and harlots:[1] and under the descendants of this family the minstrels enjoyed certain privileges and protection for many ages. For even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, when this profession had fallen into such discredit that it was considered in law as a nuisance, the minstrels under the jurisdiction of the family of Dutton are expressly excepted out of all acts of parliament made for their suppression; and have continued to be so excepted ever since (w).

The ceremonies attending the exercise of this jurisdiction are thus described by Dugdale,[2] as handed down to his time, viz. "That at midsummer fair there, all the Minstrels of that country resorting to Chester do attend the heir of Dutton, from his lodging to St. John's church (he being then accompanied by many gentlemen of the countrey), one of 'the Minstrels' walking before him in a surcoat of his arms depicted on taffata; the rest of his fellows proceeding (two and two) and playing on their several sorts of musical instruments. And after divine service ended, give the like attendance on him back to his lodging; where a COURT being kept by his [Mr. Dutton's] steward, and all the Minstrels formally called, certain orders and laws are usually made for the better government of that Society, with penalties on those who transgress."

In the same reign of King John we have a remarkable instance of a minstrel, who to his other talents superadded the character of Soothsayer, and by his skill in drugs and medicated potions was able to rescue a knight from imprisonment. This occurs in Leland's Narrative of the GESTES of Guarine (or Warren) and his sons, which he "excerptid owte of an old Englisch boke yn ryme,"[3] and is as follows:—

Whitington Castle in Shropshire, which together with the coheiress of the original proprietor had been won in a solemn turnament by the ancestor of the Guarines,[4] had, in the reign of King John, been seized

[1] See the ancient record in Blount's Law Dictionary. (Art. Minstrel.)
[2] Bar. I. p. 101.
[3] Leland's Collectanea, vol. I. pp. 261, 266, 267.
[4] This old feudal custom of marrying an heiress to the knight who should vanquish

by the Prince of Wales, and was afterwards possessed by Morice, a retainer of that prince, to whom the king, out of hatred to the true heir, Fulco Guarine (with whom he had formerly had a quarrel at chess[5]), not only confirmed the possession, but also made him governor of the Marches, of which Fulco himself had the custody in the time of King Richard. The Guarines demanded justice of the king, but obtaining no gracious answer, renounced their allegiance and fled into Britagne. Returning into England, after various conflicts, "Fulco resortid to one John of Raumpayne, a Sothsayer and Jocular and Minstrelle, and made hym his spy to Morice at Whitington." The privileges of this character we have already seen, and John so well availed himself of them, that in consequence of the intelligence which he doubtless procured, "Fulco and his brethrene laide waite for Morice, as he went toward Salesbyri, and Fulco ther woundid hym: and Bracy," a knight, who was their friend and assistant, "cut off Morice ['s] l edde." This Sir Bracy being in a subsequent rencounter sore wounded, was taken and brought to King John; from whose vengeance he was, however, rescued by this notable minstrel; for "John Rampayne founde the meanes to cast them, that kepte Bracy, into a deadely slepe; and so he and Bracy cam to Fulco to Whitington," which on the death of Morice had been restored to him by the Prince of Wales. As no further mention occurs of the minstrel, I might here conclude this narrative; but I shall just add, that Fulco was obliged to flee into France, where, assuming the name of Sir Amice, he distinguished himself in justs and turnaments; and, after various romantic adventures by sea and land, having in the true style of chivalry rescued "certayne ladies owt of prison," he finally obtained the king's pardon, and the quiet possession of Whitington Castle.

In the reign of King Henry III. we have mention of Master Ricard, the king's harper, to whom in his thirty-sixth year (1252) that monarch gave not only forty shillings and a pipe of wine, but also a pipe of wine to Beatrice his wife.[6] The title of *Magister*, or Master, given to this minstrel, deserves notice, and shows his respectable situation.

V. The Harper, or Minstrel, who was so necessary an attendant on a royal personage, that Prince Edward (afterwards King Edward I.), in his crusade to the Holy Land, in 1271, was not without his harper, who must have been officially very near his person; as we are told by a contemporary historian,[7] that, in the attempt to assassinate that

all his opponents in solemn contest, &c., appears to be burlesqued in the Turnament of Totenham (see vol. i. p. 254), as is well observed by the learned author of Remarks, &c., in *Gent. Mag.* for July, 1794, p. 613.

[5] "John, sun to King Henry, and Fulco felle at variance at Chestes [r. Chesse]; and John brake Fulco's hed with the Chest borde: and then Fulco gave him such a blow, that he had almost killid hym."—Lel. Coll. i. p. 264. A curious picture of courtly manners in that age! Notwithstanding this fray, we read in the next paragraph, that "King Henry dubbid Fulco & 3 of his brethrene Knightes at Winchester."—Ibid.

[6] Burney's Hist. ii. p. 355.—Rot. Pip. An. 36 H. III. "Et in uno dolio vini empto & dato Magistro Ricardo Citharistæ Regis, xl. sol. per br. Reg. Et in uno dolio empto & dato Beatrici uxori ejusdem Ricardi."

[7] Walter Hemmingford (vixit temp. Edw. I.) in Chronic. cap. 35, inter V. Hist. Arg Scriptores, vol. ii. Oxon. 1687, fol. p. 591.

heroic prince, when he had wrested the poisoned knife out of the Sarazen's hand, and killed him with his own weapon; the attendants, who had stood apart while he was whispering to their master, hearing the struggle, ran to his assistance, and one of them, to wit his harper, seizing a tripod, or trestle, struck the assassin on the head and beat out his brains.[8] And though the prince blamed him for striking the man after he was dead, yet his near access shows the respectable situation of this officer; and his affectionate zeal should have induced Edward to entreat his brethren, the Welsh bards, afterwards with more lenity.

Whatever was the extent of this great monarch's severity towards the professors of music and of song in Wales; whether the executing by martial law such of them as fell into his hands was only during the heat of conflict, or was continued afterwards with more systematic rigour;[9] yet in his own court the minstrels appear to have been highly favoured; for when, in 1306, he conferred the order of knighthood on his son and many others of the young nobility, a multitude of minstrels were introduced to invite and induce the new knights to make some military vow (x). And

Under the succeeding reign of King Edward II. such extensive privileges were claimed by these men, and by dissolute persons assuming their character, that it became a matter of public grievance, and was obliged to be reformed by an express regulation in A.D. 1315 (y). Notwithstanding which, an incident is recorded in the ensuing year, which shows that minstrels still retained the liberty of entering at will into the royal presence, and had something peculiarly splendid in their dress. It is thus related by Stowe (z):

"In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall: where sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman *adorned like a Minstrel*, sitting on a great horse trapped, *as Minstrels then used*, who rode round about the tables, shewing pastime; and at length came up to the King's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse, saluted every one and departed." The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The privileged character of a minstrel was employed on this occasion, as sure of gaining an easy admittance; and a female the rather deputed to assume it, that, in case of detection, her sex might disarm the king's resentment. This is offered on a supposition that

8 "Accurrentes ad hæc Ministri ejus, qui a longe steterunt, invenerunt eum [scil. Nuntium] in terra mortuum, et apprehendit unus eorum tripodem, scilicet CITHAREDA suus, & percussit eum in capite, et effundit cerebrum ejus. Increpavitque eum Edwardus quod hominem mortuum percussisset." Ibid. These *Ministri* must have been upon a very confidential footing, as it appears above in the same chapter, that they had been made acquainted with the contents of the letters which the assassin had delivered to the prince from his master.

9 See Gray's Ode; and the Hist. of the Gwedir Family in "Miscellanies by the Hon. Daines Barrington," 1781, 4to, p. 386; who in the Laws, &c, of this monarch, could find no instances of severity against the Welsh.—See his Observations on the Statutes. 4to, 4th edit. p. 358.

she was not a real minstrel: for there should seem to have been women of this profession (A A), as well as of the other sex; and no accomplishment is so constantly attributed to females, by our ancient bards, as their singing to, and playing on, the harp (A A 2).

In the fourth year of King Richard II. John of Gaunt erected at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, a Court of Minstrels, similar to that annually kept at Chester (page xxxiii), and which, like a Court-Leet or Court-Baron, had a legal jurisdiction, with full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties, to enact laws and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them as should refuse to appear at the said court, annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter, by which they were empowered to appoint a King of the Minstrels, with four officers to preside over them (B B). These were every year elected with great ceremony; the whole form of which, as observed in 1680, is described by Dr. Plot:[1] in whose time, however, they appear to have lost their singing talents, and to have confined all their skill to wind and string music.[2]

The minstrels seem to have been in many respects upon the same footing as the heralds; and the King of the Minstrels, like the King-at-Arms, was both here and on the continent an usual officer in the courts of princes. Thus we have in the reign of King Edward I. mention of a King Robert, and others. And in 16 Edward II. is a grant to William de Morlee, "the King's Minstrel, styled *Roy de North*,"[3] of houses which had belonged to another king, John le Boteler (B B 2). Rymer hath also printed a licence granted by King Richard II. in 1387, to John Caumz, the King of *his* Minstrels, to pass the seas, recommending him to the protection and kind treatment of all his subjects and allies.[4]

In the subsequent reign of King Henry IV. we meet with no particulars relating to the Minstrels in England, but we find in the Statute Book a severe law passed against their brethren, the Welsh Bards: whom our ancestors could not distinguish from their own *Rimours, Minstralx;* for by these names they describe them (B B 3). This act plainly shows, that far from being extirpated by the rigorous policy of King Edward I., this order of men were still able to alarm the English Government, which attributed to them "many diseases and mischiefs in Wales," and prohibited their meetings and contributions.

When his heroic son, King Henry V., was preparing his great voyage for France, in 1415, an express order was given for his minstrels, fifteen

[1] Hist. of Staffordshire, ch. 10. § 69-76, p. 433, et seqq., of which see extracts in Sir J. Hawkins' Hist. of Music, vol. ii. p. 64; and Dr. Burney's Hist., vol. ii. p. 360, et seqq.

N.B. The barbarous diversion of bull-running was no part of the original institution &c., as is fully proved by the Rev. Dr. Pegge, in Archæologia, vol. ii. no. xlii. p. 86.

[2] See the charge given by the steward, at the time of the election, in Plot's Hist. ubi supra; and in Hawkins, p. 87, Burney, p. 363-4.

[3] So among the heralds *Norrey* was anciently styled *Roy d'Armes de North.*—Anstis, ii. 300. And the Kings at Armes in general were originally called *Reges Heraldorum* (ibid. p. 302), as these were *Reges Minstrallorum.*

[4] Rymer's Fœdera, tom. vii. p. 555.

in number, to attend him:[5] and eighteen are afterwards mentioned to each of whom he allowed xii*d.* a-day, when that sum must have been of more than ten times the value it is at present.[6] Yet when he entered London in triumph after the battle of Agincourt, he, from a principle of humility, slighted the pageants and verses which were prepared to hail his return; and, as we are told by Holingshed,[7] would not suffer "any Dities to be made and song by Minstrels, of his glorious victorie; for that he would whollie have the praise and thankes altogether given to God" (B B 4). But this did not proceed from any disregard for the professors of music or of song: for at the feast of Pentecost, which he celebrated in 1416, having the Emperor and the Duke of Holland for his guests, he ordered rich gowns for sixteen of his minstrels, of which the particulars are preserved by Rymer.[8] And having before his death orally granted an annuity of 100 shillings to each of his minstrels, the grant was confirmed in the first year of his son King Henry VI., A.D. 1423, and payment ordered out of the Exchequer.[9]

The unfortunate reign of King Henry VI. affords no occurrences respecting our subject; but in his thirty-fourth year, A.D. 1456, we have in Rymer [1] a commission for impressing boys or youths, to supply vacancies by death among the king's minstrels: in which it is expressly directed that they shall be elegant in their limbs, as well as instructed in the minstrel art, wherever they can be found, for the solace of his majesty.

In the following reign, King Edward IV. (in his ninth year, 1469), upon a complaint that certain rude husbandmen and artificers of various trades had assumed the title and livery of the king's minstrels, and under that colour and pretence had collected money in divers parts of the kingdom, and committed other disorders, the king grants to Walter Haliday, *Marshal*, and to seven others his own minstrels, whom he names, a Charter,[2] by which he creates, or rather restores, a Fraternity or perpetual Gild (such as, he understands, the brothers and sisters of the fraternity of Minstrels had in times past), to be governed by a Marshal, appointed for life, and by two Wardens, to be

5 Rymer's Fœdera, tom. ix. 255.

6 Ibid p. 260.

7 See his chronicle, sub anno 1415 (p. 1170). He also gives this other instance of the king's great modesty, "that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, and shewed to the people, that they might behold the dintes and cuttes whiche appeared in the same, of such blowes and stripes as hee received the daye of the battell."—Ibid. Vid. T. de Elmham, c. 29. p. 72.

The prohibition against vain and secular songs would probably not include that inserted in our first vol., no. v. (p. 264,) which would be considered as a hymn The original notes engraven on a plate at p. 263, may be seen reduced and set to score in Mr. Stafford Smith's "Collection of English Songs for three and four voices," and in Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music, ii. p. 384.

8 Tom. ix. 336.

9 Rymer, tom. x. 287. They are mentioned by name, being *ten* in number; one of them was named *Thomas Chatterton.*

1 Tom. xi. 375.

2 See it in Rymer, tom xi. 642, and in Sir J. Hawkins, vol. iv. p. 366, note. The above Charter is recited in letters patent of King Charles I., 15th July (11 Anne Regni), for a Corporation of Musicians, &c., in Westminster, which may be seen, ibid.

chosen annually; who are empowered to admit brothers and sisters into the said Gild, and are authorized to examine the pretentions of all such as affected to exercise the minstrel profession; and to regulate, govern, and punish them throughout the realm (those of Chester excepted). This seems to have some resemblance to the Earl Marshal's court among the Heralds, and is another proof of the great affinity and resemblance which the Minstrels bore to the members of the College of Arms.

It is remarkable that Walter Haliday, whose name occurs as Marshal in the foregoing Charter, had been retained in the service of the two preceding Monarchs, King Henry V.[3] and VI.[4] Nor is this the first time he is mentioned as Marshal of the king's minstrels, for in the third year of this reign, 1464, he had a grant from King Edward of ten marks per annum during life, directed to him with that title.[5]

But besides their Marshal, we have also in this reign mention of a Serjeant of the Minstrels, who upon a particular occasion was able to do his royal master a singular service, wherein his confidential situation and ready access to the king at all hours is very apparent: for "as he [King Edward IV.] was in the north contray in the monneth of Septembre, as he lay in his bedde, one namid Alexander Carlile, that was *Sariaunt of the Mynstrellis*, cam to him in grete hast, and badde hym aryse, for he hadde enemyes cummyng for to take him, the which were within vi. or vii. mylis, of the which tydinges the king gretely marveylid,"[6] &c. This happened in the same year, 1469, wherein the king granted or confirmed the Charter for the Fraternity or Gild above mentioned: yet this Alexander Carlile is not one of the eight minstrels to whom that Charter is directed.[7]

The same Charter was renewed by King Henry VIII. in 1520, to John Gilman, his then Marshal, and to seven others his minstrels:[8] and on the death of Gilman, he granted in 1529 this office of Marshal of his Minstrels to Hugh Wodehouse,[9] whom I take to have borne the office of his Serjeant over them.[1]

VI. In all the establishments of royal and noble households, we find an ample provision made for the Minstrels, and their situation to have been both honourable and lucrative. In proof of this it is sufficient to refer to the Houshold-Book of the Earl of Northumberland, A.D. 1512 (c c). And the rewards they received so frequently recur in ancient writers, that it is unnecessary to crowd the page with them here (c c 2.)

[3] Rymer, ix. 255.
[4] Ibid. xi. 375.
[5] Ibid. xi. 512.
[6] Here unfortunately ends a curious fragment (an 9 E. IV.), ad calcem Sprotti Chron. ed. Hearne, Oxon 1719, 8vo. Vide T. Warton's Hist. ii. p. 134. Note (c).
[7] Rymer, xi. 642.
[8] Ibid. xiii. 705.
[9] Ibid. tom. xiv. 2, 93.

[1] So I am inclined to understand the term SERVIENS *noster Hugo Wodehous*, in the original grant. See Rymer, ubi supra. It is needless to observe that *Serviens* expressed a Sergeant as well as a Servant. If this interpretation of Serviens be allowed, it will account for his placing Wodehouse at the head of his Gild, although he had not been one of the eight minstrels who had had the general direction. The Serjeant of his Minstrels, we may presume, was next in dignity to the Marshal, although he had no share in the government of the Gild.

The name of Minstrel seems, however, to have been gradually appropriated to the Musician only, especially in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; yet we occasionally meet with applications of the term in its more enlarged meaning, as including the Singer, if not the Composer, of heroic or popular rhymes.[2]

In the time of King Henry VIII. we find it to have been a common entertainment to hear verses recited, or moral speeches learned for that purpose, by a set of men who got their livelihood by repeating them, and who intruded without ceremony into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who *did not sing* their compositions; but the others that *did*, enjoyed, without doubt, the same privileges (D D).

For even long after, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was usual "in places of assembly" for the company to be "desirous to heare of old adventures and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as those of King Arthur and his knights of the round-table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like," in "short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions [sc. FITS[3]], to be more commodiously sung to the harpe," as the reader may be informed, by a courtly writer, in 1589.[4] Who himself had "written for pleasure, a little brief Romance or historicall Ditty . . . of the Isle of Great Britaine," in order to contribute to such entertainment. And he subjoins this caution: "Such as have not premonition hereof" (viz. that his poem was written in short metre, &c., to be sung to the harp in such places of assembly) "and consideration of the causes alleged, would peradventure reprove and disgrace every Romance, or short historical ditty, for that they be not written in long meeters or verses Alexandrins," which constituted the prevailing versification among the poets of that age, and which no one now can endure to read.

And that the recital of such romances, sung to the harp, was at that time the delight of the common people, we are told by the same writer,[5] who mentions that "common Rimers" were fond of using rhymes at short distances, "in small and popular Musickes song by these Cantabanqui" [the said common rhymers,] "upon benches and barrels' heads," &c., "or else by blind Harpers, or such like Taverne Minstrels, that give a FIT of mirth for a groat; and their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances, or historicall rimes," &c.; "also they be used in Carols and Rounds, and such like or lascivious Poemes, which are commonly more commodiously uttered by these Buffons, or Vices, in Playes, then by any other person. Such were the rimes of Skelton (usurping the name of a Poet Laureat),

2 See below, and Note (G G).

3 See vol. i. page 368.

4 Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, 4to, p. 33. See the quotation in its proper order in vol. i. page 369.

5 Puttenham, &c. p. 69. (See vol. ii. ibid.)

being in deede but a rude railing rimer, and all his doings ridiculous."[6]

But although we find here that the Minstrels had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect: yet that they still sustained a character far superior to anything we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads, I think may be inferred from the following representation.

When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle by the Earl of Leicester in 1575, among the many devices and pageants which were contrived for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was to have been that of an ancient Minstrel; whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present,[7] and give us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large (E E).

"A Person very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a xlv years old, apparelled partly as he would himself. His cap off; his head seemly rounded Tonsterwise;[8] fair kembed, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's greace, was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard smugly shaven; and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked and glistering like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick, and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side [*i. e.* long] gown of Kendal green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for heat to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red cadd's girdle; from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a' two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin,[9] edged with a blue lace, and marked with a true love, a heart, and a D for Damian, for he was but a bachelor yet.

"His gown had side [*i. e.* long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet-sleeves of black worsted: upon them a pair of poynets,[1] of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden points, a wealt towards the hand of fustian-a-napes. A pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at the toes for corns; not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soot, and shining as a shoing horn.

"About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His *harp* in good grace dependent before him. His *wrest*[2] tyed to a green lace and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain

[6] Puttenham, &c. p. 69.

[7] See a very curious "Letter: whearein, part of the entertainment untoo the Queenz Maiesty, at Killingworth Castl, in Warwick Sheer, in this soomerz Progress 1575, iz signified," &c. bl. l. 4to, vid. p. 46, & seqq. (Printed in Nichols's *Collection of Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*, &c., in 2 vols, 4to.) We have not followed above the peculiar and affected orthography of this writer, who was named Ro. Laneham, or rather Langham.

[8] I suppose "tonsure-wise," after the manner of the monks.

[9] *i. e.* handkerchief. So in Shakspeare's *Othello*, passim.

[1] Perhaps, points.

[2] The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

(pewter[3] for) silver, as a *Squire Minstrel of Middlesex*, that travelled the country this summer season, unto fairs and worshipful mens houses. From his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour, resplendant upon his breast of the ancient arms of Islington."

This minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families wore the arms of their patrons hanging down by a silver chain,[4] as a kind of badge. From the expression of Squire Minstrel above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as Yeomen Minstrels, or the like.

This minstrel, the author tells us a little below, "after three lowly courtsies, cleared his voice with a hem . . . and . . . wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for 'filing his napkin, tempered a string or two with his *wrest*, and after a little warbling on his Harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of King Arthur's acts," &c.—This song the reader will find printed in this work, vol ii. book ii. no. 3.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth,[5] a statute was passed, by which "Minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession (E E 2).

VII. I cannot conclude the account of the ancient English Minstrels, without remarking that they are most of them represented to have been of the North of England. There is scarce an old historical song or ballad (F F) wherein a minstrel or harper appears, but he is characterized, by way of eminence, to have been "of the North Countrye:"[6] and indeed the prevalence of the northern dialect in such compositions shows that this representation is real.[7] On the other

[3] The reader will remember that this was not a *real* minstrel, but only one personating that character; his ornaments therefore were only such as *outwardly* represented those of a real minstrel.

[4] As the house of Northumberland had anciently three minstrels attending on them in their castles in Yorkshire, so they still retain three in their service in Northumberland, who wear the badge of the family (a silver crescent on the right arm), and are thus distributed, viz.—One for the barony of Prudhoe, and two for the barony of Rothbury. These attend the court-leets and fairs held for the lord, and pay their annual suit and service at Alnwick Castle: their instrument being the ancient Northumberland bag pipe (very different in form and execution from that of the Scots; being smaller, and blown, not with the breath, but with a small pair of bellows)

This, with many other venerable customs of the ancient Lord Percys, was revived by their illustrious representatives the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

[5] Anno Dom. 1597. Vid. Pult. Stat. p. 1110, 39 Eliz.

[6] See pp. 48, 49, ver. 156, 180, &c.

[7] Giraldus Cambrensis, writing in the reign of King Henry II., mentions a very extraordinary habit or propensity, which then prevailed in the north of England, beyond the Humber, for "symphonious harmony" or singing "in two parts, the one murmuring in the base, and the other warbling in the acute or treble." (I use Dr. Burney's version, vol. ii. p 108.) This he describes as practised by their very children from the cradle; and he derives it from the Danes [so *Daci* signifies in our old writers] and Norwegians, who long overran and in effect new-peopled the northern parts of England, where alone this manner of singing prevailed — Vide Cambriæ Descriptio, cap. 13, and in Burney, ubi supra. Giraldus is probably right as to the origin or derivation of this practice, for the Danish and Icelandic Scalds had carried the arts of Poesy and Singing

hand, the scene of the finest Scottish ballads is laid in the south of Scotland, which should seem to have been peculiarly the nursery of Scottish minstrels. In the old song of *Maggy Lawder*, a piper is asked, by way of distinction, "Come ze frae the Border?"[8] The martial spirit constantly kept up and exercised near the frontier of the two kingdoms, as it furnished continual subjects for their songs, so it inspired the inhabitants of the adjacent counties on both sides with the powers of poetry. Besides, as our southern metropolis must have been ever the scene of novelty and refinement, the northern countries, as being most distant, would preserve their ancient manners longest, and of course the old poetry, in which those manners are peculiarly described.

The reader will observe in the more ancient ballads of this collection, a caste of style and measure very different from that of contemporary poets of a higher class; many phrases and idioms, which the minstrels seem to have appropriated to themselves, and a very remarkable licence of varying the accent of words at pleasure, in order to humour the flow of the verse, particularly in the rhymes; as

Countrie	harpèr	battèl	morning
Ladie	singèr	damsèl	loving

instead of *còuntry*, *làdy*, *hàrper*, *sìnger*, &c. This liberty is but sparingly assumed by the classical poets of the same age, or even by the latter composers of heroical ballads; I mean, by such as professedly wrote for the press. For it is to be observed, that so long as

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to great perfection at the time the Danish settlements were made in the North. And it will also help to account for the superior skill and fame of our northern minstrels and harpers a terwards, who had preserved and transmitted the arts of their Scaldic ancestors.—See *Northern Antiquities*, vol. i. c. 13, p. 386, and *Five Pieces of Runic Poetry*, 1763, 8vo. Compare the original passage in Giraldus, as given by Sir John Hawkins, i. 408, and by Dr. Burney, ii. 108, who are both at a loss to account for this peculiarity, and therefore doub' the fact. The c edit of Giraldus, which hath b en attacked by some partial and bigoted antiquaries, the reader will find defended in that learned and curious work, "Antiquities of Ireland, by Edward Ledwich, LL.D. &c., of Dublin, 1790," 4to, p. 207, & seqq.

[8] This line being quoted from memory, and given as old Scottish poetry is now usually printed (see Note at the end of the Glossary), would have been readily corrected by the copy published in "Scottish Songs," 1794, 2 vols. 12mo, i. p. 267, thus (though apparently corrupted from the Scottish idiom),

"Live you upo' the Border?"

had not all confidence been destroyed by its being altered in the "Historical Essay" prefixed to that publication (p. cx.) to

"Ye live upo' the Border,"

the better to favour a position, that many of the Pipers "might live upon the border, for the conveniency of attending fairs, &c., in both kingdoms." But whoever is acquainted with that part of England, knows that on the English frontier, rude mountains and barren wastes reach almost across the island, scarcely inhabited by any but solitary shepherds, many of whom durst not venture into the opposite border on account of the ancient feuds and subsequent disputes concerning the Debateable Lands, which separated the boundaries of the two kingdoms, as well as the estates of the two great families of Percy and Douglas, till these disputes were settled, not many years since, by arbitration between the *present* Lord Douglas and the *late* Duke and Duchess of Northumberland.

the minstrels subsisted, they seem never to have designed their rhymes for literary publication, and probably never committed them to writing themselves: what copies are preserved of them were doubtless taken down from their mouths. But as the old Minstrels gradually wore out, a new race of Ballad-writers succeeded, an inferior sort of minor poets, who wrote narrative songs merely for the press. Instances of both may be found in the reign of Elizabeth. The two latest pieces in the genuine strain of the old minstrelsy that I can discover are Nos. iii. and iv. of book iii. in this volume. Lower than these I cannot trace the old mode of writing.

The old minstrel ballads are in the northern dialect, abound with antique words and phrases, are extremely incorrect, and run into the utmost licence of metre; they have also a romantic wildness, and are in the true spirit of chivalry. The other sort are written in exacter measure, have a low or subordinate correctness, sometimes bordering on the insipid, yet often well adapted to the pathetic; these are generally in the southern dialect, exhibit a more modern phraseology, and are commonly descriptive of more modern manners. To be sensible of the difference between them, let the reader compare in this volume No. iii. of book iii. with No. xi of book ii.

Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign (as is mentioned above) the genuine old minstrelsy seems to have been extinct, and thenceforth the ballads that were produced were wholly of the latter kind, and these came forth in such abundance, that in the reign of James I. they began to be collected into little miscellanies, under the name of Garlands, and at length to be written purposely for such collections (F F 2).

P.S. By way of Postscript, should follow here the discussion of the question whether the term *Minstrels* was applied in English to Singers, and Composers of Songs, &c., or confined to Musicians only. But it is reserved for the concluding note (G G).

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

REFERRED TO IN

THE FOREGOING ESSAY.

(A) *The Minstrels, &c.*] The word *Minstrel* does not appear to have been in use here before the Norman Conquest; whereas it had long before that time been adopted in France.[1] MENESTREL, so early as the eighth century, was a title given to the *Maestro di Capella* of K. Pepin, the father of Charlemagne; and afterwards to the Coryphæus, or leader of any band of musicians. [Vide Burney's *Hist. of Music*, ii. 268.] This term *Menestrel*, *Menestrier*, was thus expressed in Latin, *Ministellus*, *Ministrellus*, *Ministrallus*, *Menesterellus*, &c. [Vide Gloss. Du Cange, & Supplem.]

Menage derives the French words above mentioned from *Ministerialis* or *Ministeriarius*, barbarous Latin terms, used in the Middle Ages to express a workman or artificer (still called in Languedoc *Minist·al*), as if these men were styled ARTIFICERS or PERFORMERS by way of excellence.—Vide *Diction. Etym.* But the origin of the name is given perhaps more truly by Du Cange: "MINISTELLI . . . . quos vulgo *Menestreux* vel *Menestriers* appellamus, quod minoribus aulæ *Ministris* accenserentur." [Gloss. iv. p. 769.] Accordingly, we are told, the word *Minister* is sometimes used pro *Ministellus* [ibid.], and an instance is produced which I shall insert at large in the next paragraph.

Minstrels sometimes assisted at divine service, as appears from the record of the 9th of Edward IV., quoted above in page xxxvii by which Haliday and others are erected into a perpetual Gild, &c.—See the original in Rymer, xi. 642. By part of this record it is recited to be their duty "to pray ´ *vorare:* which it is presumed they did by assisting in the chant, and musical accompaniment, &c.) in the King's chapel, and particularly for the departed souls of the King and Queen, when they shall die," &c. The same also appears from the passage in the Supplem. to Du Cange,

[1] The Anglo-Saxon and primary English name for this character was *Gleeman* [see below, Note (I) sect. 1], so that, wherever the term *Minstrel* is in these pages applied to it before the Conquest, it must be understood to be only by anticipation. Another early name for this profession in English was *Jogeler*, or *Jocular*, Lat. *Joculator* [See p. xxvii, as also note (v 2), and note (Q).] To prevent confusion, we have chiefly used the more general word *Minstrel:* which (as the author of the Observ. on the Statutes hath suggested to the Editor) might have been originally derived from a diminutive of the Lat. *Minister*: scil. *Ministerellus, Ministrellus.*

alluded to above. "MINISTER . . . . pro *Ministellus* Joculator."[2]—Vetus Ceremoniale MS. B. M. deauratæ Tolos. "Item, etiam congregabuntur Piscatores, qui debent interesse isto die in processione cum *Ministris* seu Joculatoribus: quia ipsi Piscatores tenentur habere isto die *Joculatores*, seu *Mimos*, ob *honorem Crucis*—et vadunt primi ante processionem cum *Ministris* seu Joculatoribus semper pulsantibus usque ad Ecclesiam S. Stephani." [Gloss. 773.] This may perhaps account for the clerical appearance of the Minstrels, who seem to have been distinguished by the *Tonsure*, which was one of the inferior marks of the clerical character.[3] Thus Geoffrey of Monmouth, speaking of one who acted the part of a Minstrel, says, "Rasit capillos suos et barbam." (See note K.) Again, a writer in the reign of Elizabeth, describing the habit of an ancient Minstrel speaks of his head as "rounded Tonster-wise" (which I venture to read Tonsure-wise), "his beard smugly shaven."—See above, p. xl.

It must, however, be observed, that notwithstanding such clerical appearance of the Minstrels, and though they might be sometimes countenanced by such of the clergy as were of more relaxed morals, their sportive talents rendered them generally obnoxious to the more rigid ecclesiastics, and to such of the religous orders as were of more severe discipline; whose writings commonly abound with heavy complaints of the great encouragement shown to those men by the princes and nobles, and who can seldom afford them a better name than that of *Scurræ*, *Famelici*, *Nebulones*, &c., of which innumerable instances may be seen in Du Cange. It was even an established order in some of the monasteries, that no Minstrel should ever be suffered to enter the gates.[4]

We have, however, innumerable particulars of the good cheer and great rewards given to the Minstrels in many of the convents, which are collected by T. Warton (i. 91, &c.) and others. But one instance, quoted from Wood's *Hist. Antiq.* Univ. Ox. i. 67 (sub an. 1224), deserves particular mention. Two itinerant priests, on a supposition of their being *Mimi* or *Minstrels*, gained admittance. But the cellarer, sacrist, and others of the brethren, who had hoped to have been entertained by their diverting arts, &c., when they found them to be only two indigent ecclesiastics, who could only administer spiritual consolation, and were consequently disappointed of their mirth, beat them and turned them out of the monastery. (Ibid. p. 92.) The passage furnishes an additional

[2] *Ministers* seems to be used for *Minstrels* in the Account of the Inthronization of Abp. Neville (An. 6 Edw. IV.). "Then all the Chaplyns must say grace, and the *Ministers* do sing."—Vide Lelandi Collectanea, by Hearne, vol. vi. p. 13.

[3] It has however been suggested to the Editor by the learned and ingenious author of "Irish Antiquities," 4to, that the ancient *Mimi* among the Romans had their heads and beards shaven, as is shown by Salmasius in Notis ad Hist. August. Scriptores VI. Paris, 1620, fol. p. 385. So that this peculiarity had a classical origin, though it afterwards might make the Minstrels sometimes pass for Ecclesiastics, as appears from the instance given below. Dr. Burney tells us that Histriones and Mimi abounded in France in the time of Charlemagne (ii. 221), so that their profession was handed down in regular succession from the time of the Romans, and therewith some leading distinctions of their habit or appearance; yet with a change in their arts of pleasing, which latterly were most confined to singing and music.

[4] Yet in St. Mary's church at Beverley, one of the columns hath this inscription:—"Thys Pillar made the Mynstrylls:" having its capital decorated with figures of five men in short coats, one of whom holds an instrument resembling a lute.—See Sir J. Hawkins, Hist. ii. 298.

proof that a minstrel might, by his dress or appearance, be mistaken for an ecclesiastic.

(B) *The Minstrels use mimickry and action, and other means of diverting, &c.*] It is observable, that our old monkish historians do not use the words *Cantator, Citharœdus, Muscius*, or the like, to express a Minstrel in Latin, so frequently as *Mimus, Histrio, Joculator*, or some other word that implies gesture. Hence it might be inferred, that the Minstrels set off their songs with all the arts of gesticulation, &c.; or, according to the ingenious hypothesis of Dr. Brown, united the powers of melody, poem, and dance.—See his *History of the Rise of Poetry, &c.*]

But indeed all the old writers describe them as exercising various arts of this kind. Joinville, in his *Life of St. Lewis*, speaks of some Armenian Minstrels, who were very dexterous tumblers and posture-masters. "Avec le Prince vinrent trois Menestriers de la Grande Hyermenie (Armenia) . . . . . et avoint trois cors.—Quand ils encommenceoient a corner, vous dissiez que ce sont les voix de cygnes, ... et fesoient les plus douces melodies.—Ils fesoient trois marveilleus *saus*, car on leur metoit une touaille desous les piez, et tournoient tout debout . . . . Les Deux tournoient les testes arieres," &c.—See the extract at large, in the Hon. D. Barrington's *Observations on the Anc. Statutes*, 4to, 2d edit. p. 273, omitted in the last impression.

This may also account for that remarkable clause in the press-warrant of Henry VI., "De Ministrallis propter solatium Regis providendis," by which it is required, that the boys, to be provided "in arte Ministrallatûs instructos," should also be "membris naturalibus elegantes."—See above page xxxvii. (Observ. on the Anc. Stat. 4th edit. p 337.)

Although by Minstrel was properly understood, in English, one who sung to the harp, or some other instrument of music, verses composed by himself or others, yet the term was also applied by our old writers to such as professed either music or singing separately, and perhaps to such as practised any of the sportive arts connected with these.[5] Music, however, being the leading idea, was at length peculiarly called Minstrelsy, and the name of Minstrel at last confined to the musician only.

In the French language all these arts were included under the general name of *Menestraudie, Menestraudise, Jonglerie*, &c. [Med. Lat. *Menestellorum Ars, Ars Joculatoria*, &c.]—"On peut comprendre sous le nom de *Jonglerie* tout ce qui appartient aux anciens chansonniers Provençaux, Normands, Picards, &c. Le corps de la Jonglerie etoit formé des *Trouveres*, ou *Troubadours*, qui composoient les chansons, et parmi lesquels il y avoit des *Improvisateurs*, comme on en trouve en *Italie;* des *Chanteurs*, ou *Chanteres*, qui executoient ou chantoient ces compositions; des *Conteurs* qui faisoient en vers ou en prose les contes, les recits, les histoires; des *Jongleurs* ou *Menestrels* qui accompagnoient de leurs instruments.—L'art de ces Chantres ou Chansonniers, etoit nommé la Science Gaie, *Gay Saber.*" (Pref. *Anthologie Franç.* 1765, 8vo, p. 17.)—See also the curious Fauchet (*De l' Orig. de la Lang. Fr.* p. 72, *c.*), "Bien tost apres la division de ce grand empire François en tant de petites royaumes, duchez, et comtez, au

[5] Vide infra, note (AA).

lieu des Poetes commencerent a se faire cognoistre les *Trouverres*, et, *Chanterres*, *Contëours*, et *Juglëours*: qui sont Trouveurs, Chantres, Conteurs, *Jongleurs*, ou Jugleurs, c'est à dire, *Menestriers* chantans avec la viole."

We see, then, that *Jongleur*, *Jugleur* (Lat. *Joculator*, *Juglator*), was a peculiar name appropriated to the Minstrels. "Les *Jongleurs* ne faisoient que chanter les poesies sur leurs instruments. On les appelloit aussi *Menestrels*:" says Fontenelle, in his *Hist. du Théat. Franç.*, prefixed to his Life of Corneille.

(c) *Successors of the ancient Bards.*] That the Minstrels in many respects bore a strong resemblance both to the British Bards and to the Danish Scalds, appear from this, that the old monkish writers express them all, without distinction, by the same names in Latin. Thus Geoffrey of Monmouth, himself a Welshman, speaking of an old pagan British king, who excelled in singing and music so far as to be esteemed by his countrymen the patron deity of the Bards, uses the phrase *Deus Joculatorum*; which is the peculiar name given to the English and French Minstrels.[6] In like manner, William Malmesbury, speaking of a Danish king's assuming the profession of a Scald, expresses it by *Professus Minum*; which was another name given to the Minstrels in Middle Latinity.[7] Indeed Du Cange, in his Glossary, quotes a writer, who positively asserts that the Minstrels of the Middle Ages were the same with the ancient Bards. I shall give a large extract from this learned glossographer, as he relates many curious particulars concerning the profession and arts of the Minstrels; whom, after the monks, he stigmatizes by the name of *Scurræ*; though he acknowledges their songs often tended to inspire virtue.

"Ministelli, dicti præsertim *Scurræ*, Mimi, Joculatores." . . . . "Ejusmodi *Scurrarum* munus erat principes non suis duntaxat ludicris oblectare, sed et eorum aures variis avorum, adeoque ipsorum principum laudibus, non sine *assentatione*, cum cantilenis et musicis instrumentis demulcere . . .

"Interdum etiam virorum insignium et heroum gesta, aut explicata et jocunda narratione commemorabant, aut suavi vocis inflexione, fidibusque decantabant, quo sic dominorum, cæterorumque qui his intererant ludicris, nobilium animos ad *virtutem* capessendam, et summorum virorum imitationem accenderent: quod fuit olim apud Gallos Bardorum ministerium, ut auctor est Tacitus. Neque enim alios à *Ministellis*, veterum Gallorum *Bardos* fuisse pluribus probat Henricus Valesius ad 15 Ammiani. . . . . Chronicon Bertrandi Guesclini.

> "Qui veut avoir renom des bons et des vaillans
> Il doit aler souvent a la pluie et au champs
> Et estre en la bataille, ainsy que fu Rollans,
> Les Quatre Fils Haimon, et Charlon li plus grans,
> Li dus Lions de Bourges, et Guions de Connans,
> Perceval li Galois, Lancelot, et Tristans,
> Alexandres, Artus, Godfroi li Sachans,
> De quoy cils MENESTRIERS font les nobles ROMANS."

"Nicolaus de Braia describens solenne convivum, quo post inaugurationem suam proceres excepit Lud. VIII. rex Francorum, ait inter ipsius

[6] Vide notes (B) (K) (Q). [7] Vide note (N).

convivii apparatum, in medium prodiisse Mimum, qui regis laudes ad cytharam decantavit."

Our author then gives the lines at length, which begin thus,

"Dumque fovent genium genialı munere Bacchi,
Nectare commixto curas removente Lyæo
Principis a facie, citharæ celeberrimus arte
Assurgit Mimus, ars musica quem decoravit.
Hic ergo chorda resonante subintulit ista:
Inclyte rex regum, probitatis stemmate vernans,
Quem vigor et virtus extollit in æthera famæ," &c.

The rest may be seen in Du Cange, who thus proceeds, "Mitto reliqua similia, ex quibus omnino patet ejusmodi Mimorum et Ministellorum cantilenas ad virtutem principes excitasse. . . . Id præsertim in pugnæ præcinctu, dominis suis occinebant, ut martium ardorem in eorum animis concitarent: cujusmodi cantum *Cantilenam Rollandi* appellat Will. Malmesb. lib. 3.—Aimoinus, lib. 4. de Mirac. S. Bened. c. 37. 'Tanta vero illis securitas . . . ut *Scurram* se precedere facerent, qui musico instrumento res fortiter gestas et priorum bella præcineret, quatenus his acrius incitarentur.'" &c. As the writer was a monk, we shall not wonder at his calling the minstrel *scurram*.

This word *scurra*, or some one similar, is represented in the Glossaries as the proper meaning of *Leccator*, (Fr. *Leccour*,) the ancient term by which the Minstrel appears to be expressed in the grant to Dutton, quoted above in page xxxiii. On this head I shall produce a very curious passage, which is twice quoted in Du Cange's Glossary (sc. ad verb. Menestellus et ad verb. Lecator).—"Philippus Mouskes in Philip. Aug. fingit Carolum M. Provincie comitatum Scurris et Mimis suis olim donasse, indeque postea tantum in hac regione poetarum munerum excrevisse.

"Quar quant li buens Rois Karlemaigne
Ot toute mise a son demaine
Provence, qui mult iert plentive
De vins, de bois, d'aigue, derive,
As Lecceurs as Menestreus
Qui sont auques luxurieus
Le donna toute et departi."

(D) *The Poet and the Minstrel early with us became two persons.*] The word Scald comprehended both characters among the Danes, nor do I know that they had any peculiar name for either of them separate. But it was not so with the Anglo-Saxons. They called a poet Sceop, and Leoðcyhta: the last of these comes from Leoð, a song; and the former answers to our old word *Maker* (Gr. Ποιητής), being derived from Scippan or Sceopan, *formare*, *facere*, *fingere*, *creare* (Ang. to shape). As for the Minstrel, they distinguished him by the peculiar appellation of Illiχman, and perhaps by the more simple title of Hearpere, Harper. [See below, Notes (H) (I)]. This last title, at least, is often given to a Minstrel by our most ancient English rhymists.—See in this work, vol. i. p. 48, &c., vol. ii. book ii. no. 7, &c.

(E) *Minstrels . . . at the houses of the great, &c.*] Du Cange affirms, that in the Middle Ages the courts of princes swarmed so much with this

kind of men, and such large sums were expended in maintaining and rewarding them, that they often drained the royal treasuries: especially, he adds, of such as were delighted with their flatteries ("præsertim qui ejusmodi Ministellorum assentationibus delectabantur.") He then confirms his assertion by several passages out of monastic writers, who sharply inveigh against this extravagance. Of these I shall here select only one or two, which show what kind of rewards were bestowed on these old Songsters.

"Rigordus de Gestis Philippi Aug. ann. 1185. Cum in curiis regum seu aliorum principum, frequens turba Histrionum convenire soleat, ut ab eis *aurum, argentum, equos*, seu *vestes*,[8] quos persæpe mutare consueverunt principes, ab eis extorqueant, verba joculatoria variis adulationibus plena proferre nituntur. Et ut magis placeant, quicquid de ipsis principibus probabiliter fingi potest, videlicet omnes delitias et lepores, et visu dignas urbanitates et cæteras ineptias, trutinantibus buccis in medium eructare non erubescunt. Vidimus quondam quosdam principes, qui *vestes* diu excogitatas, et variis florum picturationibus artificiosè elaboratas, pro quibus forsan 20 vel 30 marcas argenti consumpserant, vix revolutis septem diebus, *Histrionibus*, ministris diaboli, ad primam vocem dedisse," &c.

The curious reader may find a similar, though at the same time a more candid account, in that most excellent writer, Presid. Fauchet (*Recueil de la Lang. Fr.* p. 73), who says that, like the ancient Greek Ἀοιδοί, "Nos Trouverres, ainsi que ceux la, prenans leur subject sur les faits des vaillans (qu'ils appelloyent Geste, venant de *Gesta* Latin) alloyent . . . par les cours rejouir les Princes . . . Remportans des grandes recompences des seigneurs, qui bien souvent leur donnoyent jusques aux *robes* qu'ils avoyent vestues: et lesquelles ces Jugleours ne failloyent de porter aux autres cours, à fin d'inviter les seigneurs a pareille liberalité. Ce qui a duré si longuement qu'il me *souvient avoir veu* Martin Baraton (ja viel Menestrier d'Orleans), lequel aux festes et nopees batoit un tabourin d'argent, semé des plaques aussi d'argent, gravees des armoiries de ceux a qui il avoit appris a *danser*."—Here we see that a minstrel sometimes performed the function of a dancing-master.

Fontenelle even gives us to understand that these men were often rewarded with favours of a still higher kind. "Les princesses et les plus grandes dames y joignoient souvent leurs faveurs. Elles etoient fort foibles contres les beaux esprits."—*Hist. du Théat.* We are not to wonder, then, that this profession should be followed by men of the first quality, particularly the younger sons and brothers of great houses. "Tel qui par les partages de sa famille n'avoit que la moitié ou le quart d'une vieux chateaux bien seigneurial, alloit quelque temps courir le monde en rimant, et revenoit acquerir le reste de Chateau."—Fontenelle, *Hist. du Théat.* We see, then, that there was no improbable fiction in those ancient songs and romances, which are founded on the story of minstrels being beloved

[8] The Minstrels in France were received with great magnificence in the 14th century. Froissart, describing a Christmas entertainment given by the Comte de Foix, tells us that "there were many Mynstrels, as well of hys own as of straungers, and eache of them dyd their devoyre in their faculties. The same day the Erle of Foix gave to Haraulds and Minstrelles the som of *fyve hundred frankes*: and gave to the Duke of Tourayns Mynstreles Gownes of Clothe of Gold furred with Ermyne valued at two hundred Frankes."—B. iii. c. 31, Eng. Trans. Lond. 1525. (Mr. C.)

by kings' daughters, &c., and discovering themselves to be the sons of some sovereign prince, &c.

(F) The honours and rewards lavished upon the Minstrels were not confined to the Continent. Our own countryman, Johannes Sarisburiensis (in the time of Henry II.) declaims no less than the monks abroad, against the extravagant favour shown to these men. "Non enim more nugatorum ejus seculi in *Histriones* et *Mimos*, et hujusmodi monstra hominum, ob famæ redemptionem et dilatationem nominis effunditis opes vestras," &c. [Epist. 247.][9]

The monks seem to grudge every act of munificence that was not applied to the benefit of themselves and their convents. They therefore bestow great applauses upon the Emperor Henry, who, at his marriage with Agnes of Poictou, in 1044, disappointed the poor Minstrels, and sent them away empty. "Infinitam Histrionum et Joculatorum multitudinem sine cibo et muneribus vacuam et mœrentem abire permisit."—Chronic. Virtziburg. For which I doubt not but he was sufficiently stigmatized in the songs and ballads of those times.—Vid. Du Cange, Gloss. tom. iv. p. 771, &c.

(G) *The annals of the Anglo-Saxons are scanty and defective.*] Of the few histories now remaining that were written before the Norman Conquest, almost all are such short and naked sketches and abridgments, giving only a concise and general relation of the more remarkable events, that scarce any of the minute circumstantial particulars are to be found in them; nor do they hardly ever descend to a description of the customs, manners, or domestic economy of their countrymen. The *Saxon Chronicle*, for instance, which is the best of them, and upon some accounts extremely valuable, is almost such an epitome as Lucius Florus and Eutropius have left us of the Roman history. As for Ethelward, his book is judged to be an imperfect translation of the Saxon Chronicle;[1] and the *Pseudo-Asser*, or Chronicle of St. Neot, is a poor defective performance. How absurd would it be, then, to argue against the existence of customs or facts, from the silence of such scanty records as these! Whoever would carry his researches deep into that period of history, might safely plead the excuse of a learned writer, who had particularly studied the Ante-Norman historians. "Conjecturis (licet nusquam verisimili fundamento) aliquoties indulgemus . . . utpote ab Historicis jejune nimis et indiligenter res nostras tractantibus coacti . . . Nostri . . . nudâ factorum commemoratione plerumque contenti, reliqua omnia, sive ob ipsarum rerum, sive meliorum literarum, sive Historicorum officii ignorantiam, fere intacta prætereunt."—Vide plura in Præfat. ad Ælfr. Vitam à Spelman. Ox. 1678, fol.

(H) *Minstrels and Harpers.*] That the Harp (*Cithara*) was the common musical instrument of the Anglo-Saxons, might be inferred from the very word itself, which is not derived from the British, or any other Celtic language, but of genuine Gothic original, and current among every branch of that people, viz. Ang.-Sax. Hearpe, Hearpa. Iceland, Harpa, Haurpa. Dan. and Belg. Harpe. Germ. Harpffe, Harpffa. Gal. *Harpe*. Span.

[9] Et vide Policraticon, cap. viii., &c.
[1] Vide Nicholson's Eng. Hist. Lib. &c.

Harpa. **Ital.** *Arpa.* [Vid. Jun. Etym.—Menage Etym, &c.] As also from this, that the word Heaꝛpe is constantly used, in the Anglo-Saxon versions, to express the Latin words *Cithara, Lyra,* and even *Cymbalum*. the word *Psalmus* itself being sometimes translated Heaꝛp ꝛanȝ, *Harp Song.* [Gloss. Jun. R. apud Lye Anglo-Sax. Lexic.]

But the fact itself is positively proved by the express testimony of Bede, who tells us that it was usual at festival meetings for this instrument to be handed round, and each of the company to sing to it in his turn.—See his *Hist. Eccles. Anglor.* lib. iv. c. 24, where, speaking of their sacred poet Cædmon, who lived in the times of the Heptarchy (ob. circ. 680), he says:—

"Nihil unquam frivoli et supervacui poematis facere potuit; sed ea tantummodo, quæ ad religionem pertinent, religiosam ejus linguam decebant. Siquidem in habitu sæculari, usque ad tempora provectioris ætatis constitutus, nil Carminum aliquando didicerat. Unde nonnunquam in convivio, cùm esset lætitiæ causa decretum ut omnes per ordinem *cantare* deberent, ille ubi appropinquare sibi *citharam* cernebat, surgebat à mediâ cænâ, et egressus, ad suam domum repedebat."

I shall now subjoin King Alfred's own Anglo-Saxon translation of this passage, with a literal interlineary English version.

"He . . næꝛꝛe nohꞇ leaꝛunȝa. ne ꝛoeleꝛ leoðeꝛ ꝑẏnꞇean ne mihꞇe.
He . . never no leasings, nor idle songs compose ne might;
ac eꝛne ða an ða ðe ꞇo æꝛeꝛꞇneꝛꝛe belumpon. ꝛ hiꝛ ða
but lo! only those things which to religion [piety] belong, and his then
æꝛeꝛꞇan ꞇunȝan ȝeðaꝛenoðe ꝛinȝan: Mæꝛ he ꝛe man in peonoltꞇ-
pious tongue became to sing: He was the [a] man in worldly
haðe ȝeꝛeꞇeð oð ða ꞇiðe ðe he pæꝛ oꝛ ȝelyꝛeðne ylðe.
[secular] state set to the time in which he was of an advanced age;
ꝛ he næꝛꝛe æniȝ leoþ ȝeleoꝛnoðe. ꝛ he ꝓoꝛnon oꝛꞇ in ȝebeoꝛnꞇipe
and he never any song learned. And he therefore OFT in an entertain-
ðnne ðæn pæꝛ bliꝛꝛe inꞇinȝa ȝeðemeð ꝑ hi
ment, when there was for merriment-sake adjudged [or decreed] that they
ealle ꝛceolðan ðuꝑh enðebẏꝛnneꝛꝛe be heaꝛpan ꝛinȝan. ðonne
ALL should through their turns by [to the] HARP SING; when
he ȝeꝛeah ða heaꝛpan him nealæcan. ðonne aꝛaꝛ he ꝓoꝛ ꝛceome ꝛꝓam
he saw the HARP him approach, then arose he FOR SHAME from
ðam ẏ̈mle. ꝛ ham eoðe ꞇo hiꝛ huꝛe."
the supper, and home yode [went] to his house.

Bed. *Hist. Eccl.* à Smith, Cantab. 1722, fol. p. 597.

In this version of Alfred's it is observable, (1) that he has expressed the Latin word *cantare* by the Anglo-Saxon words "be heaꝛpan ꝛinȝan," *sing to the harp,* as if they were synonymous, or as if his countrymen had no idea of singing unaccompanied with the harp: (2) that when Bede simply *says, surgebat a mediâ cænâ,* he assigns a motive, "aꝛaꝛ ꝓoꝛ ꝛceome," *arose for shame:* that is, either from an austerity of manners, or from his being deficient in an accomplishment which so generally prevailed among his countrymen.

(1, *The word* Glee, *which peculiarly denoted their art, &c,*] This word *Glee* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon Ligg [Gligg], *Musica*, Music, **Minstrelsy** (Somn.). This is the common radix, whence arises such a variety of terms and phrases relating to the minstrel art, as affords the strongest internal proof, that this profession was extremely common and popular here before the Norman Conquest. Thus we have

I.

(1) Lip [Gliw], *Mimus*, a Minstrel.

Ligman, gligmon, gliman, [Glee-man[2]], *Histrio*, *Mimus*, *Pantomimus*; all common names in Middle Latinity for a Minstrel: and Somner accordingly renders the original by a **Minstrel, a Player on a Timbrel or Taber.** He adds, a **Fidler**, but although the *Fythel* or *Fiddle* was an ancient instrument, by which the *Jogelar* or Minstrel sometimes accompanied his song (see Warton, i. 17), it is probable that Somner annexes here only a modern sense to the word, not having at all investigated the subject.

Lihmen, gligmen [Glee-men]. *Histriones*, Minstrels. Hence

Ligmanna-yppe. *Orchestra* vel *Pulpitus*. The place where the Minstrels exhibited their performances.

(2) But their most proper and expressive name was

Liphleoþmenð. *Musicus*, a **Minstrel**; and

Liphleoþmenðlica. *Musicus*, Musical.

These two words include the full idea of the minstrel character, expressing at once their music and singing, being compounded of Lip, *Musicus*, *Mimus*, a Musician, Minstrel, and Leoð, *Carmen*, a Song.

(3) From the above word Ligg, the profession itself was called

Ligcræft [Glig- or Glee-craft]. *Musica*, *Histrionia*, *Mimica*, *Gesticulatio*: which Somner rightly gives in English, **Minstrelsy, Mimical Gesticulation, Mummery.** He also adds, **Stage-playing**; but here again I think he substitutes an idea too modern, induced by the word *Histrionia*, which in Middle Latinity only signifies the minstrel art.

However, it should seem that both mimical gesticulation and a kind of rude exhibition of characters were sometimes attempted by the old minstrels: but

[2] *Gleeman* continued to be the name given to a Minstrel both in England and Scotland almost as long as this order of men continued.

In De Brunne's metrical version of Bishop Grosthead's *Manuel de Peche*, A.D. 1303 (see Warton, i. 61), we have this,

"—— Gode men, ye shall lere
When ye any *Gleman* here."

Fabyan (in his Chronicle, 1533, f. 32) translating the passage from Geoffrey of Monmouth, quoted below in p. lxxix, note (k), renders Deus *Joculatorum*, by God of *Gleemen*.—Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poet.* Diss. 1. Fabyan died in 1592.

Dunbar, who lived in the same century, describing, in one of his poems, entitled "The Daunce," what passed in the infernal regions "amangis the Feyndis," says,

"Na Menstralls playit to thame, but dowt
For *Gle-men* thaire wer haldin out,
Be day and eke by nycht."

See Poems from Bannatyne's MS. Edinb. 1770, 12mo, p. 30.
Maitland's MS. at Cambridge reads here, *Glewe men*.

(4) As musical performance was the leading idea, so

Ƿlioþian, *Cantus musicos edere;* and

Ƿliȝbeam, ȝlipbeam [Glig- or Glee-beam]. *Tympanum:* a **Timbrel** or **Taber.** (So Somn.) Hence

Ƿlypian. *Tympanum pulsare;* and

Ƿlip-mæden: Ƿlypinde-mæden [Glee-maiden]. *Tympanistria:* which Somner renders a **She-Minstrel;** for it should seem that they had females of this profession: one name for which was also Ƿlypþỳðenesȝna.

(5) Of congenial derivation to the foregoing, is

Ƿlyþe [Glywe]. *Tibia*, a Pipe or Flute.

Both this and the common radix Ƿliȝȝ, are with great appearance of truth derived by Junius from the Icelandic **Gliggur,** *Flatus:* as supposing the first attempts at music among our Gothic ancestors, were from wind-instruments.—Vide Jun. *Etym.* Ang. V. Glee.

II.

But the Minstrels, as is hinted above, did not confine themselves to the mere exercise of their primary arts of music and song, but occasionally used many other modes of diverting. Hence, from the above root was derived, in a secondary sense,

(1) Ƿleo, and pinrum ȝlip. *Facetiæ.*

Ƿleopian, *jocari;* **to jest,** or **be merry:** (Somn.) and

Ƿleopiend, *jocans;* **jesting, speaking merrily:** (Somn.)

Ƿliȝman also signified *Jocista*, a Jester.

Ƿliȝ-ȝamen [Glee-games], *joci.* Which Somner renders **Merriments,** or **merry Jests,** or **Tricks,** or **Sports; Gambols.**

(2) Hence, again, by a common metonymy of the cause for the effect,

Ƿle, *gaudium, alacritas, lætitia, facetiæ;* **Joy, Mirth, Gladness, Cheerfulness,** Ƿlee [Somner]. Which last application of the word still continues, though rather in a low debasing sense.

III.

But however agreeable and delightful the various arts of the Minstrels might be to the Anglo-Saxon laity, there is reason to believe that, before the Norman Conquest at least, they were not much favoured by the clergy, particularly by those of monastic profession. For, not to mention that the sportive talents of these men would be considered by those austere ecclesiastics as tending to levity and licentiousness, the Pagan origin of their art would excite in the monks an insuperable prejudice against it. The Anglo-Saxon Harpers and Gleemen were the immediate successors and imitators of the Scandinavian Scalds, who were the great promoters of Pagan superstition, and fomented that spirit of cruelty and carnage in their countrymen, the Danes, which fell with such peculiar severity on the religious and their convents. Hence arose a third application of words derived from Ƿliȝȝ, Minstrelsy, in a very unfavourable sense, and this chiefly prevails in books of religion and ecclesiastic discipline. Thus

(1) Ƿliȝ, is Ludibrium, *laughing to scorn.*[3] So in S. Basil. Regul. 11

[3] To *gleek*, is used in Shakspeare for 'to make sport, to jest,' &c.

Hi hæfdon him to glige halpende minegunge. *Ludibrio habebant salutarem ejus admonitionem* (10). This sense of the word was perhaps not ill-founded; for as the sport of rude uncultivated minds often arises from ridicule, it is not improbable but the old Minstrels often indulged a vein of this sort, and that of no very delicate kind. So again,

Gligman was also used to signify *Scurra*, a **saucy Jester.** (Somn.)

Glig-geopn. *Dicax, Scurriles jocos supra quàm par est amans.* Officium Episcopale, 3.

Gliman. *Scurrilibus oblectamentis indulgere: Scurram agere.* Canon. Edgar, 58.

(2) Again, as the various attempts to please, practised by an order of men who owed their support to the public favour, might be considered by those grave censors as mean and debasing: Hence came from the same root,

Gliper. *Parasitus, Assentator;* **a Fawner, a Cogger, a Parasite, a Flatterer.**[4] (Somn.)

IV.

To return to the Anglo-Saxon word Gligg; notwithstanding the various secondary senses in which this word (as we have seen above) was so early applied: yet

The derivative *Glee* (though now chiefly used to express merriment and joy) long retained its first simple meaning, and is even applied by Chaucer to signify *music* and *minstrelsy*.—Vide Jun. Etym. e. g.

> "For though that the best harper upon live
> Would on the beste sounid jolly harpe
> That evir was, with all his fingers five
> Touch aie o string, or aie o warble harpe,
> Were his nailes poincted nevir so sharpe
> It shoulde makin every wight to dull
> To heare is GLEE, and of his strokes ful."
>
> —*Troyl.* lib. ii. 1030.

Junius interprets Glees by *Musica Instrumenta*, in the following passages of Chaucer's Third Boke of FAME:—

> ". . Stoden . . the castell all aboutin
> Of all manner of *Mynstroles*
> And *Jestours* that tellen tales
> Both of wepyng and of game,
> And of all that longeth unto fame;
> There herde I play on a harpe
> That sowned both well and sharpe
> Hym Orpheus full craftily;
> And on this syde fast by

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[4] The preceding list of Anglo-Saxon words, so full and copious beyond anything that ever yet appeared in print on this subject, was extracted from Mr. Lye's curious Anglo-Saxon Lexicon, in MS., but the arrangement here is the Editor's own. It had, however, received the sanction of Mr Lye's approbation, and would doubtless have been received into his printed copy, had he lived to publish it himself.

It should also be observed, for the sake of future researches, that without the assistance of the old English interpretations given by Somner, in his Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, the Editor of this book never could have discovered that *Glee* signified **Minstrelsy**, or *Gligman* a **Minstrel**.

Sate the harper Orion;
And Eacides Chirion;
And other harpers many one,
And the Briton Glaskyrion."

After mentioning these, the great masters of the art, he proceeds:

"And small Harpers with her *Glees*
Sat under them in divers sees."
* * * * *

Again, a little below, the poet having enumerated the performers on all the different sorts of instruments, adds,

"There sawe I syt in other sees
Playing upon other sundry *Glees*,
Which that I cannot neven [5]
More than starres ben in heven," &c.

Upon the above lines I shall only make a few observations:

(1) That by *Jestours*, I suppose we are to understand *Gestours;* scil. the relaters of Gests (Lat. *Gesta*), or stories of adventures both comic and tragical, whether true or feigned; I am inclined to add, whether in prose or verse. [Compare the record below, in marginal note subjoined to (v 2).] Of the stories in prose, I conceive we have specimens in that singular book the *Gesta Romanorum*, and this will account for its seemingly improper title. These were evidently what the French called *Conteours*, or Story Tellers, and to them we are probably indebted for the first prose Romances of chivalry; which may be considered as specimens of their manner.

(2) That the "Briton Glaskyrion," whoever he was, is apparently the same person with our famous harper Glasgerion, of whom the reader will find a tragical ballad in vol. ii. no. vii. b. ii. In that song may be seen an instance of what was advanced above in note (E), of the dignity of the minstrel profession, or at least of the artifice with which the minstrels endeavoured to set off its importance.

Thus "a king's son is represented as appearing in the character of a harper or minstrel in the court of another king. He wears a collar (or gold chain) as a person of illustrious rank, rides on horseback, and is admitted to the embraces of a king's daughter."

The Minstrels lost no opportunity of doing honour to their art.

(3) As for the word *Glees*, it is to this day used in a musical sense, and applied to a peculiar piece of composition. Who has not seen the advertisements proposing a reward to him who should produce the best Catch, Canon, or *Glee?*

(K) *Comes from the pen of Geoffrey of Monmouth.*] Geoffrey's own words are, "Cum ergo alterius modi aditum [Boldulphus] non haberet, rasit capillos suos et barbam,[6] cultumque *Joculatoris* cum Cythara fecit.

[5] Neven, *i. e.* name.

[6] Geoffrey of Monmouth is probably here describing the appearance of the Joculatores or Minstrels, as it was in his own time. For they apparently derived this part of their dress, &c., from the *Mimi* of the ancient Romans, who had their heads and beards shaven (see above, p. xlvi. note 3): as they likewise did the mimickry, and other arts of diverting, which they superadded to the composing and singing to the harp heroic

Deinde intra castra deambulans, modulis quos in Lyra componebat, sese *Cytharistam* exhibebat."—Galf. Monum. Hist. 4to, 1508, lib. vii. c. 1. That *Joculator* signifies precisely a Minstrel, appears not only from this passage, where it is used as a word of like import to *Citharista*, or Harper (which was the old English word for Minstrel), but also from another passage of the same author, where it is applied as equivalent to *Cantor*.—See lib. i. cap. 22, where, speaking of an ancient (perhaps fabulous) British king, he says, "Hic omnes Cantores quos præcedens ætas habuerat et in moduiis et in omnibus musicis instrumentis excedebat; ita ut Deus Joculatorum videretur." Whatever credit is due to Geoffrey as a relater of *facts*, he is certainly as good authority as any for the signification of *words*.

(L) *Two remarkable facts.*] Both of these facts are recorded by William of Malmesbury; and the first of them, relating to Alfred, by Ingulphus also. Now Ingulphus (afterwards Abbot of Croyland) was near forty years of age at the time of the Conquest,[7] and consequently was as proper a judge of the Saxon manners as if he had actually written his history before that event; he is therefore to be considered as an Ante-Norman writer; so that, whether the fact concerning Alfred be true or not, we are assured from his testimony, that the *Joculator* or Minstrel was a common character among the Anglo-Saxons. The same also may be inferred from the relation of William of Malmesbury, who outlived Ingulphus but thirty-three years.[8] Both these writers had doubtless recourse to innumerable records and authentic memorials of the Anglo-Saxon times which never descended down to us; their testimony therefore is too positive and full to be overturned by the mere silence of the two or three slight Anglo-Saxon epitomes that are now remaining.—Vide note (G).

As for Asser Menevensis, who has given a somewhat more particular detail of Alfred's actions, and yet takes no notice of the following story, it will not be difficult to account for his silence, if we consider that he was a rigid monk, and that the Minstrels, however acceptable to the laity, were never much respected by men of the more strict monastic profession, especially before the Norman Conquest, when they would be considered as brethren of the Pagan Scalds.[9] Asser therefore might not regard Alfred's skill in Minstrelsy in a very favourable light; and might be induced to drop the circumstance related below, as reflecting, in his opinion, no great honour on his patron.

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songs, &c., which they inherited from their own progenitors the Bards and Scalds of the ancient Celtic and Gothic nations. The Longobardi had, like other Northern people, brought these with them into Italy. For in the year 774, when Charlemagne entered Italy and found his passage impeded, he was met by a minstrel of Lombardy, whose song promised him success and victory. "Contigit Joculatorem ex Longobardorum gente ad Carolum venire, et *Cantiunculam a se compositam*, rotando in conspectu suorum cantare."—Tom. ii. p. 2, Chron. Monast. Noval. lib. iii. cap x. p. 717. (T. Warton's Hist. vol. ii. Emend. of vol. i. p 113.)

7 Natus 1030, scripsit 1091, obiit 1109.—Tanner.

8 Obiit anno 1142.—Tanner.

9 (See above, p. liv.) Both Ingulph. and Will. of Malmesb. had been very conversant among the Normans, who appear not to have had such prejudices against the Minstrels as the Anglo-Saxons had.

The learned editor of Alfred's Life in Latin, after having examined the scene of action in person, and weighed all the circumstances of the event, determines, from the whole collective evidence, that Alfred could never have gained the victory he did, if he had not with his own eyes previously seen the disposition of the enemy by such a stratagem as is here described. —Vide Annot. in Ælfr. Mag. Vitam, p. 33. Oxon. 1678, fol.

(M) *Alfred . . . assumed the dress and character of a Minstrel.*] "Fingens se Joculatorem, assumpta cithara," &c.—Ingulphi Hist. p. 869. "Sub specie *Mimi* . . . ut *Joculatoriæ* professor artis."—Gul. Malmesb. l. ii. c. iv. p. 43. That both *Joculator* and *Mimus* signify literally a *Minstrel*, see proved in notes (B) (K) (N) (Q) &c. See also note (G G).

Malmesbury adds, "Unius tantum fidelissimi fruebatur conscientiâ." As this confidant does not appear to have assumed the disguise of a Minstrel himself, I conclude that he only appeared as the Minstrel's attendant. Now that the Minstrel had sometimes his servant or attendant to carry his harp, and even to sing to his music, we have many instances in the old metrical Romances, and even some in this present collection.—See vol. i. b. i. Song vi.; vol. ii. b. ii. Song vii., &c. Among the French and Provençal bards, the *Trouverre*, or Inventor, was generally attended with his singer, who sometimes also played on the harp, or other musical instrument. "Quelque fois durant le repas d'un prince on voyoit arriver un Trouverre inconnu avec ses Menestrels ou Jongleours, et il leur faisoit chanter sur leurs harpes ou vielles les vers qu'il avoit composés. Ceux qui faisoient les SONS aussi bien que les MOTS etoient les plus estimés."—Fontenelle, *Hist. du Théâtre.*

That Alfred excelled in music is positively asserted by Bale, who doubtless had it from some ancient MS., many of which subsisted in his time that are now lost: as also by Sir J. Spelman, who, we may conclude, had good authority for this anecdote, as he is known to have compiled his life of Alfred from authentic materials collected by his learned father: this writer informs us that Alfred "provided himself of musitians, not common, or such as knew but the practick part, but men skilful in the art itself, whose skill and service he yet further improved with his own instruction," p. 199. This proves Alfred at least to have understood the theory of music; and how could this have been acquired without practising on some instrument? which we have seen above, note (H), was so extremely common with the Anglo-Saxons, even in much ruder times, that Alfred himself plainly tells us, it was *shameful* to be ignorant of it. And this commonness might be one reason why Asser did not think it of consequence enough to be particularly mentioned in his short life of that great monarch. This rigid monk may also have esteemed it a slight and frivolous accomplishment, savouring only of worldly vanity. He has, however, particularly recorded Alfred's fondness for the oral Anglo-Saxon poems and songs ["Saxonica poemata die nocteque . . . audiens . . . memoriter retinebat," p. 16. "Carmina Saxonica memoriter discere," &c. p. 43, et ib.]. Now the poems learnt by rote, among all ancient unpolished nations, are ever songs chanted by the reciter, and accompanied with instrumental melody.[1]

[1] Thus Leoð, the Saxon word for a Poem, is properly a Song, and its derivative *Lied*

(N) *With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a Minstrel.*] "Assumpta manu citharâ . . . professus Mimum, qui hujusmodi arte stipem quotidianam mercaretur . . . Jussus abire pretium Cantus accepit."—Malmesb. l. ii. c. 6. We see here that which was rewarded was (*not* any mimickry or tricks, but) his singing (*Cantus*); this proves, beyond dispute, what was the nature of he entertainment Aulaff afforded them. Perhaps it is needless by this time to prove to the reader that *Mimus*, in Middle Latinity, signifies a Minstrel, and *Mimia*, Minstrelsy, or the Minstrel-art. Should he doubt it, let him cast his eye over the two following extracts from Du Cange:—

"Mimus: Musicus, qui instrumentis musicis canit. Leges Palatinæ Jacobi II. Reg. Majoric. In domibus principum, ut tradit antiquitas, Mimi seu Joculatores licitè possunt esse. Nam illorum officium tribuit lætitiam . . . Quapropter volumus et ordinamus, quod in nostra curia Mimi debeant esse quinque, quorum duo sint tubicinatores, et tertius sit tabelerius [*i. e.* a player on the tabor [2]]. Lit. remiss. ann. 1374. Ad Mimos cornicitantes, seu bucinantes accesserunt."

"Mimia, Ludus Mimicus, Instrumentum [potius, Ars Joculatoria]. Ann. 1482 . . . . *mimia* et cantu victum acquiro."—Du Cange, Gloss. tom. iv. 1762. Supp. c. 1225.

(O) *To have been a Dane.*] The northern historians produce such instances of the great respect shown to the Danish Scalds in the courts of our Anglo-Saxon kings, on account of their musical and poetic talents (notwithstanding they were of so hateful a nation), that if a similar order of men had not existed here before, we cannot doubt but the profession would have been taken up by such of the natives as had a genius for poetry and music.

"Extant Rhythmi hoc ipso [Islandico] idiomate Angliæ, Hyberniæque Regibus oblati et liberaliter compensati, &c. Itaque hinc colligi potest linguam Danicam in aulis vicinorum regum principumque familiarem

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signifies a Ballad to this day in the German tongue: and *Cantare*, we have seen above, is by Alfred himself rendered Be heappan ȝinȝan.

[2] The *Tabour* or *Tabourin* was a common instrument with the French Minstrels, as it had also been with the Anglo-Saxon (vide p. lii): thus in an ancient Fr. MS. in the Harl. Collection (2253, 75) a Minstrel is described as riding on horseback and bearing his tabour:

"Entour son col porta son *Tabour*,
Depeynt de Or, e riche Açour."

—See also a passage in Menage's *Diction. Etym.* [v. Menestriers], where *Tabours* is used as synonymous to *Menestriers*.

Another frequent instrument with them was the *Viele*. This, I am told, is the name of an instrument at this day, which differs from a guitar, in that the player turns round a handle at the top of the instrument, and with his other hand plays on some keys that touch the chords and produce the sound.

See Dr. Burney's account of the Vielle, vol. ii. p. 263, who thinks it the same with the *Rote*, or wheel. See p. 270 in the note.

"Il ot un Jougleor a Sens,
Qui navoit pas sovent robe entiere;
Sovent estoit sans sa *Viele*."—
Fabliaux et Cont. ii. 184, 185.

fuisse, non secus ac hodie in aulis principum peregrina idiomata in deliciis haberi cernimus. Imprimis Vita Egilli Skallagrimii id invicto argumento adstruit. Quippe qui interrogatus ab Adalsteino, Angliæ rege, quomodo manus Eirici Blodoxii, Northumbriæ regis, postquam in ejus potestatem venerat, evasisset, cujus filium propinquosque occiderat, . . rei statim ordinem metro, nunc satis obscuro, exposuit, nequaquam ita narraturus non intelligenti."—Vide plura apud Torfæii Prefat. ad Orcad. Hist. fol.

This same Egill was no less distinguished for his valour and skill as a soldier, than for his poetic and singing talents as a Scald; and he was such a favourite with our king Athelstan, that he at one time presented him with "duobus annulis et scriniis, duobus bene magnis argento repletis. . . . Quinetiam hoc addidit, ut Egillus quidvis præterea a se petens, obtineret; bona mobilia, sive immobilia, præbendam vel præfecturas. Egillus porro regiam munificentiam gratus excipiens, Carmen Encomiasticon, à se linguâ Norvegicâ (quæ tum his regnis communis) compositum, regi dicat; ac pro eo, duas marcas auri puri (pondus marcæ . . 8 uncias æquabat) honorarii loco retulit."—Arngr. Jon. Rer. Islandic. lib. ii. p. 129.

See more of Egill, in the "Five Pieces of Runic Poetry," p. 45, whose poem (there translated) is the most ancient piece all in rhyme that is, I conceive, now to be found in any European language, except Latin.—See Egill's Islandic original, printed at the end of the English version in the said Five Pieces, &c.

(P) *If the Saxons had not been accustomed to have Minstrels of their own . . . and to show favour and respect to the Danish Scalds,*] if this had not been the case, we may be assured, at least, that the stories given in the text could never have been recorded by writers who lived so near the Anglo-Saxon times as Malmesbury and Ingulphus, who, though they might be deceived as to particular facts, could not be so as to the general manners and customs which prevailed so near their own times among their ancestors.

(Q) *In Domesday Book*, &c.] Extract. ex Libro Domesday: et vide Anstis Ord. Gart. ii. 304.

Glowecesterscire.

Fol. 162. Col. 1. **Berdic Joculator Regis habet iii billas, et ibi v. car. nil redd.**

That *Joculator* is properly a Minstrel, might be inferred from the two foregoing passages of Geoffrey of Monmouth (v. note K), where the word is used as equivalent to *Citharista* in one place, and to *Cantor* in the other: this union forms the precise idea of the character.

But more positive proofs have already been offered, vide supra, pp. xlvii, xlviii, lviii, lxvi, note.—See also Du Cange's Gloss. vol. iii. c. 1543. "JOGULATOR pro *Joculator*. Consilium Masil. an. 1381. Nullus Ministreys, Jogulator, audeat pinsare vel sonare instrumentum cujuscumque generis," &c., &c.

As the Minstrel was termed in French *Jongleur* and *Jugleur*, so he was

called in Spanish *Jutglar* and *Juglar*. "Tenemos canciones y versos para recitar mui antiguos y memorias ciertas de los *Juglares*, que assistian en los banquetes, como los que pinta Homero."—Prolog. a las Comed. de Cervantes, 1749, 4to.

"El anno 1328, en las siestas de la Coronacion del Rey, Don Alonso el IV. de Aragon, ...[3] el *Juglar Ramaset* cantò una Villanesca de la Composicion del.. . infante [Don Pedro]: y otro Juglar, llamado Novellet, recitò y representò en voz y sin cantar mas de 600 versos, que hizo el Infante en el metro que llamaban Rima Vulgar."—Ibid.

"Los Trobadores inventaron la Gaya Ciencia . . . . estos Trobadores eran casi todos de la primera Nobleza.—Es verdad, quem ya entonces se havian entrometido entre las diversiones Cortesanos, los Cantadores, los Cantores, los *Juglares*, los Truanes, y los Bufones."—Ibid.

In England, the King's Juglar continued to have an establishment in the royal household down to the reign of Henry VIII. [Vide note (C C).] But in what sense the title was there applied does not appear. In Barklay's *Egloges*, written circ. 1514, Juglars and Pipers are mentioned together. Egl. iv.—Vide T. Warton's Hist. ii. 254.

(R) *A valiant warrior, named Taillefer, &c.*] See Du Cange, who produces this as an instance,—"Quod Ministellorum munus interdum præstabant milites probatissimi. Le Roman De Vacce, MS.

"Quant il virent Normanz venir
Mout veissiez Engleiz fremir . . . .
Taillefer qui mout bien chantoit,
Sur un cheval, qui tost alloit,
Devant euls aloit chantant
De Kallemaigne et de Roullant,
Et d'Olivier de Vassaux,
Qui moururent en Rainschevaux."

"Qui quidem Taillefer a Gulielmo obtinuit ut primus in hostes irrueret, inter quos fortiter dimicando occubuit."—Gloss. tom. iv. 769, 770, 771.

"Les anciennes chroniques nous apprennent, qu'en premier rang de l'Armée Normande, un écuyer nommé Taillefer, monté sur un cheval armé, chanta la *Chanson de Roland*, qui fut si long tems dans les bouches des Francois, sans qu'il soit resté le moindre fragment. Le Taillefer après avoir *entonné* la chanson que les soldats répetoient, se jetta le premier parmi les Anglois, et fut tué."—Voltaire, Add. Hist. Univ. p. 69.

The reader will see an attempt to restore the Chanson de Roland, with musical notes, in Dr. Burney's Hist. ii. p. 276.—See more concerning the Song of Roland, vol. ii. p. 88, note.

(S) *An eminent French writer, &c.*] "M. l'Evêque de la Ravalière, qui avoit fait beaucoup de recherches sur nos anciennes Chansons, prétend que c'est à la Normandie que nous devons nos premiers Chansonniers, non à la Provence, et qu'il y avoit parmi nous des Chansons en langue vulgaire

[3] "Romanset Jutglar canta alt veus . . . devant lo senyor Rey."—*Chron. d'Aragon*, apud Du Cange. iv. 771.

avant celles de Provençaus, mais postérieurement au Règne de Phillippe I., ou à l'an 1100." [v. Révolutions de la Langue Françoise, à la suite des *Poesies du Roi de Navarre.*] "Ce seroit une antériorité de plus d'une demi siècle à l'époque des premiers troubadours, que leur historien Jean de Nostredame fixe à l'an 1162," &c.—Pref. à *l'Anthologie Franç.*, 8vo, 1765.

This subject hath since been taken up and prosecuted at length in the Prefaces, &c., to M. Le Grand's "Fabliaux ou Contes du xii^e^ et du xii^e^ Siecle, Paris, 1788." 5 tom. 12mo, who seems pretty clearly to have established the priority and superior excellence of the old Rimeurs of the north of France over the Troubadours of Provence, &c.

(s 2) *Their own native Gleemen or Minstrels must be allowed to exist.*] Of this we have proof positive in the old metrical Romance of *Horn-Child* (vol. ii. no. 1, p. 95), which although from the mention of Sarazens, &c., it must have been written at least after the first Crusade in 1096, yet, from its Anglo-Saxon language or idiom, can scarce be dated later than within a century after the Conquest. This, as appears from its very exordium, was intended to be sung to a popular audience, whether it was composed by, or for, a Gleeman or Minstrel. But it carries all the internal marks of being the production of such a composer. It appears of genuine English growth; for after a careful examination, I cannot discover any allusion to French or Norman customs, manners, composition, or phraseology; no quotation "as the Romance sayth:" not a name or local reference which was likely to occur to a French Rimeur. The proper names are all of Northern extraction. Child *Horn* is the son of *Allof* (*i. e.* Olaf or Olave), king of *Sudenne* (I suppose Sweden), by his queen *Godylde* or *Godylt*. *Athulf* and *Fykenyld* are the names of subjects. *Eylmer* or *Aylmere* is king of *Westnesse* (a part of Ireland), *Rymenyld* is his daughter; as *Erminyld* is of another king *Thurstan;* whose sons are *Athyld* and *Beryld*. *Athelbrus* is steward of King Aylmer, &c., &c. All these savour only of a Northern origin, and the whole piece is exactly such a performance as one would expect from a Gleeman or Minstrel of the north of England, who had derived his art and his ideas from his Scaldic predecessors there. So that this probably is the original from which was translated the old French fragment of *Dan Horn*, in the Harleian MS. 527, mentioned by Tyrwhitt (Chaucer iv. p. 68), and by T. Warton (Hist. i. 38), whose extract from *Horn-Child* is extremely incorrect.

Compare the style of *Horn-Child* with the Anglo-Saxon specimens in short verses and rhyme, which are assigned to the century succeeding the Conquest, in Hicke's *Thesaurus*, tom. i. cap. 24, pp. 224 and 231.

(T) *The different production of the sedentary composer and the rambling minstrel.*] Among the old metrical romances, a very few are addressed to readers, or mention reading; these appear to have been composed by writers at their desk, and exhibit marks of more elaborate structure and invention. Such is *Eglamour of Artas* (vol. ii. no. 20, p. 100), of which I find in a MS. copy in the Cotton Library, A. 2, fo. 10 3, the Second Fitte thus concludes,

"... thus ferr have I red."

Such is *Ipomydon* (vol. ii. no. 23, p. 101), of which one of the divisions (Sign. E. ii. b. in pr. copy) ends thus,

"Let hym go, God him spede
Tyll efte-soone we of him reed [i. e. *read*]."

So in *Amys and Amylion*[4] (vol. ii. no. 31, p. 102), in stanza 3rd we have

"In Geste as we rede,"

and similar phrases occur in stanzas 34, 125, 140, 196, &c.

These are all studied compositions, in which the story is invented with more skill and ingenuity, and the style and colouring are of superior cast to such as can with sufficient probability be attributed to the minstrels themselves.

Of this class I conceive the romance of *Horn-Child* (mentioned in the last note (s 2) and in vol. ii. no. 1, p. 95), which, from the naked unadorned simplicity of the story, I would attribute to such an origin.

But more evidently is such the *Squire of Lowe Degree* (vol. ii. no. 24, p. 101), in which is no reference to any French original, nothing like the phrase, which so frequently occurs in others, "as the Romance sayth,"[5] or the like. And it is just such a rambling performance as one would expect from an itinerant bard. And

Such also is *A lyttel Geste of Robyn Hode*, &c., in 8 Fyttes, of which are extant two editions, 4to, in black-letter, described more fully in page 57 of this volume.—This is not only of undoubted English growth, but, from the constant satire aimed at abbots and their convents, &c., could not possibly have been composed by any monk in his cell.

Other instances might be produced; but especially of the former kind is *Syr Launfal* (vol. ii. no. 11, p. 98), the 121st stanza of which has

"In Romances as we rede."

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[4] It ought to have been observed in its proper place in vol. ii. no. 31, page 102, that *Amys* and *Amylion* were no otherwise "Brothers," than as being fast friends: as was suggested by the learned Dr. Samuel Pegge, who was so obliging as to favour the Essayist formerly with a curious transcript of this poem, accompanied with valuable illustrations, &c.; and that it was his opinion, that both the fragment of the *Lady Bellesent*, mentioned in the same no. 31, and also the mutilated Tale, no. 37 (page 103), were only imperfect copies of the above romance of *Amys and Amylion*, which contains the two lines quoted in no. 37.

[5] Wherever the word *Romance* occurs in these metrical narratives, it hath been thought to afford decisive proof of a translation from the *Romance* or French language. Accordingly it is so urged by T. Warton (i. 146, note), from two passages in the pr. copy of *Sir Eglamour*, viz. sign E 1,

"In Romaunce as we rede."

Again in fol. ult.

"In Romaunce this cronycle is."

But in the Cotton MS. of the original, the first passage is

"As I herd a Clerke rede."

And the other thus,

"In Rome this Gest cronycled ys."

So that I believe references to "the Romaunce," or the like, were often mere expletive phrases inserted by the oral Reciters; one of whom I conceive had altered or corrupted the old *Syr Eglamour* in the manner that the copy was printed.

This is one of the best invented stories of that kind, and I believe the only one in which is inserted the name of the author.

(T 2) *Royer or Raherus, the King's Minstrel.*] He is recorded by Leland under both these names, in his *Collectanea*, scil. vol. i., p. 61.

"Hospitale S. Bartholomæi in West Smithfelde in London. Royer Mimus Regis fundator."

"Hosp. Sti. Barthol. Lendini.

"Raherus Mimus Regis H. 1. primus fundator, an. 1102, 3 H. 1, qui fundavit etiam Priorat. Sti. Barthol."—Ibid. p. 99.

That *Mimus* is properly a Minstrel in the sense affixed to the word in this Essay, one extract from the accounts [Lat. *Computis*] of the priory of Maxtock, near Coventry, in 1441, will sufficiently show.—Scil. "Dat. Sex. Mimis Dni. Clynton cantantibus, citharisantibus, ludentibus," &c. iiiis. (T. Warton, ii. 106, note q.) The same year the Prior gave to a *doctor prædicans*, for a sermon preached to them, only 6d.

In the Monasticon, tom. ii. pp. 166, 167, is a curious history of the founder of this priory, and the cause of its erection, which seems exactly such a composition as one of those which were manufactured by Dr. Stone, the famous legend-maker, in 1380 (see T. Warton's curious account of him in vol. ii. p. 190, note), who required no materials to assist him in composing his Narratives, &c.; for in this legend are no particulars given of the founder, but a recital of miraculous visions exciting him to this pious work, of its having been before revealed to King Edward the Confessor, and predicted by three Grecians, &c. Even his minstrel profession is not mentioned, whether from ignorance or design, as the profession was perhaps falling into discredit when this legend was written. There is only a general indistinct account that he frequented royal and noble houses, where he ingratiated himself *suavitate joculari*. (This last is the only word that seems to have any appropriated meaning.) This will account for the indistinct incoherent account given by Stow. "Rahere, a pleasant-witted gentleman, and therefore in his time called the King's Minstrel."—*Survey of Lond.* Ed. 1598, p. 308.

(U) *In the early times, every Harper was expected to sing.*] See on this subject King Alfred's Version of Cædmon, above in note (H), p. li.

So in *Horn-Child*, King Allof orders his steward Athelbrus to

"— teche him of harpe and of song."

In the *Squire of Lowe Degree*, the King offers to his daughter,

"Ye shall have harpe, sautry,[6] and song."

And Chaucer, in his description of the Limitour, or Mendicant Friar, speaks of harping as inseparable from singing (i. p. 11, ver. 268),

"— in his harping, whan that he hadde songe."

[6] The Harp (Lat. *Cithara*) differed from the Sautry, or Psaltry (Lat. *Psalterium*), in that the former was a stringed instrument, and the latter was mounted with wire: there was also some difference in the construction of the bellies, &c. See "Bartholomæus de proprietatibus rerum," as Englished by Trevisa and Batman, ed 1584, in Sir J. Hawkins' Hist. ii. p. 285.

(U 2) *As the most accomplished, &c.*] See Hoveden, p. 102, in the following passage, which had erroneously been applied to King Richard himself, till Mr. Tyrwhitt (Chaucer, iv. page 62) showed it to belong to his Chancellor. "Hic ad augmentum et famam sui nominis, emendicata carmina, et rhythmos adulatorios comparabat; et de regno Francorum Cantores et Joculatores muneribus allexerat, ut de illo canerent in plateis: et jam dicebatur ubique, quod non erat talis in orbe."—For other particulars relating to this Chancellor, see T. Warton's Hist. vol. ii. Addit. to p. 113 of vol. i.

(U 3) *Both the Norman and English languages would be heard at the houses of the great.*] A remarkable proof of this is, that the most diligent inquirers after ancient English rhymes, find the earliest they can discover in the mouths of the Norman nobles. Such as that of Robert, Earl of Leicester and his Flemings in 1173, temp. Hen. II. (little more than a century after the Conquest) recorded by Lambarde in his Dictionary of England, p. 36.

"Hoppe Wyliken, hoppe Wyliken,
Ingland is thine and myne."

And that noted boast of Hugh Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, in the same reign of King Henry II., vide Camdeni Britannia (art. Suffolk), 1607, folio:

"Were I in my castle of Bungey
Vpon the riuer of Waueney
I would ne care for the king of Cockeney."

Indeed many of our old metrical romances, whether originally English, or translated from the French to be sung to an English audience, are addressed to persons of high rank, as appears from their beginning thus,—"Listen, Lordings," and the like. These were prior to the time of Chaucer, as appears from vol. ii. p. 98, et seqq. And yet to his time our Norman nobles are supposed to have adhered to their French language.

(V) *That intercommunity, &c., between the French and English Minstrels, &c.*] This might, perhaps, in a great measure, be referred even to the Norman Conquest, when the victors brought with them all their original opinions and fables; which could not fail to be adopted by the English Minstrels and others, who solicited their favour. This interchange, &c., between the Minstrels of the two nations, would be afterwards promoted by the great intercourse produced among all the nations of Christendom in the general crusades, and by that spirit of chivalry which led Knights and their attendants, the Heralds and Minstrels, &c., to ramble about continually, from one court to another, in order to be present at solemn tournaments and other feats of arms.

(V 2) *Is not the only instance, &c.*] The constant admission granted to Minstrels was so established a privilege, that it became a ready expedient to writers of fiction. Thus, in the old romance of *Horn-Child*, the Princess Rymenyld being confined in an inaccessible castle, the prince, her lover, and some assistant knights, with concealed arms, assume the minstrel

character; and approaching the castle with their "Gleyinge" or Minstrelsy, are heard by the lord of it, who being informed they were "harpeirs. jogelers, and fythelers,[7]" has them admitted, when

> "Horn sette him abenche [*i. e.* on a bench]
> Is [*i. e.* his] harpe he gan clenche
> He made Rymenild a lay."

This sets the princess a-weeping, and leads to the catastrophe; for he immediately advances to "the Borde" or table, kills the ravisher, and releases the lady.

(v 3) . . *assumed the dress and character of a Harper, &c.*] We have this curious *Historiette* in the records of Lacock Nunnery, in Wiltshire, which had been founded by this Countess of Salisbury.—See Vincent's Discovery of Errors in Brooke's Catalogue of Nobility, &c., folio, pp. 445, 446, &c. Take the following extract (and see Dugdale's *Baron.* i. p. 175):

"Ela uxor Gullielmi Longespee primi, nata fuit apud Ambresbiraim, patre et matre Normannis.

"Pater itaque ejus defectus senio migravit ad Christum, A.D. 1196. Mater ejus ante biennium obiit. . . . . Interea Domina charissima clam per cognatos adducta fuit in Normanniam, et ibidem sub tutâ et arctâ custodiâ nutrita. Eodem tempore in Angliâ fuit quidam miles nomine Gulielmus Talbot, qui induit se habitum Peregrini [Anglice, *A Pilgrim*] in Normanniam transfretavit et moratus per duos annos, huc atque illuc vagans, ad explorandam dominam Elam Sarum. Et illâ inventâ, exuit habitum Peregrini, et induit se quasi Cytharisator et Curiam ubi morabatur intravit. Et ut erat homo Jocosus, in Gestis Antiquorum valde peritus, ibidem gratanter fuit acceptus quasi familiaris. Et quando tempus aptum invenit, in Angliam repatriavit, habens secum istam venerabilem dominam Elam et hæredem comitatus Sarum; et eam Regi Richardo præsentavit. Ac ille lætissime eam suscepit, et Fratri suo Guillelmo Longespee maritavit . . . .

"A.D. 1226, Dominus Guill. Longespee primus nonas Martii obiit. Ela vero uxor ejus 7 annis supervixit. . . . . Una die Duo monasteria fundavit primo mane xvi. Kal. Maii, A.D. 1232, apud Lacock, in quo sanctæ degunt Canonissæ. . . . Et Henton post nonam, anno vero ætatis suæ xlv." &c.

(w) For the preceding account, Dugdale refers to Monast. Angl. i. [r. ii.] p. 185, but gives it as enlarged by D. Powel, in his Hist. of

[7] Jogeler (Lat. *Joculator*) was a very ancient name for a Minstrel. Of what nature the performance of the *Joculator* was, we may learn from the Register of St. Swithin's Priory at Winchester (T. Warton, i. 69). "Et cantabat Joculator quidam nomine Herebertus Canticum *Colbrondi*, necnon *Gestum Emme* regine a judicio ignis liberate, in aula Prioris." His instrument was sometimes the Fythele, or Fiddle, Lat. *Fidicula*: which occurs in the Anglo-Saxon Lexicon. On this subject we have a curious passage from a MS. of the Lives of the Saints in metre, supposed to be earlier than the year 1200 (T. Warton's Hist. i. p. 17), viz.

> "Christofre him served longe
> The kynge loved melodye muca of fithele and of songe:
> So that his Jogeler on a day beforen him gon to pleye faste,
> And in a tyme he nemped in his song the devil at laste."

Cambria, p. 196, who is known to have followed ancient Welsh MSS. The words in the Monasticon are,—"Qui accersitis *Sutoribus* Cestriæ et *Histrionibus*, festinanter cum exercitu suo venit domino suo facere succursum Walenses vero videntes multitudinem magnam venientem, relictâ obsidione fugerunt. . . . Et propter hoc dedit Comes antedictus . . . . Constabulario dominationem Sutorum et Histrionum. Constabularius vero retinuit sibi et hæredibus suis dominationem Sutorum: et Histrionum dedit vero Seneschallo." (So the passage should apparently be pointed; but either *et* or *vero* seems redundant.)

We shall see below, in note (z), the proper import of the word *Histriones:* but it is very remarkable that this is not the word used in the grant of the Constable De Lacy to Dutton, but "Magisterium omnium *Leccatorum* et *Meretricium* totius Cestreshire, sicut liberius illum [sic] Magisterium teneo de Comite" (vid. Blount's *Ancient Tenures*, p. 156). Now, as under this grant the heirs of Dutton confessedly held for many ages a *magisterial* jurisdiction over all the Minstrels and Musicians of that county, and as it could not be conveyed by the word *Meretrices*, the natural inference is that the Minstrels were expressed by the term *Leccatores*. It is true, Du Cange, compiling his Glossary, could only find in the writers he consulted this word used in the abusive sense, often applied to every synonyme of the sportive and dissolute Minstrel, viz. *Scurra, vaniloquus, parasitus epulo*, &c. (This I conceive to be the proper arrangement of these explanations, which only express the character given to the minstrel elsewhere: see Du Cange *passim*, and notes (C) (E) (F) (I), vol, iii. 2, &c.) But he quotes an ancient MS. in French metre, wherein the Leccour (Lat. *Leccator*) and the Minstrel are joined together, as receiving from Charlemagne a grant of the territory of Provence, and from whom the Provençal Troubadours were derived, &c.—See the passage above in note (C), p. xlviii.

The exception in favour of the family of Dutton is thus expressed in the Statute, Anno 39 Eliz. chap. iv. entitled, "An Act for punishment of Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars."

"§ II . . . All Fencers, Bearwards, Common Players of Enterludes, and *Minstrels*, wandering abroad (other than Players of Enterludes belonging to any Baron of this Realm, or any other honourable Personage of greater degree, to be authorised to play under the hand and seal of arms of such Baron or Personage): all Juglers, Tinkers, Pedlers, &c. . . . . shall be adjudged and deemed Rogues, Vagabonds, and Sturdy Beggars, &c.

"§ X. Provided always, that this Act, or any thing therein contained, or any authority thereby given, shall not in any wise extend to disinherit, prejudice, or hinder, John Dutton, of Dutton, in the county of Chester, Esquire, his heirs or assigns, for, touching or concerning any liberty, preheminence, authority, jurisdiction, or inheritance, which the said John Dutton now lawfully useth, or hath, or lawfully may or ought to use within the County-Palatine of Chester, and the County of the City of Chester, or either of them, by reason of any ancient Charters of any Kings of this Land, or by reason of any prescription, usage, or title whatsoever."

The same clauses are renewed in the last Act on this subject, passed in the reign of Geo. III.

(x) *Edward I. . . . . at the knighting of his son, &c.*] See Nic. Triveti Annales, Oxon. 1719, 8vo., p. 342.

"In festo Pentecostes Rex filium suum armis militaribus cinxit, et cum eo Comites Warenniæ et Arundeliæ, aliosque, quorum numerus ducentos et quadraginta dicitur excessisse. Eodem die cum sedisset Rex *Ministrellorum Multitudo*, portantium multiplici ornatu amictum, ut milites præcipue novos invitarent, et inducerent, ad vovendum factum armorum aliquod coram signo."

(y) *By an express regulation, &c.*] See in Hearne's Append. ad Lelandi Collectan. vol. vi. p. 36, "A Dietarie, Writtes published after the Ordinance of Earles and Barons, Anno Dom. 1315."

"Edward, by the grace of God, &c., to Sheriffes, &c., greetyng. Forasmuch as . . . . many idle persons, under colour of Mynstrelsie, and going in messages, and other faigned busines, have ben and yet be receaved in other mens houses to meate and drynke, and be not therwith contented yf they be not largely consydered with gyftes of the Lordes of the houses, &c. . . . We wyllyng to restrayne such outrageous enterprises and idleness, &c., have ordeyned . . . . that to the houses of Prelates, Earles, and Barons, none resort to meate and drynke, unlesse he be a Mynstrel, and of these Minstrels that there come none, except it be three or four Minstrels of Honour at the most in one day, unlesse he be desired of the Lorde of the House. And to the houses of meaner men that none come unlesse he be desired, and that such as shall come so, holde themselves contented with meate and drynke, and with such curtesie as the Maister of the House wyl shewe unto them of his owne good wyll, without their askyng of any thyng. And yf any one do agaynst this Ordinaunce, at the first tyme he to lose his Minstrelsie, and at the second tyme to forsweare his craft, and never to be receaved for a Minstrel in any house. . . . Yeven at Langley the vi. day of August, in the ix. yere of our reigne."

These abuses arose again to as great a height as ever in little more than a century after, in consequence, I suppose, of the licentiousness that crept in during the civil wars of York and Lancaster. This appears from the Charter 9 E. IV., referred to in page xxxvii. "Ex querulosâ insinuatione . . . . Ministrallorum nostrorum accepimus qualiter nonnulli rudes agricolæ et artifices diversarum misterarum regni nostri Angliæ, finxerunt se fore Ministrallos, quorum aliqui Liberatam nostram eis minime datam portarent, seipsos etiam fingentes esse *Minstrallos nostros proprios*, cujus quidem Liberatæ ac dictæ artis sive occupationis Ministrallorum colore, in diversis partibus regni nostri prædicti grandes pecuniarum exactiones de ligeis nostris deceptive colligunt," &c.

Abuses of this kind prevailed much later in Wales, as appears from the famous Commission issued out in 9 Eliz. (1567), for bestowing the Silver Harp on the best Minstrel, Rythmer, or Bard, in the principality of North Wales; of which a fuller account will be given below in note (B B 3).

(z) *It is thus related by Stow.*] See his Survey of London, &c., fol. 1633, p. 521. [Acc. of Westm. Hall.] Stow had this passage from Walsingham's Hist Ang. . . . "Intravit quædam mulier ornata Histrio-

nali habitu, equum bonum insidens Histrionaliter phaleratum, quæ mensas more Histrionum circuivit; et tandem ad Regis mensam per gradus ascendit, et quandam literam coram rege posuit, et retracto fræno (salutatis ubique discumbentibus) prout venerat ita recessit," &c.—Anglic. Norm. Script. &c., Franc., 1603, fol. p. 109.

It may be observed here, that Minstrels and others often rode on horseback up to the royal table, when the kings were feasting in their great halls.—See in this vol. p. 49, &c.

The answer of the porters (when they were afterwards blamed for admitting her) also deserves attention: "Non esse moris domus regiæ *Histriones* ab ingressu quomodolibet prohibere," &c. Walsingh.

That Stow rightly translated the Latin word *Histrio* here by *Minstrel*, meaning a musician that sung, and whose subjects were stories of chivalry, admits of easy proof; for in the *Gesta Romanorum*, chap cxi., Mercury is represented as coming to Argus in the character of a Minstrel; when he "*incepit, more Histrionico*, fabulas dicere, et plerumque cantare."—T. Warton, iii. p. li. And Muratori cites a passage in an old Italian chronicle, wherein mention is made of a stage erected at Milan:—"Super quo *Histriones cantabant*, sicut modo cantatur de Rolando et Oliverio."—*Antich. Ital.* ii. p. 6. (Observ. on the Statutes, 4th Edit. p. 362.)

See also notes (E), page xlix, &c., and (F), p. li, &c.

(A A) *There should seem to have been women of this profession.*] This may be inferred from the variety of names appropriated to them in the Middle Ages, viz. Anglo-Sax. Glipmeden [Gleemaiden], &c., glypienbemaden, glypbybenejrna (vide supra, p. liii), Fr. *Jengleresse*, Med. Lat. *Joculatrix*, *Ministralissa*, *Fœmina Ministerialis*, &c.—Vide Du Cange, Gloss. and Suppl.

See what is said in page xxxvii concerning the "Sisters of the fraternity of Minstrels;" see also a passage quoted by Dr. Burney (ii. 315) from Muratori, of the Chorus of women singing through the streets accompanied with musical instruments, in 1268.

Had the female described by Walsingham been a *Tombestere*, or Dancing-woman (see Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. 307, and v. Gloss.), that historian would probably have used the word *Saltatrix*.—See T. Warton, i. 240, note *m*.

These *Saltatrices* were prohibited from exhibiting in churches and church-yards along with *Joculatores*, *Histriones*, with whom they were sometimes classed, especially by the rigid ecclesiastics, who censured, in the severest terms, all these sportive characters.—Vide T. Warton, in loco citato, et vide supra notes (E) (F), &c.

And here I would observe, that although Fauchet and other subsequent writers affect to arrange the several members of the minstrel profession under the different classes of *Troverres* (or *Troubadours*), *Chanterres*, *Conteours*, and *Jugleurs*, &c. (vide page xlvii), as if they were distinct and separate orders of men, clearly distinguished from each other by these appropriate terms, we find no sufficient grounds for this in the oldest writers; but the general names in Latin, *Histrio*, *Mimus*, *Joculator*, *Ministrallus*, &c.; in French, *Menestrier*, *Menestrel*, *Jongleur*, *Jugleur*, &c.; and in English, *Jogeleur*, *Jugler*, *Minstrel*, and the like, seem to be given

them indiscriminately. And one or other of these names seems to have been sometimes applied to every species of men whose business it was to entertain or divert (*joculari*), whether with poesy, singing, music, or gesticulation, singly, or with a mixture of all these. Yet as all men of this sort were considered as belonging to one class, order, or community (many of the above arts being sometimes exercised by the same person), they had all of them doubtless the same privileges, and it equally throws light upon the general history of the profession, to show what favour or encouragement was given, at any particular period of time, to any one branch of it. I have not, therefore, thought it needful to inquire, whether, in the various passages quoted in these pages, the word *Minstrel*, &c., is always to be understood in its exact and proper meaning of a Singer to the Harp, &c.

That men of very different arts and talents were included under the common name of *Minstrels*, &c., appears from a variety of authorities. Thus we have *Menestriels de Trompes*, and *Menestrels de Bouche*, in the Suppl. to Du Cange, c. 1227, and it appears still more evident from an old French Rhymer, whom I shall quote at large.

"Les Quens[8] manda les *Menestrels*,
Et si a fet[9] crier entre els,
Qui la meillor truffe[1] sauroit
Dire, ne faire, qu'il auroit
Sa robe d'escarlate nueve.
L'uns Menestrels a l'autre reuve
Fere son mestier, tel qu'il sot,
Li uns fet l'yvre, l'autre sot;
Li uns chante, li autre note;
Et li autres dit la riote;
Et li autres la jenglerie;[2]
Cil qui sevent de jonglerie
Vielent par devant le Conte;
Aucuns ja qui fabliaus conte
Il i ot did mainte risée," &c.—

Fabliaux et Contes, 12mo, tom. ii. p. 161.

And what species of entertainment was afforded by the ancient Juggleurs, we learn from the following citation from an old Romance, written in 1230:—

"Quand les tables ostees furent
C'il *juggleurs* in pies esturent
S'ont vielles, et harpes prisees
Chansons, sons, vers, et reprises
Et *gestes* chanté nos ont."

Sir J. Hawkins, ii. 44, from Andr. Du Chene.—See also Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, iv. p. 299.

All the before-mentioned sports went by the general name of *Ministralcia, Ministellorum, Ludicra*, &c.—"Charta an. 1377, apud Rymer, vii. p. 160. 'Peracto autem prandio, ascendebat D. Rex in cameram suam cum Prælatis, Magnatibus, et Proceribus, prædictis: et deinceps Magnates, Milites, et Domini, aliique Generosi diem illum, usque ad tempus cœnæ, in

[8] Le Compte. [9] Fait. [1] Sornette [a gibe, a jest, or flouting].
[2] Jangleric, babillage, raillerie.

tripudiis, coreis, et solempnibus Ministralciis, præ gaudio solempnitatis illius continuarunt.'"—Du Cange, Gloss. 773. [This was at the Coronation of King Richard II.]

It was common for the Minstrels to dance, as well as to harp and sing (see above, note (E), p. xlix). Thus in the old romance of *Tirante el Blanco;* Val. 1511, the 14th cap. lib. ii. begins thus, "Despues que las Mesas fueron alçadas vinieron los Ministriles; y delante del Rey, y de la Reyna dançaron un rato: y despues truxeron colacion."

They also, probably, among their other feats, played tricks of sleight of hand: hence the word *Jugler* came to signify a performer of Legerdemain; and it was sometimes used in this sense (to which it is now appropriated) even so early as the time of Chaucer, who, in his *Squire's Tale* (ii. 108), speaks of the horse of brass, as

> "———— like
> An apparence ymade by som magike,
> As Jogelours plaien at thise festes grete."

See also the *Frere's Tale*, l. p. 279, v. 7049.

(A A 2) *Females playing on the Harp.*] Thus in the old romance of *Syr Degore* (or *Degree*, vol. ii. no. 22, p. 100), we have [Sign. D. i.],

> "The lady, that was so faire and bright,
> Upon her bed she sate down ryght;
> She harped notes swete and fine.
> [Her mayds filled a piece of wine.]
> And Syr Degore sate him downe,
> For to hear the harpes sowne."

The fourth line being omitted in the pr. copy, is supplied from the folio MS.

In the *Squyr of Lowe Degree* (vol ii. no. 24, p. 101), the king says to his daughter [Sign. D. i.],

> "Ye were wont to harpe and syng,
> And be the meryest in chamber comyng."

In the *Carle of Carlisle* (vol. ii. no. 10, p. 98), we have the following passage. [Folio MS. p. 451, v. 217.]

> "Downe came a lady faire and free,
> And sett her on the Carles knee:
> One whiles shee harped, another whiles song,
> Both of paramours and louinge amonge."

And in the romance of *Eger and Grime* (vol ii. no. 12, p. 99), we have [ibid. p. 127, col. 2], in part i. ver. 263,

> "The ladye fayre of hew and hyde
> Shee sate downe by the bed side,
> Shee laid a souter [psaltry] vpon her knee,
> Thereon shee plaid full lovesomelye.
> . . . And her 2 maydens sweetlye sange."

A similar passage occurs in part iv. ver. 129 (page 136). But these instances are sufficient.

(B B) *A Charter . . . . . to appoint a King of the Minstrels.*] Entitled, *Carta Le Roy de Ministraulx* (in Latin, *Histriones*, vide Plott, p. 437). A copy of this charter is printed in Monast. Anglic. i 355 and in Blount's Law Diction. 1717 (art. *King*).

That this was a most respectable officer, both here and on the Continent, will appear from the passages quoted below, and therefore it could only have been in modern times, when the proper meaning of the original terms *Ministraulz*, and *Histriones*, was forgot, that he was called *King of the Fiddlers;* on which subject see below, note (E E 2).

Concerning the *King of the Minstrels* we have the following curious passages collected by Du Cange, Gloss iv. 773.

"*Rex Ministellorum;* supremus inter *Ministellos:* de cujus munere, potestate in cæteros *Ministellos* agit Charta Henrici IV. Regis Angliæ in Monast. Anglicano, tom. i. pag. 355.—Charta originalis an. 1338. Je Robert Caveron Roy des Menestreuls du Royaume de France. Aliæ ann. 1357 et 1362. Copin de Brequin Roy des Menestres du Royaume de France. Computum de auxiliis pro redemptione Regis Johannis, ann. 1367. Pour une *Couronne d' Argent* qu'il donna le jour de la Tiphaine au Roy des Menestrels.

"Regestum Magnorum Dierum Trecensium an. 1296. Super quod Joannes dictus Charmillons Juglator, cui Dominus Rex per suas literas tanquam *Regem Juglatorum* in civitate Trecensi Magisterium Juglatorum, quemadmodum suæ placeret voluntati, concesserat."—Gloss. c. 1587.

There is a very curious passage in Pasquier's *Recherches de la France*, Paris, 1633, folio, liv. 7, ch. v. p. 611, wherein he appears to be at a loss how to account for the title of *Le Roy*, assumed by the old composers of metrical romances: in one of which the author expressly declares himself to have been a *Minstrel*. The solution of the difficulty, that he had been *Le Roy des Menestrels*, will be esteemed more probable than what Pasquier here advances; for I have never seen the title of *Prince* given to a Minstrel, &c. scil. "A nos vieux Poetes . . . . comme . . fust qu'ils eussent certain jeux de prix en leurs Poesies, ils . . . . honoroient du nome, tantot de *Roy*, tantot de *Prince*, celuy qui avoit le mieux faict comme nous voyons entre les Archers, Arbalestiers, et Harquebusiers estre fait le semblable. Ainsi l'Autheur du Roman d'Oger le Danois s'appelle Roy.

> "'Icy endroict est cil Livre finez
> Qui des enfans Oger est appellez
> Or vueille Diex qu'il soit parachevez
> En tel maniere kestre n'en puist blamez
> Le Roy Adams [r. Ardenes] ki il'est remez.'

"Et en celuy de Cleomades,

> "'Ce Livre de Cleomades
> Rimé-je le Roy Adenes
> Menestre au bon Duc Henry.'

"Mot de *Roy*, qui seroit très-mal approprié à un *Menestrier*, si d'ailleurs on ne le rapportoit à un jeu du priz: Et de faict il semble que de nostre temps, il y en eust encores quelque remarques, en ce que le mot de *Jouingleur* s'estant par succession de temps tourné en batelage, nous avons veu en nostre jeunesse les Jouingleurs se trouver à certain jour tous les

ans en .a ville de Chauny en Picardie, pour faire monstre de leur mestrier devant le monde, à qui mieux. Et ce que j'en dis icy n'est pas pour vilipender ces anciens Rimeurs, ainsi pour monstrer qu'il n'y a chose si belle qui ne s'anéantisse avec le temps."

We see here that, in the time of Pasquier, the poor Minstrel was sunk to as low estimation in France, as he was then or afterwards in England; but by his apology for comparing the *Jouingleurs*, who assembled to exercise their faculty, in his youth, to the ancient *Rimeurs*, it is plain they exerted their skill in rhyme.

As for king Adenes, or Adenez (whose name in the first passage above is corruptly printed *Adams*), he is recorded in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, Amst. 1734, 12mo, vol i. page 232, to have composed the two romances in verse above mentioned, and a third, entitled, *Le Roman de Bertin;* all three being preserved in a MS. written about 1270. His *Bon Duc Henry*, I conceive to have been Henry Duke of Brabant.

(B B 2) *King of the Minstrels*, &c.] See Anstis's Register of the Order of the Garter, ii. p. 303, who tells us, "The President or Governour of the *Minstrels* had the like denomination of *Roy* in France and Burgundy; and in England, John of Gaunt constituted such an officer by a patent; and long before his time payments were made by the Crown to [a] King of the Minstrels by Edw. I. Regi Roberto Ministrallo scutifero ad arma commoranti ad vadia Regis anno 5to [Bibl. Cotton. Vespas. c. 16. f. 3], as likewise [Libro Garderob. 25 E. I.] Ministrallis in die nuptiarum Comitissæ Holland filiæ Regis, Regi Pago, Johanni Vidulatori, &c. Morello Regi, &c. Druetto Monthaut, et Jacketto de Scot. Regibus, cuilibet eorum, xl. s. Regi Pagio de Hollandia, &c. Under Ed. II. we likewise find other entries, Regi Roberto et aliis Ministraliis facientibus Menistralias [Ministralcias, qu.] suas coram Rege. [Bibl. Cotton. Nero, c. 8, p. 84, b. Comp. Garderob.] That King granted Willielmo de Morlee dicto Roy de North, Ministrallo Regis, domos quæ fuerunt Johannis le Boteler dicti Roy Brunhaud [Pat. de terr. forisfact. 16 E. III.]." He adds below (p. 304) a similar instance of a *Rex Juglatorum*, and that the "King of the Minstrels" at length was styled in France *Roy des Violons* (Furetiere Diction. Univers.), as with us, "King of the Fiddlers;" on which subject see below, note (E E 2).

(B B 3) The Statute 4 Hen. IV. (1402), c. 27, runs in these terms, "Item, pur eschuir plusieurs diseases et mischiefs qont advenuz devaunt ces heures en la terre de Gales par plusieurs Westours Rymours, Minstralx et autres Vacabondes, ordeignez est et estabiiz qe nul Westour, Rymour Ministral ne Vacabond soit aucunement sustenuz en la terre de Gales pur faire kymorthas ou coillage sur la commune poeple illoeques." This is among the severe laws against the Welsh, passed during the resentment occasioned by the outrages committed under Owen Glendour; and as the Welsh Bards had excited their countrymen to rebellion against the English government, it is not to be wondered that the Act is conceived in terms of the utmost indignation and contempt against this class of men, who are described as *Rymours, Ministralx*, which are apparently here used as only synonymous terms to express the Welsh Bards with the usua exuberance

of our Acts of Parliament; for if their *Ministralx* had been mere musicians, they would not have required the vigilance of the English legislature to suppress them. It was their songs exciting their countrymen to insurrection which produced "les diseases et mischiefs en la terre de Gales."

It is also submitted to the reader, whether the same application of the terms does not still more clearly appear in the Commission issued in 1567, and printed in Evan Evans's Specimens of Welch Poetry, 1764, 4to, p. v., for bestowing the SILVER HARP on "the chief of that faculty." For after setting forth "that vagrant and idle persons, naming themselves *Minstrels*, *Rythmers*, and *Bards*, had lately grown into such intolerable multitude within the Principality in North Wales, that not only gentlemen and others by their shameless disorders are oftentimes disquieted in their habitations, but also expert *Minstrels* and *Musicians in tonge and cunynge* thereby much discouraged," &c., and "hindred [of] livings and preferment," &c., it appoints a time and place, wherein all "persons that intend to maintain their living by name or colour of *Minstrels*, *Rythmers*, or *Bards*," within five shires of N. Wales, "shall appear to show their learnings accordingly," &c. And the Commissioners are required to admit such as shall be found worthy, into and under the degrees heretofore in use, so that they may "use, exercise, and follow the sciences and faculties of their professions in such decent order as shall appertain to each of their degrees." And the rest are to return to some honest labour, &c., upon pain to be taken as sturdy and idle vagabonds, &c.

(B B 4) Holingshed translated this passage from Tho. de Elmham's "Vita et Gesta Henrici V." scil. "Soli Omnipotenti Deo se velle victoriam imputari . . . . . in tantum, quod cantus de suo triumpho fieri, seu per Citharistas vel alios quoscunque cantari penitus prohibebat." [Edit. Hearnii, 1727, p. 72.] As in his version Holingshed attributes the *making* as well as *singing* ditties to Minstrels, it is plain he knew that men of this profession had been accustomed to do both.

(C C) *The Houshold Book, &c.*] See Section V.

"Of the Noumbre of all my Lords Servaunts."

"Item, Mynstralls in Houshold, iij. viz. A Taberett, a Luyte, and a Rebecc." [The rebeck was a kind of fiddle with three strings.]

Sect. XLIV. 3.

"Rewardis to his Lordshipis Servaunts," &c.

"Item, My Lorde usith ande accustomyth to gyf yerly, when his Lordschipp is at home, to his Mynstraills that be daly in his houshold, as his Tabret, Lute, ande Rebek, upon New-Yeres-day in the mornynge when they doo play at my Lordis chambre doure for his Lordschipe and my Lady, xx. s. Viz. xiij. s. iiij. d. for my Lorde, and vj. s. viij. d. for my Lady, if sche be at my Lords fyndynge, and not at hir owen; and for playing at my Lordis sone and heir chaumbre doure, the Lord Percy, ij. s. And for playinge at the chaumbre doures of my Lords yonger Sonnes,

my yonge Maisters, after viii. d. the nece for every of them.—xxiij. s. iiij. d."

Sect. XLIV. 2.

"Rewardis to be yeven to strangers, as Players,

Mynstraills, or any other," &c.

"Furst, my Lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf to the Kings Jugler; . . . . when they custome to come unto hym yerely, vj. s. viij. d.

"Item, my Lord usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely the Kynge or the Queenes Barwarde, if they have one, when they custom to com unto hym yerely,—vj. s. viij. d.

"Item, my Lorde usith and accustomyth to gyfe yerly to every Erlis Mynstrellis, when they custome to come to hym yerely, iij. s. iiij. d. Ande if they come to my Lord seldome, ones in ij. or iij. yeres, than vj. s. viij. d.

"Item, my Lorde usith and accustomedeth to gife yerely to an Erls Mynstrall, if he be his speciall lorde, frende, or kynsman, if they come yerely to his Lordschipe . . . . Ande if they come 'to my lord' seldome, ones in ii. or iii. yeres, vj. s. viij. d."

* * * * *

"Item, my Lorde useth ande accustomyth to gyf yerely a Dookes or Erlis Trumpetts, if they com vj. together to his Lordshipp, viz. if they come yerly, vj. s. viij. d. Ande if they come but in ij. or iij. yeres, than x. s.

"Item, my Lorde useth and accustometh yerly, when his Lordship is at home, to gyf to iij of the Kyngs Shams, when they com to my Lorde yerely x. s."

* * * * *

I cannot conclude this note without observing, that in this enumeration the family Minstrels seem to have been musicians only, and yet both the Earl's Trumpets and the King's Shawms are evidently distinguished from the Earl's Minstrels and the King's Jugler. Now we find *Jugglers* still coupled with *Pipers* in Barklay's *Egloges*, circ. 1514. (Warton, ii. 254.)

(C C 2) The honours and rewards conferred on Minstrels, &c., in the Middle Ages, were excessive, as will be seen by many instances in these volumes; vid. notes (E) (F), &c. But more particularly with regard to English Minstrels, &c., see T. Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, i. p. 89–92, 116, &c.; ii. 105, 106, 254, &c. Dr. Burney's *Hist. of Music*, ii. p. 316–319, 397–399, 427, 428.

On this head, it may be sufficient to add the following passage from the Fleta, lib. ii. c. 23. "Officium Elemosinarij est, Equos relictos, Robas, Pecuniam, et alia ad Elemosinam largiter recipere et fideliter distribuere; debet etiam Regem super Elemosinæ largitione crebris summoniticnibus stimulare et præcipue diebus Sanctorum, et rogare ne Robas suas quæ magni sunt precij *Histrionibus*, Blanditoribus, Adulatoribus, Accusatoribus, vel *Menestrallis*, sed ad Elemosinæ suæ incrementum jubeat largiri." Et in c. 72, "Ministralli, vel Adulatoris."

(D D) *A species of men who did not sing, &c.*] It appears from the

passage of Erasmus here referred to, that there still existed in England of that species of Jongleurs or Minstrels, whom the French called by the peculiar name of *Conteours*, or reciters in prose; it is in his *Ecclesiastes*, where he is speaking of such preachers as imitated the tone of beggars or mountebanks:—"Apud Anglos est simile genus hominum, quales apud Italos sunt Circulatores [Mountebanks] de quibus modo dictum est; qui irrumpunt in convivia Magnatum, aut in Cauponas Vinarias; et argumentum aliquod, quod edidicerunt, recitant; puta mortem omnibus dominari, aut laudem matrimonii. Sed quoniam ea lingua monosyllabis fere constat, quemadmodum Germanica; atque illi [sc. this peculiar species of Reciters] studio vitant cantum, nobis (sc. Erasmus, who did not understand a word of English) latrare videntur verius quam loqui."—Opera, tom. v. c. 958. (Jortin, vol ii. p. 193.) As Erasmus was correcting the vice of preachers, it was more to his point to bring an instance from the moral reciters of prose than from chanters of rhyme; though the latter would probably be more popular, and therefore more common.

(E E) This character is supposed to have been suggested by descriptions of Minstrels in the romance of *Morte Arthur;* but none, it seems, have been found which come nearer to it than the following, which I shall produce, not only that the reader may judge of the resemblance, but to show how nearly the idea of the Minstrel character given in this Essay corresponds with that of our old writers.

Sir Lancelot having been affronted by a threatening abusive letter, which Mark King of Cornwall had sent to Queen Guenever, wherein he "spake shame by her, and Sir Lancelot," is comforted by a knight named Sir Dinadan, who tells him, "I will make a *Lay* for him, and when it is made, I shall make an Harper to sing it before him. So anon he went and made it, and taught it an Harper, that hyght Elyot; and when hee could it, hee taught it to many Harpers. And so . . . the Harpers went straight unto Wales and Cornwaile to sing the Lay . . . which was the worst Lay that ever Harper sung with Harpe, or with any other instrument. And [at a] great feast that King Marke made for joy of [a] victorie which hee had, . . . came Eliot the Harper; . . . and because he was a curious Harper, men heard him sing the same Lay that Sir Dinadan had made, the which spake the most vilanie by King Marke of his treason, that ever man heard. When the Harper had sung his song to the end, King Marke was wonderous wroth with him, and said, Thou Harper, how durst thou be so bold to sing this song before me? Sir, said Eliot, wit you well I am a Minstrell, and I must doe as I am commanded of these Lords that *I bear the armes of*. And, Sir King, wit you well that Sir Dinadan a knight of the Round Table made this song, and he made me to sing it before you. Thou saiest well, said King Marke, I charge thee that thou hie thee fast out of my sight. So the Harper departed," &c. [Part ii. c. 113, ed. 1634. See also part iii. c. 5.]

(E E 2) *This Act seems to have put an end to the profession, &c.*] Although I conceive that the character ceased to exist, yet the appellation might be continued, and applied to Fiddlers, or other common musicians

which will account for the mistakes of Sir Peter Leicester, or other modern writers. (See his *Historical Antiquities of Cheshire*, 1673, p. 141.)

In this sense it is used in an Ordinance in the times of Cromwell (1656), wherein it is enacted, that if any of the "persons commonly called Fidlers or Minstrels shall at any time be taken playing, fidling, and making music in any inn, ale-house, or tavern, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring, or intreating any . . . to hear them play or make music in any of the places aforesaid;" they are to be "adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

This will also account why John of Gaunt's King of the Minstrels at length came to be called, like *le Roy des Violons* in France, vide note (B B 2), King of the Fiddlers. See the common ballad entitled, "The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robinhood with Clorinda, Queen of Tutbury Feast:" which, though prefixed to the modern collection on that subject,[3] seems of much later date than most of the others; for the writer appears to be totally ignorant of all the old traditions concerning this celebrated outlaw, and has given him a very elegant bride instead of his old noted lemman "Maid Marian;" who, together with his chaplain, "Frier Tuck," were his favourite companions, and probably on that account figured in the old Morice dance; as may be seen by the engraving in Mr. Steevens's and Mr. Malone's editions of Shakspeare: by whom she is mentioned, 1 *Hen. IV.*, act iii. sc. 3. (See also Warton, i. 245, ii. 237.) Whereas, from this ballad's concluding with an exhortation to "pray for the King," and "that he may get children," &c., it is evidently posterior to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and can scarce be older than the reign of King Charles I.; for King James I. had no issue after his accession to the throne of England. It may even have been written since the Restoration, and only express the wishes of the nation for issue on the marriage of their favourite King Charles II., on his marriage with the Infanta of Portugal. I think it is not found in the Pepys Collection.

(F F) *Historical song, or ballad.*] The English word *ballad* is evidently from the French *balade*, as the latter is from the Italian *ballata;* which the Crusca Dictionary defines, *canzone, che si canta ballando*, "A song which is sung during a dance." So Dr. Burney [ii. 342], who refers to a collection of *Ballette* published by Gastaldi, and printed at Antwerp in 1596 [iii. 226].

But the word appears to have had an earlier origin, for in the decline of the Roman empire these trivial songs were called *ballistea* and *saltatiunculæ*. *Ballisteum*, Salmasius says, is properly *ballistium*. Gr. Βαλλιστεῖον, "ἀπὸ τοῦ βαλλίζω . . . . Βαλλιστία *Saltatio* . . . Ballistium igitur est quod vulgo vocamus *ballet;* nam inde deducta vox nostra."—Salmas. Not. in Hist. Aug. Scriptores, vi. p. 349.

[3] Of the twenty-four songs in what is now called *Robin Hood's Garland*, many are so modern as not to be found in Pepys's Collection, completed only in 1700. In the folio MS. (described in p. vii) are ancient fragments of the following, viz.—Robin Hood and the Beggar.—Robin Hood and the Butcher.—Robin Hood and Fryer Tucke.—Robin Hood and the Pindar.—Robin Hood and Queen Catharine, in two parts.—Little John and the four Beggars, and "Robin Hoode his Death." This last, which is very curious, has no resemblance to any that have been published; and the others are extremely different from the printed copies; but they unfortunately are in the beginning of the MS., where half of every leaf hath been torn away.

In the Life of the Emperor Aurelian by Fl. Vopiscus may be seen two of these *ballistea*, as sung by the boys skipping and dancing, on account of a great slaughter made by the emperor with his own hand in the Sarmatic war. The first is,

"Mille, mille, mille decollavimus,
Unus homo mille decollavimus,
Mille vivat, qui mille occidit.
Tantum vini habet nemo
Quantum fudit sanguinis."

The other was,

"Mille Sarmatas, mille Francos
Semel et semel occidimus.
Mille Persas quærimus."

Salmasius (in loc.) shows that the trivial poets of that time were wont to form their metre of Trochaic Tetrametre Catalectics, divided into distichs. [Ibid p. 350.] This becoming the metre of the hymns in the church service, to which the monks at length superadded rhyming terminations, was the origin of the common trochaic metre in the modern languages. This observation I owe to the learned author of *Irish Antiquities*, 4to.

(F F 2) *Little Miscellanies named Garlands, &c.*] In the Pepysian and other libraries are preserved a great number of these in black-letter, 12mo, under the following quaint and affected titles, viz.,

1. A Crowne Garland of Goulden Roses gathered out of England's Royal Garden, &c., by Richard Johnson, 1612. [In the Bodleian Library.] 2. The Golden Garland of Princely Delight.—3. The Garland of Good-will, by T. D. 1631.—4. The Royal Garland of Love and Delight, by T. D.—5. The Garland of Delight, &c., by Tho. Delone.—6. The Garland of Love and Mirth, by Thomas Lanfier.—7. Cupid's Garland set round with Guilded Roses.—8. The Garland of Withered Roses, by Martin Parker, 1656—9. The Shepherd's Garland of Love, Loyalty, &c.—10. The Country Garland.—11. The Golden Garland of Mirth and Merriment.—12. The Lover's Garland.—13. Neptune's fair Garland.—14. England's fair Garland.—15. Robin Hood's Garland.—16. The Maiden's Garland.—17. A Loyal Garland of Mirth and Pastime.—18. A Royal Garland of New Songs.—19. The Jovial Garland, 8th edit. 1691.—&c., &c., &c.

This sort of petty publications had anciently the name of Penny Merriments: as little religious tracts of the same size were called Penny-Godlinesses. In the Pepysian Library are multitudes of both kinds.

(G G) *The term Minstrel was not confined to a mere musician in this country any more than on the Continent.*] The discussion of the question whether the term Minstrel was applied in England to singers and composers of songs, &c., or confined to the performers on musical instruments, was properly reserved for this place, because much light hath already been thrown upon the subject in the preceding notes, to which it will be sufficient to refer the reader.

That on the Continent the Minstrel was understood not to be a mere musician, but a singer of verses, hath been shown in notes (B), (C), (F),

(A a), &c.[4] And that he was also a maker of them, is evident from the passage in (C), p. xlviii, where the most noted romances are said to be of the composition of these men. And in (B b), p. lxxii, we have the titles of some of which a Minstrel was the author, who has himself left his name upon record.

The old English names for one of this profession were Gleeman,[5] Jogeler,[6] and latterly Minstrel; not to mention Harper, &c. In French he was called *Jongleur* or *Jugleur*, *Menestrel* or *Menestrier*.[7] The writers of the Middle Ages expressed the character in Latin by the words *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Histrio*, *Ministrellus*, &c. These terms, however modern critics may endeavour to distinguish and apply them to different classes, and although they may be sometimes mentioned as if they were distinct, I cannot find, after a very strict research, to have had any settled appropriate difference, but they appear to have been used indiscriminately by the oldest writers, especially in England; where the most general and comprehensive name was latterly Minstrel, Lat. *Ministrellus*, &c.

Thus *Joculator* (Eng. Jogeler, or Juglar) is used as synonymous to *Citharista*, note (K), p. lvi., and to *Cantor* (ibid.), and to *Minstrel*. (Vide infra.) We have also positive proof that the subjects of his songs were gestes and romantic tales. (V 2) note.

So *Mimus* is used as synonymous to *Joculator* (M), p. lviii. He was rewarded for his singing (N), p. lix, and he both sang, harped, and dealt in that sport (T 2), which is elsewhere called *Ars Joculatoria* (M), ubi supra.

Again, *Histrio* is also proved to have been a singer (Z), p. lxviii, and to have gained rewards by his *Verba Joculatoria* (E), p. xlix. And *Histriones* is the term by which the French word *Ministraulx* is most frequently rendered into Latin (W), p. lxvi; (B b), p. lxxii, &c.

The fact therefore is sufficiently established, that this order of men were in England, as well as on the Continent, *singers:* so that it only becomes a dispute about words, whether here, under the more general name of Minstrels, they are described as having *sung*.

But in proof of this, we have only to turn to so common a book as T. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, where we shall find extracted from records the following instances:—

Ex Registr. Priorat. S. Swithin Winton. (sub anno 1374.) "In festo Alwyni Epi. . . . Et durante pietancia in Aula Conventus sex Ministralli, cum quatuor Citharisatoribus, faciebant Ministralcias suas. Et post cenam, in magna camera arcuata Dom. Prioris cantabant idem *Gestum* in qua Camera suspendebatur, ut moris est, magnum dorsale Prioris habens picturas trium Regum Colein. Veniebant autem dicti Joculatores a Castello Domini Regis et ex familia Epi" (vol. ii. p. 174). Here the Minstrels and Harpers are expressly called *Joculatores;* and as the Harpers

[4] That the French Minstrel was a singer and composer, &c., appears from many passages translated by M. Le Grand, in *Fabliaux ou Contes*, &c. See tom. i. p. 37, 47; ii. 306, 313, et seq.; iii. 266, &c. Yet this writer, like other French critics, endeavours to reduce to distinct and separate classes the men of this profession, under the precise names of *Fabl er*, *Conteur*, *Menetrier*, *Menestrel*, and *Jongleur* (tom. i. Pref. p. xcviii), whereas his own Tales confute all these nice distinctions, or prove at least that the title of *Menetrier*, or Minstrel, was applied to them all.

[5] See p. liii. [6] See p. lxvi [7] See p. xxxi, note.

had musical instruments, the singing must have been by the Minstrels, or by both conjointly.

For that Minstrels sang we have undeniable proof in the following entry in the Accompt roll of the Priory of Bicester, in Oxfordshire (under the year 1432). "Dat. Sex Ministrallis de Bokyngham *cantantibus* in refectorio Martyrium Septem Dormientium in Festo Epiphanie, iv. s." (Vol. ii. p. 175.)

In like manner our old English writers abound with passages wherein the Minstrel is represented as singing. To mention only a few:

In the old romance of *Emaré* (vol. ii. no. 15, p. 31), which, from the obsoleteness of the style, the nakedness of the story, the barrenness of incidents, and some other particulars, I should judge to be next in point of time to *Horn-Child*, we have

> —"I have herd Menstrelles syng yn sawe."
>
> Stanza 27.

In a poem of Adam Davie (who flourished about 1312), we have this listich,

> "Merry it is in halle to here the harpe,
> The Minstrelles synge, the Jogelours carpe."
>
> T. Warton, i. p. 225.

So William of Nassyngton (circ. 1480) as quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt Chaucer, iv. 319),

> — "I will make no vain carpinge
> Of dedes of armys ne of amours
> As dus Mynstrelles and Jestours [Gestours],
> That makys carpinge in many a place
> Of Octaviane and Isembrase,
> And of many other Jestes [Gestes]
> And namely whan they come to festes.[8]

See also the description of the Minstrel in note (E E) from *Morte Arthur*, which appears to have been compiled about the time of this last writer. —See T Warton, ii. 235.

By proving that Minstrels were singers of the old romantic songs and gestes, &c., we have in effect proved them to have been the makers at least of some of them. For the names of their authors being not preserved, to whom can we so probably ascribe the composition of many of these old popular rhymes as to the men who devoted all their time and talents to the recitation of them? especially as in the rhymes themselves Minstrels are often represented as the makers or composers.

Thus in the oldest of all, *Horn-Child*, having assumed the character of a Harper or Jogeler, is in consequence said (fo. 92) to have

> "made Rymenild [his mistress] a lay."

In the old romance of *Emaré*, we have this exhortation to Minstrels, as

[8] The fondness of the English (even the most illiterate) to hear Tales and Rhymes is much dwelt on by Rob. de Brunne, in 1330. (Warton i. pp. 59, 65, 75.) All Rhymes were then sung to the harp: even *Troilus and Cresseide*, though almost as long as the *Æneid*, was to be "redde . . . . . or else songe."—l. ult. (Warton, i. 388.)

composers, otherwise they could not have been at liberty to choose their subjects (st. 2).

"Menstrelles that walken fer and wyde
Her and ther in every a syde
In mony a dyverse londe
Sholde ut her bygynnyng
Speke of that rightwes kyng
That made both see and londe," &c.

And in the old song or geste of *Guy and Colbronde* (vol. ii. no. 4, p. 96), the Minstrel thus speaks of himself in the first person:

"When meate and drinke is great plentye
Then lords and ladyes still wil be
And sitt and solace lythe
Then itt is time for MEE to speake
Of keene knights and kempes great
Such carping for to kythe."

We have seen already that the Welsh *Bards*, who were undoubtedly composers of the songs they chanted to the harp, could not be distinguished by our legislators from our own *Rimers*, *Minstrels*.—Vide (B B 3), and p. xxxvi.

And that the Provençal *Troubadour* of our King Richard, who is called by M. Favine *Jongleur*, and by M. Fauchet *Menestrel*, is by the old English translator termed a Rhymer or Minstrel when he is mentioning the fact of his composing some verses (p. xxxi).

And lastly, that Holingshed, translating the prohibition of King Henry V., forbidding any songs to be composed on his victory, or to be sung by harpers or others, roundly gives it, he would not permit "any ditties to be made and sung by Minstrels on his glorious victory," &c.—Vide p. xxxvii, and note (B B 4).

Now that this order of men, at first called Gleemen, then Jugglers, and afterwards more generally Minstrels, existed here from the Conquest, who entertained their hearers with chanting, to the harp or other instruments, songs and tales of chivalry, or, as they were called, *gests*,[9] and romances in verse in the English language, is proved by the existence of the very compositions they so chanted, which are still preserved in great abundance; and exhibit a regular series from the time our language was almost Saxon, till after its improvements in the age of Chaucer, who enumerates many of them. And as the Norman-French was in the time of this bard still the courtly language, it shows that the English was not thereby excluded from affording entertainment to our nobility, who are so often addressed therein by the title of *lordings:* and sometimes more positively, "lords and ladies" (p. lxxxi).

And though many of these were translated from the French, others are evidently of English origin,[1] which appear in their turns to have afforded

[9] GESTS at length came to signify adventures or incidents in general. So in a narrative of the Journey into Scotland of Queen Margaret and her attendants, on her marriage with K. James IV. in 1503 [in Appendix to Leland Collect. iv. p. 265], we are promised an account "of their gestys and manners during the said Voyage."

[1] The Romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion* (no. 25) I should judge to be of English origin, from the names Wardrewe and Eldrede, &c., vol. ii. p. 101. As is also *Eger and Grime* (no. 12), vol. ii. p. 99, wherein a knight is named Sir Gray Steel, and a lady

versions into that language; a sufficient proof of that intercommunity between the French and English Minstrels which hath been mentioned in a preceding page. Even the abundance of such translations into English, being all adapted for popular recitation, sufficiently establishes the fact, that the English Minstrels had a great demand for such compositions, which they were glad to supply, whether from their own native stores or from other languages.

We have seen above, that the *Joculator*, *Mimus*, *Histrio*, whether these characters were the same, or had any real difference, were all called Minstrels; as was also the Harper,[2] when the term implied a singer, if not a composer, of songs, &c. By degrees the name of Minstrel was extended to vocal and instrumental musicians of every kind: and as in the establishment of royal and noble houses the latter would necessarily be most numerous, so we are not to wonder that the band of music (entered under the general name of Minstrels) should consist of instrumental performers chiefly, if not altogether: for, as the composer or singer of heroic tales to the harp would necessarily be a solitary performer, we must not expect to find him in the band along with the trumpeters, fluters, &c.

However, as we sometimes find mention of "Minstrels of music:"[3] so at other times we hear of "expert Minstrels and Musicians of tongue and cunning" (B B 3), p. lxxiv,[4] meaning doubtless by the former Singers, and probably by the latter phrase Composers of songs. Even "Minstrels music" seems to be applied to the species of verse used by Minstrels in the passage quoted below.[5]

But although, from the predominancy of instrumental music, Minstrelsy was at length chiefly to be understood in this sense, yet it was still applied to the poetry of Minstrels so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, as appears in the following extract from Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, p. 9. Who, speaking of the first composers of Latin verses in rhyme, says,

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who excels in surgery is called *Loospaine*, or *Lose-pain*: these surely are not derived from France.

[2] See the Romance of *Sir Isenbras* (vol. ii. no. 14, p. 99), sign. a.

"Harpers loved him in Hall
With other Minstrels all."

[3] T. Warton, ii. 258, note (a), from Leland's Collect. (vol. iv. Append. edit. 1774, p. 267.)

[4] The curious author of the *Tour in Wales*, 1773, 4to. p. 435, I find to have read these words "in toune and contrey;" which I can scarce imagine to have been applicable to Wales at that time. Nor can I agree with him in the representation he has given (p. 367) concerning the *Cymmorth* or meeting, wherein the Bards exerted their powers to excite their countrymen to war; as if it were by a deduction of the particulars he enumerates, and as it should seem in the way of harangue, &c. After which, "the band of minstrels . . . . . struck up; the harp, the *crwth*, and the pipe filled the measures of enthusiasm, which the others had begun to inspire." Whereas it is well known, that the Bard chanted his enthusiastic effusions to the harp; and as for the term *Minstrel*, it was not, I conceive, at all used by the Welsh; and in English it comprehended both the bard and the musician.

[5] "Your ordinarie rimers use very much their measures in the odde, as nine and eleven, and the sharpe accent upon the last sillable, which therefore makes him go ill favouredly and like 'a MINSTRELS MUSICKE.'"—Puttenham's *Arte of Eng. Poesie*, 1589, p. 59. This must mean his vocal music, otherwise it appears not applicable to the subject.

"All that they wrote to the favor or prayse of princes, they did it in such manner of Minstralsie; and thought themselves no small fooles, when they could make their verses go all in *ryme*."

I shall conclude this subject with the following description of Minstrelsy given by John Lidgate at the beginning of the 15th century, as it shows what a variety of entertainments were then comprehended under this term, together with every kind of instrumental music then in use:—

— "Al maner MYNSTRAICYE,
That any man kan specifye.
Ffor there were Rotys of Almayne,
And eke of Arragon, and Spayne:
SONGES, Stampes, and eke Daunces;
Divers plente of plesaunces:
And many unkouth NOTYS NEW
OF SWICHE FOLKE AS LOVID TREUE.[6]
And instrumentys that did excelle,
Many moo than I kan telle.
Harpys, Fythales, and eke Rotys
Well according to her [*i. e.* their] notys,
Lutys, Ribibles, and Geternes,
More for estatys, than tavernes:
Orgay[n]s, Cytolis, Monacordys.—
There were Trumpes, and Trumpettes,
Lowde Shall[m]ys, and Doucettes."—

T. Warton, ii. 225, note (*).

[6] By this phrase I understand, new Tales or narrative Rhymes composed by the Minstrels on the subject of true and faithful Lovers, &c.

END OF THE ESSAY.

☞ *The foregoing Essay on the Ancient Minstrels has been very much enlarged and improved since the first edition, with respect to the Anglo-Saxon Minstrels, in consequence of some objections proposed by the reverend and learned Mr. Pegge, which the reader may find in the second volume of the* ARCHÆOLOGIA, *printed by the Antiquarian Society; but which that gentleman has since retracted in the most liberal and candid manner in the third volume of the* ARCHÆOLOGIA, No. XXXIV. p. 310.

And in consequence of similar objections respecting the English Minstrels after the Conquest, the subsequent part hath been much enlarged, and additional light thrown upon the subject; which, to prevent cavil, hath been extended to MINSTRELSY *in all its branches, as it was established in England whether by natives or foreigners.*

"I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet 'it' is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude style; which beeing so evill apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare!"

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S 'DEFENCE OF POETRY.

RELIQUES

OF

ANCIENT POETRY, &c.

BOOK I.

I.

The Ancient Ballad of Cheby-Chase.

THE fine heroic song of CHEVY-CHASE has ever been admired by competent judges. Those genuine strokes of nature and artless passion, which have endeared it to the most simple readers, have recommended it to the most refined; and it has equally been the amusement of our childhood, and the favourite of our riper years.

Mr. Addison has given an excellent critique[1] on this very popular ballad, but is mistaken with regard to the antiquity of the common received copy; for this, if one may judge from the style, cannot be older than the time of Elizabeth, and was probably written after the eulogium of Sir Philip Sidney: perhaps in consequence of it. I flatter myself, I have here recovered the genuine antique poem, the true original song; which appeared rude even in the time of Sir Philip, and caused him to lament that it was so evil apparelled in the rugged garb of antiquity.

This curiosity is printed from an old manuscript, at the end of Hearne's Preface to Gul. Nubrigiensis Hist. 1719, 8vo, vol. i. To the MS. copy is subjoined the name of the author, RYCHARD SHEALE:[2] whom Hearne had so little judgment as to suppose to be the same with a R. Sheale, who was living in 1588. But whoever examines the gradation of language and idiom in the following volumes, will be convinced that this is the production of an earlier poet. It is indeed expressly mentioned among some very ancient songs in an old book intituled, The Complaint of Scotland,[3] (fol. 42,)

[1] *Spectator*, No. 70, 74.

[2] Subscribed, after the usual manner of our old poets, explicitly [explicit] quoth Rychard Sheale.

[3] One of the earliest productions of the Scottish press now to be found.

under the title of the HUNTIS OF CHEVET, where the two following lines are also quoted:

> The Perssee and the Mongumrye mette[4]
> That day, that day, that gentil day:[5]

Which, though not quite the same as they stand in the ballad, yet differ not more than might be owing to the author's quoting from memory. Indeed, whoever considers the style and orthography of this old poem, will not be inclined to place it lower than the time of Henry VI.; as, on the other hand, the mention of James the Scottish King,[6] with one or two anachronisms, forbids us to assign it an earlier date. King James I., who was prisoner in this kingdom at the death of his father,[7] did not wear the crown of Scotland till the second year of our Henry VI.,[8] but before the end of that long reign, a third James had mounted the throne.[9] A succession of two or three Jameses, and the long detention of one of them in England, would render the name familiar to the English, and dispose a poet in those rude times to give it to any Scottish king he happened to mention.

So much for the date of this old ballad: with regard to its subject, although it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the laws of the Marches, frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies.[1] There had long been a rivalship between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour, which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind we may suppose gave rise to the ancient ballad of the HUNTING A' THE CHEVIAT.[2] Percy, Earl of Northumberland, had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas,

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The title-page was wanting in the copy here quoted; but it is supposed to have been printed in 1540.—See Ames.

[4] See Pt. 2. v. 25.

[5] See Pt. 1. v. 104.

[6] Pt. 2, v. 36, 140.

[7] Who died Aug. 5, 1406, in the seventh year of our Hen. IV.

[8] James I. was crowned May 22, 1424; murdered, Feb. 21, 1436–7.

[9] In 1460. Hen. VI. was deposed 1461; restored and slain, 1471.

[1] Item. . . . Concordatum est, quod,. . . NULLUS unius partis vel alterius ingrediatur terras, boschas, forrestas, warrenas, loca, dominia quæcunque alicujus partis alterius subditi, causa venandi, piscandi, aucupandi, disportum aut solatium in eisdem, aliave quacunque de causa, ABSQUE LICENTIA ejus . . . ad quem . . . loca . . . pertinent, aut de deputatis suis prius capt. et obtent.—Vide Bp. Nicholson's *Leges Marchiarum*, 1705, 8vo, pp. 27, 51.

[2] This was the original title.—See the ballad, Pt. 1. v. 101; Pt. 2, v. 165.

who was either lord of the soil, or lord-warden of the Marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad; for these are evidently borrowed from the BATTLE OF OTTERBOURN,[3] a very different event, but which after-times would easily confound with it. That battle might be owing to some such previous affront as this of CHEVY-CHASE, though it has escaped the notice of historians. Our poet has evidently jumbled the two events together; if, indeed, the lines[4] in which this mistake is made are not rather spurious, and the after-insertion of some person, who did not distinguish between the two stories.

Hearne has printed this ballad without any division of stanzas, in long lines, as he found it in the old written copy; but it is usual to find the distinction of stanzas neglected in ancient MSS., where, to save room, two or three verses are frequently given in one line undivided.—See flagrant instances in the Harleian Catalogue, No. 2253, s. 29, 34, 61, 70, et passim.

THE FIRST FIT.[5]

THE Persè owt off Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wold hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within dayes thre,
In the mauger of doughtè Dogles,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:
"Be my feth," sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
"I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may."

Then the Persè owt off Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtye meany;
With fifteen hondrith archares bold;
The wear chosen owt of shyars thre.[6]

Ver. 5, magger in Hearne's P.C. [Printed Copy.]
V. 11, The the Persè. P.C. V. 13, archardes bolde off blood and bone. P.C.

[3] See the next ballad. [4] Vide Pt. 2, v. 167. [5] Fit, see v. 100.
[6] By these "shyars thre" is probably meant three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of *shires*, and are all in the neighbourhood of Cheviot. These are *Island-shire*, being the district so named from Holy-Island; *Norehamshire*, so called from the town and castle of Noreham (or Norham); and *Bamboroughshire*, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough castle and town.

This begane on a Monday at morn
In Cheviat the hillys so he;
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pittè.

The dryvars thorowe the woodès went,
For to reas the dear;
Bomen bickarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodès went,
On every sydè shear;
Grea-hondes thorowe the greves glent,
For to kyll thear dear.

The begane in Chyviat the hyls above,
Yerly on a Monnyn day;
Be that it drewe to the oware off none
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort uppone the bent,
The semblyd on sydis shear;
To the quyrry then the Persè went,
To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, "It was the Duglas promys
This day to met me hear;
But I wyste he wold faylle, verament:"
A gret oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar off Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny;
He was war ath the doughetie Doglas comynge,
With him a myghtè meany;

Both with spear, 'byll,' and brande;
Yt was a myghti sight to se;
Hardyar men, both off hart nar hande,
Wear not in Christiantè.

V. 19. throrowe. P.C.
V. 31, blwe a mot. P.C.
V. 41, ath the; a' the.
V. 42, myghtte. P.C. passim.
V. 43, brylly. P.C.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good,
Withouten any fayle;
The wear borne a-long be the watter a Twyde,
Yth, bowndes of Tividale.

"Leave off the brytlyng of the dear," he sayde,
"And to your bowys tayk good heed;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never so mickle need."

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede
He rode att his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
A bolder barne was never born.

"Tell me 'what' men ye ar," he says,
"Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this
Chyviat chays in the spyt of me?"

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,
Yt was the good Lord Persè:
"We wyll not tell the 'what' men we ar," he says,
"Nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays,
In the spyte of thyne and of the.

"The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way."
"Be my troth," sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,
"Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day."

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
Unto the Lord Persè:
'To kyll all thes giltles men,
A-las! it wear great pittè.

"But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contrè;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande,
And do the battell off the and of me."

V. 48, withowte . . . feale. P.C. V. 52, boys look ye tayk. P.C.
V. 54, ned. P.C. V. 59, whos. P.C. V. 65, whoys P.C.
V. 71, agay. P.C.

"Nowe Cristes cors on his crowne," sayd the Lord Perse,
"Who-soever ther-to says nay;
Be my troth, doughtè Doglas," he says,
"Thow shalt never se that day;

"Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him, on man for on."

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
Ric. Wytharynton[7] was his nam;
"It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde," he says,
"To Kyng Herry the Fourth for sham.

"I wat youe byn great lordes twa,
I am a poor squyar of lande;
I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
And stande my-selffe, and looke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde,
I wyll not 'fayl' both harte and hande."

That day, that day, that dredfull day:
The first FIT[8] here I fynde.
And you wyll here any mor a' the hountyng a' the Chyviat,
Yet ys ther mor behynde.

THE SECOND FIT.

THE Yngglishe men hade ther bowys yebent,
Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
The first of arros that the shote off,
Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

V. 81, sayd the the. P. C. V. 88, on, *i.e.* one.
V. 93, twaw. P.C. V. 101, youe . . . hountyng. P.C.
V. 3, first, *i.e.* flight.

[7] This is probably corrupted in the MS. for Rog. Widdrington, who was at the head of the family in the reign of K. Edw. III. There were several successively of the names of *Roger* and *Ralph*, but none of the name of *Richard*, as appears from the genealogies in the Herald's office.

[8] FIT.—Vide Gloss.

Yet bydys the Yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost in thre,
Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,
With suar speares off myghttè tre,
The cum in on every syde:

Thrughe our Ynglishe archery
Gave many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughete the garde to dy,
Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynglishe men let thear bowys be,
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright;
It was a hevy syght to se
Bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Thorowe ryche male and myne-ye-ple,
Many sterne the stroke downe streght;
Many a freyke that was full free,
Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,
Lyk to captayns of myght and mayne;
The swapte togethar tyll the both swat,
With swordes that were of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght,
Ther-to the wear full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte off threar basnetes sprente
As ever dyd heal or rayne.

"Holde the, Persè," sayd the Doglas,
"And i' feth I shall the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
Of Jamy our Scottish kynge.

V. 5, byddys. P.C. V. 17, boys. P.C. V. 18, briggt. P.C.
V. 21, throrowe. P.C. V. 22, done. P.C. V. 26, to, *i.e.* two.
Ibid. and of, P.C. V. 32, ran. P.C. V. 33, helde. P.C.

"Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng."

"Nay 'then,'" sayd the Lord Persè,
"I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born."

With that ther cam an arrowe hastely,
Forthe off a mightie wane;[9]
Hit hathe strekene the Yerle Duglas
In at the brest bane.

Thoroue lyvar and longs bathe
The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe-days
He spayke mo wordes but ane:
That was,[1] "Fyghte ye, my merry men, whyllys ye may,
For my lyff-days ben gan."

The Persè leanyde on his brande,
And sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede man be the hande,
And sayd, "Wo ys me for the!

"To have savyde thy lyffe, I wold have pertyd with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,
Was not in all the north countrè."

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry;
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght,
He spendyd a spear, a trusti tre:

He rod uppon a corsiare
Throughe a hondrith archery;
He never styntyde, nar never blane,
Tyll he came to the good Lord Persè.

V. 49, throroue. P.C.

[9] Wane, *i.e.* ane, *one*, sc. *man*; an arrow came from a mighty one: from a mighty man.

[1] This seems to have been a gloss added.

He set uppone the Lord Perse
A dynte that was full soare;
With a suar spear of a myghtè tre
Clean thorow the body he the Persè bore,

A' the tothar syde that a man myght se
A large cloth yard and mare:
Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantè,
Then that day slain wear thare.

An archar off Northomberlonde
Say slean was the Lord Persè;
He bar a bende-bow in his hande,
Was made off trusti tre.

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
To th' hard stele halyde he;
A dynt that was both sad and soar,
He sat on Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and 'soar,'
That he on Mongon-byrry sete;
The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
With his hart-blood the wear wete.[2]

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
But still in stour dyd stand,
Hewyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,
With many a bal-ful brande.

This battell begane in Chyviat
An owar befor the none,
And when even-song bell was rang,
The battell was nat half done.

The tooke 'on' on ethar hand
Be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strength for to stande,
In Chyviat the hillys abone.

V. 74, ber. P.C. V. 78, ther. P.C. V. 80, Say, *i.e.* sawe.
V. 84, haylde. P.C. V. 87, sar. P.C. V. 102, abou. P.C.

[2] This incident is taken from the battle of Otterbourn; in which Sir Hugh Montgomery, Knt. (son of John Lord Montgomery), was slain with an arrow.—Vide Crawfurd's *Peerage*.

Of fifteen hondrith archers of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,
But even five and fifti:

But all wear slayne Cheviat within;
The hade no strengthe to stand on he:
The chylde may rue that is un-borne,
It was the mor pittè.

Thear was slayne with the Lord Persè,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Roger, the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam, the bold Hearone.

Sir Jorg, the worthè Lovele,
A knyght of great renowen,
Sir Raff, the ryche Rugbè,
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
He knyled and fought on hys kne.

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Douglas,
Sir Hewe the Mongon-byrry,
Sir Davye Lwdale, that worthè was,
His sistars son was he:

Sir Charles a Murrè in that place,
That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Duglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
Off byrch and hasell so 'gray';
Many wedous with wepyng tears[3]
Cam to fach ther makys a-way.

V. 108, strenge . . . hy. P.C. V. 115, lóule. P.C.
V. 121, in to, *i.e.* in two. V. 122, Yet he . . . kny. P.C.
V. 132, gay. P.C.

For the names in this and the foregoing page, see the remarks at the end of the next ballad.

[3] A common pleonasm.—See the next poem, Fit 2nd, v. 155. So Harding

Tivydale may carpe off care,
  Northombarlond may mayk grat mone,
For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear,
  On the March-perti shall never be none.

Word ys commen to Edden-burrowe,
  To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,
That dougheti Duglas, Lyff-tenant of the Merches,
  He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
  He sayd, "Alas, and woe ys me!"
Such another captayn Skotland within,
  He sayd, y-feth shuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,
  Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That Lord Persè Leyff-tennante of the Merchis,
  He lay slayne Chyviat within.

"God have merci on his soll," sayd Kyng Harry,
  "Good Lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde," he sayd,
  "As good as ever was hee:
But Persè, and I brook my lyffe,
  Thy deth well quyte shall be."

As our noble kyng made his a-vowe,
  Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the Lord Persè
  He dyd the battel of Hombyll-down:

Wher syx and thrittè Skottish knyghtes
  On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
  Over castill, towar, and town.

V. 136, mon. P.C. V. 138, non. P.C. V. 146, ye seth. P.C.
V. 149, cheyff tennante. P.C.

---

n his *Chronicle*, chap. 140, fol. 148, describing the death of Richard I, ays,

> He shrove him then unto Abbots thre
> With great sobbyng . . . and wepyng teares.

So likewise Cavendish, in his *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, chap. 12, p. 31, 4to "When the Duke heard this, he replied with weeping teares," &c.

This was the hontynge off the Cheviat;
That tear begane this spurn:
Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
Uppon a Monnyn day:
Ther was the dougghtè Doglas slean,
The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the March-partes
Sen the Doglas and the Persè met,
But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronne not,
As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Crist our balys bete,
And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the hountynge of the Chevyat:
God send us all good ending!

*** The style of this and the following ballad is uncommonly rugged and uncouth, owing to their being writ in the very coarsest and broadest northern dialect.

The battle of Hombyll-down, or Humbledon, was fought Sept. 14, 1402 (anno 3 Hen. IV.), wherein the English, under the command of the E. of Northumberland and his son Hotspur, gained a complete victory over the Scots. The village of Humbledon is one mile north-west from Wooller in Northumberland. The battle was fought in the field below the village, near the present turnpike-road, in a spot called ever since *Red-Riggs*. Humbledon is in Glendale Ward, a district so named in this county, and mentioned above in ver. 163.

II.

The Battle of Otterbourne.

The only battle, wherein an Earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourn, which is the subject of this ballad. It is here related with the allowable partiality of an English poet, and much in the same manner as it is recorded in the English Chronicles. The Scottish writers have, with a partiality at least as excusable, related it no less in their own favour. Luckily we have a very circumstantial narrative of the whole affair from Froissart, a French historian, who appears to be unbiassed. Froissart's relation is prolix:

I shall therefore give it as abridged by Carte, who has however had recourse to other authorities, and differs from Froissart in some things, which I shall note in the margin.

In the twelfth year of Richard II., 1388, "The Scots taking advantage of the confusions of this nation, and falling with a party into the west Marches, ravaged the country about Carlisle, and carried off 300 prisoners. It was with a much greater force, headed by some of the principal nobility, that, in the beginning of August,[1] they invaded Northumberland: and having wasted part of the county of Durham,[2] advanced to the gates of Newcastle; where, in a skirmish, they took a 'penon' or colours[3] belonging to Henry Lord Percy, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland. In their retreat home, they attacked the castle of Otterbourn; and in the evening of August 9 (as the English writers say, or rather, according to Froissart, August 15), after an unsuccessful assault, were surprised in their camp, which was very strong, by Henry, who at the first onset put them into a good deal of confusion. But James Earl of Douglas rallying his men, there ensued one of the best-fought actions that happened in that age; both armies showing the utmost bravery:[4] the Earl Douglas himself being slain on the spot;[5] the Earl of Murrey mortally wounded; and Hotspur[6] with his brother, Ralph Percy, taken prisoners. These disasters on both sides have given occasion to the event of the engagements being disputed: Froissart (who derives his relation from a Scotch knight, two gentlemen of the same country, and as many of Foix[7]) affirming that the Scots remained masters of the field; and the English writers insinuating the contrary. These last maintain that the English had the better of the day; but night

[1] Froissart speaks of both parties (consisting in all of more than 40,000 men) as entering England at the same time; but the greater part by way of Carlisle.

[2] And, according to the ballad, that part of Northumberland called Bamboroughshire, a large tract of land so named from the town and castle of Bamborough, formerly the residence of the Northumbrian kings.

[3] This circumstance is omitted in the ballad. Hotspur and Douglas were two young warriors much of the same age.

[4] Froissart says the English exceeded the Scots in number three to one, but that these had the advantage of the ground, and were also fresh from sleep, while the English were greatly fatigued with their previous march.

[5] By Henry L. Percy according to this ballad, and our old English historians, as Stow, Speed, &c.; but borne down by numbers, if we may believe Froissart.

[6] Hotspur (after a very sharp conflict) was taken prisoner by John Lord Montgomery, whose eldest son, Sir Hugh, was slain in the same action with an arrow, according to Crawfurd's *Peerage* (and seems also to be alluded to in the foregoing ballad, p. 13), but taken prisoner and exchanged for Hotspur, according to this ballad.

[7] Froissart (according to the Eng. translation) says he had his account from two squires of England, and from a knight and squire of Scotland, soon after the battle.

coming on, some of the northern lords, coming with the Bishop of Durham to their assistance, killed many of them by mistake, supposing them to be Scots; and the Earl of Dunbar at the same time falling on another side upon Hotspur, took him and his brother prisoners, and carried them off while both parties were fighting. It is at least certain, that immediately after this battle the Scots engaged in it made the best of their way home: and the same party was taken by the other corps about Carlisle."

Such is the account collected by Carte, in which he seems not to be free from partiality: for prejudice must own that Froissart's circumstantial account carries a great appearance of truth, and he gives the victory to the Scots. He however does justice to the courage of both parties; and represents their mutual generosity in such a light, that the present age might edify by the example. "The Englyshmen on the one partye, and Scottes on the other party, are good men of warre, for whan they mete, there is a hard fighte without sparynge. There is no hoo[8] betwene them as long as spears, swordes, axes, or dagers wyll endure: but lay on eche upon other: and whan they be well beaten, and that the one party hath obtayned the victory, they than glorifye so in their dedes of armes, and are so joyfull, that suche as be taken, they shall be ransomed or they go out of the felde;[9] so that shortly ECHE OF THEM IS SO CONTENTE WITH OTHER, THAT AT THEIR DEPARTYNGE, CURTOYSLY THEY WILL SAYE, GOD THANKE YOU. But in fyghtynge one with another there is no playe, nor sparynge."—Froissart's *Cronycle* (as translated by Sir Johan Bourchier Lord Berners), cap. cxlij.

The following ballad is (in this present edition) printed from an old MS. in the Cotton Library[1] (Cleopatra, c. iv.), and contains many stanzas more than were in the former copy, which was transcribed from a MS. in the Harleian Collection [No. 293, fol. 52]. In the Cotton MS. this poem has no title, but in the Harleian copy it is thus inscribed, "A songe made in R. 2. his tyme of the battele of Otterburne, betweene Lord Henry Percye earle of Northomberlande and the earle Douglas of Scotlande. Anno 1388." But this title is erroneous, and added by some ignorant transcriber of after-times: for, 1. The battle was not fought by the Earl of Northumberland, who was absent, nor is once mentioned in the ballad; but by his son SIR HENRY PERCY, Knt., surnamed HOTSPUR (in those times they did not usually give the title of LORD to an earl's eldest son). 2. Although the battle was fought in Richard II.'s time, the song is evidently of later date, as appears from the poet's quoting the Chronicles in Pt. II. ver. 26; and speaking

[8] So in Langham's letter concerning Q. Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth Castle, 1575, 12mo, p. 61, "Heer was no ho in devout drinkyng."

[9] *i. e.* They scorn to take the advantage, or to keep them lingering in long captivity.

[1] The notice of this MS. I must acknowledge, with many other obligations, owing to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq., late Clerk of the House of Commons

of Percy in the last stanza as dead. It was however written, in all likelihood, as early as the foregoing song, if not earlier; which perhaps may be inferred from the minute circumstances with which the story is related, many of which are recorded in no chronicle, and were probably preserved in the memory of old people. It will be observed, that the authors of these two poems have some lines in common; but which of them was the original proprietor must depend upon their priority; and this the sagacity of the reader must determine.

Yt felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,
Whan husbonds wynn ther haye,
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde,
In Ynglond to take a praye:

The Yerlle of Fyffe,[2] withowghten stryffe,
He bowynd hym over Sulway:[3]
The grete wolde ever together ryde;
That race they may rue for aye.

Over 'Ottercap' hyll they[4] came in,
And so dowyn by Rodelyffe cragge,
Upon Grene 'Leyton' they lyghted dowyn,
Styrande many a stagge:[5]

And boldely brente Northomberlonde,
And haryed many a towyn;
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,
To battell that were not bowyn.

Ver. 2. wynn their heaye. Harl. MS. This is the Northumberland phrase to this day: by which they always express "getting in their hay." The orig. MS. reads here *winn their waye.*

[2] Robert Stuart, second son of K. Robert II.

[3] *i. e.* "Over Solway frith." This evidently refers to the other division of the Scottish army, which came in by way of Carlisle. Bowynd, or bounde him; *i. e.* hied him.—Vide Gloss.

[4] They: sc. the Earl of Douglas and his party.—The several stations here mentioned, are well-known places in Northumberland. Ottercap hill is in the Parish of Kirk-Whelpington, in Tynedaleward. Rodeliff- (or as it is more usually pronounced Rodeley-) Cragge is a noted cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpethward: it lies south-east of Ottercap. Green Leyton is another small village in the same parish of Hartburn, and is south-east of Rodeley.—Both the orig. MSS. read here corruptly, Hoppertop and Lynton.

[5] This line is corrupt in both the MSS. viz. 'Many a styrande stage.'—Stags have been killed within the present century on some of the large wastes in Northumberland.

Than spake a berne upon the bent,
Of comforte that was not colde,
And sayd, "We have brent Northomberlond,
We have all welth in holde.

"Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,
All the welth in the worlde have wee;
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,
So styll and stalwurthlye."

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,
The standards schone fulle bryght;
To the Newe Castelle the toke the waye,
And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Syr Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,
I telle yow withowtten drede;
He had byn a marche-man [6] all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,
"Syr Harye Percy, and thou byste within,
Com to the fylde, and fyght:

"For we have brente Northomberlonde,
Thy eritage good and ryght;
And syne my logeyng I have take,
With my brande dubbyd many a knyght."

Syr Harry Percy cam to the walles,
The Skottyssh oste for to se;
"And thow hast brente Northomberlond,
Full sore it rewyth me.

"Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre,
Thow hast done me grete envye;
For the trespasse thow hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye."

V. 39, *syne* seems here to mean *since*.

[6] Marche-man, *i.e* a scourer of the Marches.

"Where schall I byde the?" sayd the Dowglas,
"Or where wylte thow come to me?"
"At Otterborne in the hygh way,[7]
Ther maist thow well logeed be.

"The roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,
To make the game and glee:
The fawkon and the fesaunt both,
Amonge the holtes on 'hee.'

"Ther maist thow have thy welth at wyll,
Well looged ther maist be;
Yt schall not be long, or I com the tyll,"
Sayd Syr Harry Percye.

"Ther schall I byde the," sayd the Dowglas,
"By the fayth of my bodye."
"Thether schall I com," sayd Syr Harry Percy;
"My trowth I plyght to the."

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,
For soth, as I yow saye;
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,
And all hys oste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,
For soth withowghten naye;
He tooke his logeyng at Otterborne
Uppon a Wedyns-day:

And ther he pyght hys standerd dowyn,
Hys gettyng more and lesse,
And syne he warned hys men to goo
To chose ther geldyngs gresse.

A Skottysshe knyght hoved upon the bent,
A wache I dare well saye:
So was he ware on the noble Percy
In the dawnynge of the daye.

V. 53. Roe-bucks were to be found upon the wastes not far from Hexham in the reign of George I.: — Whitfield, Esq., of Whitfield, is said to have destroyed the last of them. V. 56, hye MSS.
V. 77, upōn the best bent. MS.

[7] Otterbourn stands near the old Watling-street road, in the parish of

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,
As faste as he myght ronne;
"Awaken, Dowglas," cryed the knyght,
"For Hys love, that syttes yn trone.

"Awaken, Dowglas," cryed the knyght,
"For thow maiste waken wyth wynne;
Yender have I spyed the prowde Percy,
And seven standardes wyth hym."

"Nay by my trowth," the Douglas sayed,
"It ys but a fayned taylle;
He durste not loke on my bred banner,
For all Ynglonde so haylle.

"Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
That stonds so fayre on Tyne?
For all the men that Percy hade,
He cowde not garre me ones to dyne.'

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,
To loke and it were lesse;
"Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,
For here bygynnes no peysse.

"The Yerle of Mentaye,[8] thow arte my eme,
The fowarde I gyve to the:
The Yerlle of Huntlay, cawte and kene,
He schall wyth the be.

"The Lorde of Bowghan,[9] in armure bryght,
On the other hand he schall be:
Lorde Jhonstone, and Lorde Maxwell,
They to schall be with me.

"Swynton, fayre fylde upon your pryde!
To batell make yow bowen,
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,
Syr Jhon of Agurstone."

A FYTTE.

Elsdon. The Scots were encamped in a grassy plain near the river Read The place where the Scots and English fought is still called Battle-Riggs.

[8] The Earl of Menteith.

[9] The Lord Buchan.

THE Perssy came byfore hys oste,
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght,
Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,
"I wyll holde that I have hyght:

"For thow haste brente Northumberlonde,
And done me grete envye;
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye."

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne
With grete wurds up on 'hee,'
And sayd, "I have twenty agaynst 'thy' one,[1]
Byholde, and thow maiste see."

Wyth that the Percye was grevyd sore,
For sothe as I yow saye;
[2][He lyghted dowyn upon his fote,
And schoote his horsse clene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,
That ryall was ever in rowght;
Every man schoote hys horsse him froo,
And lyght him rowynde abowght.

Thus Syr Hary Percye toke the fylde,
For soth, as I yow saye:
Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo,
The cronykle wyll not layne;
Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre
That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,
In hast ther came a knyght;
'Then' letters fayre furth hath he tayne
And thus he sayd full ryght:

V. 1, 13, Pearcy, al. MS. V. 4, I will hold to what I have promised. Ver. 10, hye. MSS. Ver. 11, the one. MS.

[1] He probably magnifies his strength, to induce him to surrender.
[2] All that follows, included in brackets, wa not in the first edition.

"My Lorde, your father he gretes yow well,
Wyth many a noble knyght;
He desyres yow to byde
That he may see thys fyght.

"The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west,
Wyth hym a noble companye;
All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,
And the battel fayne wold they see."

"For Jesu's love," sayd Syr Harye Percy,
"That dyed for yow and me,
Wende to my lorde my father agayne,
And saye thow saw me not with yee.

"My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysh knyght,
It nedes me not to layne,
That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,
And I have hys trowth agayne:

"And if that I wende off thys grownde,
For soth, unfoughten awaye,
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
In hys londe another daye.

"Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,
By Mary, that mykel maye,
Then ever my manhod schulde be reprovyd
Wyth a Skotte another daye.

"Wherfore schote, archars, for my sake,
And let scharpe arowes flee;
Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson,
And well quyt it schall be.

"Every man thynke on hys trewe love,
And marke hym to the Trenite:
For to God I make myne avowe
Thys day wyll I not fle."

The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,
Hys standerde stode on hye;
That every man myght full well knowe;
By syde stode starres thre.

The whyte lyon on the Ynglysh parte.
Forsoth, as I yow sayne,
The lucetts and the cressawnts both;
The Skotts faught them agayne.[3]]

Uppon Sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,
And syne marked them one owr Ynglysshe men,
As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght, owr ladyes knyght,
To name they[4] were full fayne;
Owr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that, scharpe arowes bygan to flee,
I tell yow in sertayne;
Men of armes byganne to joyne,
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,
That ether of other was fayne;
They schapped together, whyll that the swette,
With swords of fyne Collayne;

Tyll the bloode from ther bassonetts ranne
As the roke doth in the rayne;
"Yelde the to me," sayd the Dowglàs,
"Or ells thow schalt be slayne;

"For I see by thy bryght bassonet,
Thow arte sum man of myght;
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande,
Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght."[5]

[3] The arms of Douglas are pretty accurately emblazoned in the former stanza, especially if the readings were, *The crowned harte*, and *Above stode starres thre*, it would be minutely exact at this day. As for the Percy family, one of their ancient badges or cognizances was *a white lyon*, statant; and the *silver crescent* continues to be used by them to this day: they also give *three luces argent* for one of their quarters.

[4] *i. e.* The English.

[5] Being all in armour, he could not know him.

"By my good faythe," sayd the noble Percy,
"Now haste thou rede full ryght;
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,
Whyll I may stonde and fyght."

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,
Wyth swordes scharpe and long;
Ych on other so faste they beette,
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses dowyn.

The Percy was a man of strenghth,
I tell yow in thys stounde;
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,
That he felle to the growynde.

The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,
I tell yow in sertayne;
To the harte he cowde hym smyte,
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonders stode styll on eke syde,
With many a grevous grone;
Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,
And many a dowghty man was 'slone.'

Ther was no freke that ther wold flye,
But styffly in stowre can stond,
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght drye,
Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth and sertenly,
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,
That daye that he cowde dye.

The Yerlle of Mentayne he was slayne,
Grysely groned uppon the growynd;
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,
Syr 'John' of Agurstonne.[6]

V. 116, slayne. MSS. V. 124. *i. e.* he died that day.

[6] Our old minstrel repeats these names, as Homer and Virgil do those of their heroes:

——fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum, &c. &c.

Both the MSS. read here, "Sir James:" but see above, Pt. 1, ver. 112.

Syr Charlles Morrey in that place
That never a fote wold flye;
Sir Hughe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts
Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,
For soth and sertenlye,
A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
Yt was the more petye.

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,
For hym ther hartes were sore;
The gentyll 'Lovelle' ther was slayne,
That the Percyes standerd bore.

Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh perte,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men
Fyve hondert cam awaye.

The other were slayne in the fylde,
Cryste kepe ther sowles from wo,
Seyng ther was so fewe fryndes
Agaynst so many a foo.

Then one the morne they mayd them beeres
Of byrch, and haysell graye;
Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres
Ther makes they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne
Bytwene the nyght and the day;
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede awaye.[7]

V. 143, Covelle. MS. For the names in this page, see the remarks at the end of this ballad. V. 153, one, *i. e.* on.

[7] &c. captive.

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,
  Syr Hughe Mongomery was hys name;
For soth as I yow saye,
  He borowed the Percy home agayne.[8]

Now let us all for the Percy praye
  To Jesu most of myght,
To bryng hys sowle to the blysse of heven,
  For he was a gentyll knyght.

V. 165, Percyes. Harl. MS.

[8] In the Cotton MS. is the following note on ver. 164, in an ancient hand: —"Syr Hewe Mongomery takyn prizonar, was delyvered for the restorynge of Perssy."

*** Most of the names in the two preceding ballads are found to have belonged to families of distinction in the North, as may be made appear from authentic records. Thus, in

THE ANCIENT BALLAD OF CHEVY-CHASE.

Page 10, ver. 112. *Agerstone.*] The family of Haggerston of Haggerston, near Berwick, has been seated there for many centuries, and still remains. Thomas Haggerston was among the commissioners returned for Northumberland in 12 Hen. VI. 1433 (Fuller's *Worthies*, p. 310). The head of this family at present is Sir Thomas Haggerston, Bart., of Haggerston above mentioned.

N.B. The name is spelt Agerstone, as in the text, in Leland's *Itinerary*, vol. vii. p. 54.

Ver. 113. *Hartly.*] Hartly is a village near the sea, in the barony of Tinemouth, about seven miles from North-Shields. It probably gave name to a family of note at that time.

Ver. 114. *Hearone.*] This family, one of the most ancient, was long of great consideration in Northumberland. Haddeston, the *Caput Baroniæ* of Heron, was their ancient residence. It descended, 25 Edw. I., to the heir general, Emeline Heron, afterwards Baroness Darcy. —Ford, &c., and Bockenfield (*in com. eodem*), went at the same time to Roger Heron, the heir male, whose descendants were summoned to Parliament: Sir William Heron of Ford Castle being summoned 44 Edw. III.—Ford Castle hath descended by heirs general to the family of Delaval (mentioned in the next article). Robert Heron, Esq., who died at Newark in 1753 (father of the Right Hon. Sir Richard Heron, Bart.), was heir male of the Herons of Bockenfield, a younger branch of this family. Sir Thomas Heron Middleton, Bart., is heir male of the Herons of Chip-Chase, another branch of the Herons of Ford Castle.

Ver. 115. *Lovele.*] Joh. de Lavale, miles, was sheriff of Northumberland 34 Hen. VII. Joh. de Lavele, mil. in the 1 Ed. VI and

afterwards (Fuller 313). In Nicholson this name is spelt Da Lovel, p. 304. This seems to be the ancient family of Delaval, of Seaton Delaval, in Northumberland, whose ancestor was one of the twenty-five barons appointed to be guardians of Magna Charta.

Ver. 117. *Rugbè.*] The ancient family of Rokeby in Yorkshire seems to be here intended. In Thoresby's *Ducat. Leod.* p. 258, fol., is a genealogy of this house, by which it appears that the head of the family about the time when this ballad was written was Sir Ralph Rokeby, Knt., Ralph being a common name of the Rokebys.

Ver. 119. *Wetharryngton.*] Reg. de Widrington was sheriff of Northumberland in 36 of Edw. III. (Fuller, p. 311). Joh. de Widrington in 11 of Hen. IV., and many others of the same name afterwards. —See also Nicholson, p. 331. Of this family was the late Lord Witherington.

Ver. 124. *Mongon-byrry.*] Sir Hugh Montgomery was son of John Lord Montgomery, the lineal ancestor of the present Earl of Eglinton.

Ver. 125. *Lwdale.*] The ancient family of the Liddels were originally from Scotland, where they were Lords of Liddel Castle, and of the Barony of Buff (vide Collins's *Peerage*). The head of this family is the present Lord Ravensworth, of Ravensworth Castle, in the county of Durham.

IN THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

Page 18, ver. 101. *Mentaye.*] At the time of this battle, the earldom of Menteith was possessed by Robert Stewart, Earl of Fife, third son of K. Robert II., who, according to Buchanan, commanded the Scots that entered by Carlisle. But our minstrel had probably an eye to the family of Graham, who had this earldom when the ballad was written.—See Douglas's *Peerage of Scotland*, 1764, fol.

Ver. 103. *Huntlay.*] This shows this ballad was not composed before 1449: for in that year Alexander, Lord of Gordon and Huntley, was created Earl of Huntley by K. James II.

Ver. 105. *Bowghan.*] The Earl of Buchan at that time was Alexander Stewart, fourth son of K. Robert II.

Ver. 107. *Jhonstone—Maxwell.*] These two families of Johnston Lord of Johnston, and Maxwell Lord of Maxwell, were always very powerful on the borders. Of the former family is Johnston Marquis of Annandale: of the latter is Maxwell Earl of Nithsdale. I cannot find that any chief of this family was named Sir Hugh; but Sir Herbert Maxwell was about this time much distinguished.—See Doug. This might have been originally written Sir H. Maxwell, and by transcribers converted into Sir Hugh.—See above, in No. I. v. 90, *Richard* is contracted into *Ric.*

Ver. 109. *Swynton.*] *i. e.* The Laird of Swintone, a small village within the Scottish border, three miles from Norham. This family still subsists, and is very ancient.

Ver. 111. *Scotte.*] The illustrious family of Scot, ancestors of the Duke of Buccleugh, always made a great figure on the borders. Sir Walter Scot was at the head of this family when the battle was

fought; but his great-grandson, Sir David Scot, was the hero of that house when the ballad was written.

Ibid. *Stewarde.*] The person here designed was probably Sir Walter Stewart, Lord of Dalswinton and Gairlies, who was eminent at that time.—See Doug. From him is descended the present Earl of Galloway.

Ver. 112. *Agurstone.*] The seat of this family was sometimes subject to the kings of Scotland. Thus Richardus Hagerstoun, miles, is one of the Scottish knights who signed a treaty with the English in 1249. Hen. III. (Nicholson, p. 2, note.) It was the fate of many parts of Northumberland often to change their masters, according as the Scottish or English arms prevailed.

Page 23, ver. 129. *Morrey.*] The person here meant was probably Sir Charles Murray of Cockpoole, who flourished at that time, and was ancestor of the Murrays sometime Earls of Annandale.—See Doug. *Peerage.*

Page 23, ver. 139. *Fitz-hughe.*] Dugdale (in his Baron. vol. i. p. 403) informs us, that John, son of Henry Lord Fitz-hugh, was killed at the battle of Otterbourne. This was a Northumberland family.—Vide Dugd. p. 403, col. 1, and Nicholson, pp. 33, 60.

Ver. 141. *Harebotell.*] Harbottle is a village upon the river Coquet, about ten miles west of Rothbury. The family of Harbottle was once considerable in Northumberland.—See Fuller, pp. 312, 313. A daughter of Sir Guischard Harbottle, Knt., married Sir Thomas Percy, Knt., son of Henry V., and father of Thomas, seventh Earl of Northumberland.

III.

The Jew's Daughter,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

is founded upon the supposed practice of the Jews in crucifying or otherwise murthering Christian children, out of hatred to the religion of their parents: a practice which hath been always alleged in excuse for the cruelties exercised upon that wretched people, but which probably never happened in a single instance. For if we consider, on the one hand, the ignorance and superstition of the times when such stories took their rise, the virulent prejudices of the monks who record them, and the eagerness with which they would be catched up by the barbarous populace as a pretence for plunder; on the other hand, the great danger incurred by the perpetrators, and the inadequate motives they could have to excite them to a crime of so much horror, we may reasonably conclude the whole charge to be groundless and malicious.

The following ballad is probably built upon some Italian legend, and bears a great resemblance to the *Prioresse's Tale* in Chaucer: the poet seems also to have had an eye to the known story of *Hugh of Lincoln*,

a child said to have been there murthered by the Jews in the reign of Henry III. The conclusion of this ballad appears to be wanting: what it probably contained may be seen in Chaucer. As for Mirryland Toun, it is probably a corruption of Milan (called by the Dutch Meylandt) Town: the Pa is evidently the river Po; although the Adige, not the Po, runs through Milan.

Printed from a MS. copy sent from Scotland.

THE rain rins doun through Mirry-land toune,
Sae dois it doune the Pa:
Sae dois the lads of Mirry-land toune,
Quhan they play at the ba'.

Than out and cam the Jewis dochtèr,
Said, "Will ye cum in and dine?"
"I winnae cum in, I cannae cum in,
Without my play-feres nine."

Scho powd an apple reid and white,
To intice the zong thing in:
Scho powd an apple white and reid,
And that the sweit bairne did win.

And scho has taine out a little pen-knife,
And low down by her gair;
Scho has twin'd the zong thing and his life;
A word he nevir spak mair.

And out and cam the thick, thick bluid,
And out and cam the thin;
And out and cam the bonny herts bluid:
Thair was nae life left in.

Scho laid him on a dressing borde,
And drest him like a swine,
And laughing said, "Gae nou and pley
With zour sweit play-feres nine."

Scho rowd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him lie stil and sleip;
Scho cast him in a deip draw-well,
Was fifty fadom deip.

V. 1. It is important to note that Mirry-land toune is a corruption of Merry Lincoln, and not, as Percy conjectured, of Mailand (Milan) town. — *Editor.*

Quhan bells wer rung, and mass was sung,
And every lady went hame:
Than ilka lady had her zong sonne,
Bot Lady Helen had none.

Scho rowd hir mantil hir about,
And sair, sair gan she weip,
And she ran into the Jewis castèl,
Quhan they were all asleip.

"My bonny Sir Hew, my pretty Sir Hew
I pray thee to me speik:"
"O lady, rinn to the deip draw-well,
Gin ze zour zonne wad seik."

Lady Helen ran to the deip draw-well,
And knelt upon her kne:
"My bonny Sir Hew, an ze be here,
I pray thee speik to me."

"The lead is wondrous heavy, mither,
The well is wondrous deip;
A keen pen-knife sticks in my hert,
A word I dounae speik.

"Gae hame, gae hame, my mither deir,
Fetch me my windling sheet,
And at the back o' Mirry-land toun
Its thair we twa sall meet."

* * * * *

IV.

Sir Caulíne.

This old romantic tale was preserved in the Editor's folio MS., but in so very defective and mutilated a condition (not from any chasm in the MS., but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel), that it was necessary to supply several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting.

There is something peculiar in the metre of this old ballad: it is not unusual to meet with redundant stanzas of six lines; but the

occasional insertion of a double third or fourth line, as ver. 31, 44, &c., is an irregularity I do not remember to have seen elsewhere.

It may be proper to inform the reader before he comes to Pt. 2, v. 110, 111, that the ROUND TABLE was not peculiar to the reign of K. Arthur, but was common in all the ages of chivalry. The proclaiming a great tournament (probably with some peculiar solemnities) was called "holding a Round Table." Dugdale tells us, that the great baron Roger de Mortimer "having procured the honour of knighthood to be conferred 'on his three sons' by K. Edw. I., he, at his own costs, caused a tourneament to be held at Kenilworth; where he sumptuously entertained an hundred knights, and as many ladies, for three days; the like whereof was never before in England; and there began the ROUND TABLE (so called by reason that the place wherein they practised those feats was environed with a strong wall made in a round form). And upon the fourth day, the golden lion, in sign of triumph, being yielded to him, he carried it (with all the company) to Warwick." —It may further be added, that Matthew Paris frequently calls jousts and tournaments *Hastiludia Mensæ Rotundæ*.

As to what will be observed in this ballad of the art of healing being practised by a young princess, it is no more than what is usual in all the old romances, and was conformable to real manners: it being a practice derived from the earliest times among all the Gothic and Celtic nations, for women, even of the highest rank, to exercise the art of surgery. In the *Northern Chronicles* we always find the young damsels stanching the wounds of their lovers, and the wives those of their husbands.[1] And even so late as the time of Q. Elizabeth, it is mentioned among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are *skilful in surgery*."—See Harrison's *Description of England*, prefixed to Holingshed's Chronicle, &c.

THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him Syr Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter,
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.

Syr Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

[1] See *Northern Antiquities*, &c., vol. i. p. 318; vol. ii. p. 100. *Mémoires de la Chevalerie*, tom. i. p. 44.

Till on a daye it so beffell
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye:
"And aye! but I winne that ladyes love,
For dole now I mun dye."

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He says, "Where is Syr Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?"

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
"Syr Cauline is sicke, and like to dye,
Without a good leechinge."

"Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine;
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red:
Lothe I were him to tine."

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
"O well," she sayth, "how doth my lord?"
"O sicke, thou fayr ladyè."

"Nowe ryse up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my fathers halle,
You dye for love of mee."

"Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye."

"Syr Knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, Syr Knighte,
I never can be youre fere."

"O ladye, thou art a kinges daughtèr,
And I am not thy peere;
But let me doe some deedes of armes
To be your bacheleere."

"Some deedes of armes if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
(But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee,)

"Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge;
And dare ye, Syr Knighte, wake there all nighte,
Untill the fayre mornìnge?

"For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of mighte,
Will examine you beforne;
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scath and scorne.

"That knighte he is a foul paynìm,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone."

"Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,[2]
For thy sake, fair ladìe;
And Ile either bring you a ready tokèn,
Or Ile never more you see."

The lady is gone to her own chaumbère,
Her maydens following bright;
Syr Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe;
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne:
Quoth hee, "If cryance come till my heart,
I am ffar from any good towne."[3]

[2] Perhaps wake, as in ver. 61.
[3] This line is restored from the folio MS.

And soone he spyde on the mores so broad
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtèll:

And soe fast he called on Syr Caulìne,
"O man, I rede thee flye,
For, 'but' if cryance come till thy heart,
I weene but thou mun dye."

He sayth, "'No' cryance comes till my heart,
Nor, in faith, I wyll not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee."

The Eldridge knighte, he pricked his steed;
Syr Cauline bold abode:
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children [4] bare
Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stande;
But Syr Cauline with a 'backward' stroke,
He smote off his right-hand;
That soone he, with paine and lacke of bloud,
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up Syr Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye:
"And here I sweare by the holy roode,
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye."

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Faste wringing of her hande:
"For the maydens love that most you love,
Withold that deadlye brande:

V. 109, aukeward. MS.

[4] *i.e.* Knights.—See the preface to *Child Waters*, vol. ii.

"For the maydens love that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye."

"Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And therto plight thy hand:

"And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye."

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey Syr Caulines hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone;
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye,
To theyr castle are they gone.

Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five ringes of gold
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint:
And he tooke off those ringès five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Syr Cauline,
As light as leafe on tree;
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee,
Before that lady gay:
"O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills:
These tokens I bring away"

"Now welcome, welcome, Syr Caulìne,
Thrice welcome unto mee,
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free."

"O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye;
And mought I hope to winne thy love!"——
No more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe:
"Alas! Syr Knight, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

"But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promise, if thee I may not wedde,
I will have none other fere."

Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte so free;
He gave to it one gentill kisse,
His heart was brought from bale to blisse,
The teares sterte from his ee.

"But keep my counsayl, Syr Caulìne,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For, and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe."

From that daye forthe, that ladye fayre
Lovde Syr Caulìne the knighte:
From that daye forthe, he only joyde
Whan shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboùre,
Where they, in love and sweet daliaunce,
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

*** In this conclusion of the First Part, and at the beginning of the Second, the reader will observe a resemblance to the story of *Sigismunda and Guiscard*, as told by Boccace and Dryden: see the latter's description of the lovers meeting in the cave, and those

beautiful lines which contain a reflection so like this of our poet, "everye white," &c. viz.—

> "But as extremes are short of ill and good,
> And tides at highest mark regorge their flood;
> So Fate, that could no more improve their joy,
> Took a malicious pleasure to destroy.
> Tancred, who fondly loved," &c.

PART THE SECOND.

EVERYE white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre:
This founde the Ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Syr Caulìne
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge, her father, walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and Syr Caulìne
There sette in daliaunce sweet.

The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
"Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladiè."

Then forthe Syr Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe:
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was Syr Caulines friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee:
"I praye you save Syr Caulines life,
And let him banisht bee."

"Now, dame, that traitor shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome."

All woe-begone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladyè;
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye:
"Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye."

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As, nipt by an ungentle winde,
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe:
"Syr Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true."

Manye a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lorde of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
Ne comforte she colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughters mind.

And there came lords, and there came knights
Fro manye a farre countryè,
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love,
Before that faire ladyè.

And many a ladye there was sette,
In purple and in palle;
But faire Christabelle, soe woe-begone,
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knighte was mickle of might,
Before his ladye gaye;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knowe,
He wan the prize eche daye.

His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke and his sheelde;
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came out the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo, upon the fourth mornìnge,
A sorrowfulle sight they see:

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere,
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarffe full lowe,
That waited on his knee;
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

"Sir," quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
"Behold that hend Soldàin!
Behold these heads I beare with me!
They are kings which he hath slain.

"The Eldridge knight is his own cousìne,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong:
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

"But yette he will appease his wrath,
Thy daughters love to winne;
And, but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

"Thy head, Syr King, must goe with mee,
Or else thy daughter deere;
Or else within these lists soe broad,
Thou must finde him a peere."

The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
"Is there never a knighte of my round tablè
This matter will undergoe?

"Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme Soldàn,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

"For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne faire Christabelle
To be his wedded fere."

But every knighte of his round tablè
Did stand both still and pale;
For, whenever they lookt on the grim Soldàn,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
When she sawe no helpe was nye;
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, "Ladye, be not affrayd;
Ile fight for thee with this grimme Soldàn,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

"And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde,
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I truste in Christe for to slay this fiende,
Thoughe he be stiff in stowre."

"Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,"
The kinge he cryde, "with speede:
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede."

The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, "Awaye, awaye:
I sweare, as I am the hend Soldàn,
Thou lettest me here all daye."

Then forthe the stranger knight he came,
In his blacke armoure dight:
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
"That this were my true knighte!"

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte be mett
Within the lists soe broad;
And now, with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The Soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
That made him recle asyde:
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladyè,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The Soldan strucke a second stroke,
And made the blonde to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The Soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad sorrow pierced that ladyes heart,
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain:
Quoth hee, "But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine."

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the Soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shoute,
Whan they sawe the Soldan falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge, with all his barons,
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped intò the listes
That curteous knighte to greete.

But he, for payne and lacke of blonde,
Was fallen intò a swounde,
And there, all walteringe in his gore,
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

"Come downe, come downe, my daughter deare,
Thou art a leeche of skille;
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte sholde spille."

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladyè,
To helpe him if she maye:
But when she did his beavere raise,
"It is my life, my lord," she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Syr Cauline juste lifte up his eyes,
When he hearde his ladye crye:
"O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye."

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to drawe her breathe.

But when she found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale, cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane:

"O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee, thy faithfulle feere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love so deare."

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deep-fette sighe,
That burst her gentle heart in twayne,
Faire Christabelle did dye.

V.

Edward, Edward.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

FROM A MS. COPY TRANSMITTED FROM SCOTLAND.

"Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid,
Edward, Edward?
Quhy dois zour brand sae drop wi' bluid?
And quhy sae sad gang zee, O?"
"O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my hauke sae guid:
And I had nae mair bot hee. O."

"Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward:
Zour haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee, O."
"O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my reid-roan steid,
That erst was sae fair and free, O."

"Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Edward, Edward:
Zour steid was auld, and ze hae gat mair,
Sum other dule ze drie, O."
"O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Mither, mither:
O, I hae killed my fadir deir,
Alas! and wae is mee, O!"

"And quhatten penance wul ze drie for that,
Edward, Edward?
And quhatten penance will ze drie for that?
My deir son, now tell me, O."
"Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
Mither, mither:
Ile set my feit in zonder boat,
And Ile fare ovir the sea, O."

"And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze doe wi' zour towirs and zour ha',
That were sae fair to see, O?"
"Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
Mither, mither:
Ile let thame stand til they doun fa',
For here nevir mair maun I bee, O."

"And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour bairns and zour wife,
Quhan ze gang ovir the sea, O?"
"The warldis room, late them beg throw life,
Mither, mither:
The warldis room, let them beg throw life,
For thame nevir mair wul I see, O."

"And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
Edward, Edward?
And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir?
My deir son, now tell me, O."
"The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
Mither, mither:
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
Sic counseils ze gave to me, O."

This curious song was transmitted to the Editor by Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., late Lord Hailes.

VI.

King Estmere.

This old romantic Legend (which is given from two copies, one of them in the Editor's folio MS., but which contained very great variations,) bears marks of great antiquity, and perhaps ought to have taken place of any in this volume. It should seem to have been written while a great part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors, whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in v. 49, &c., just in the same terms as in all other old romances. The author of the ancient legend of *Sir*

Bevis represents his hero, upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

"Mahound and Termagaunte;[1]"

and so full of zeal for his religion, as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower:

"I wyll not ones stirre off this grounde,
To speake with an heathen hounde,
Unchristian houndes, I rede you fle,
Or I your harte bloud shall se."[2]

Indeed, they return the compliment, by calling him elsewhere "a Christen hounde."[3]

This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard for the situations in which he has placed some of his royal personages. That a youthful monarch should take a journey into another kingdom to visit his mistress *incog.* was a piece of gallantry paralleled in our own Charles I.; but that King Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate, (v. 35,) may be thought, perchance, a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians rearing himself at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca, as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose of in traffic.[4] So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own.

Before I conclude this article, I cannot help observing that the reader will see in this ballad the character of the old minstrels (those successors of the bards) placed in a very respectable light:[5] here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony; no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry and music among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous King Alfred (as we have already seen[6]) made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and was at once admitted to the king's head-quarters.[7] Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the

[1] See a short Memoir at the end of this ballad.
[2] Sign C. ij. b. Sign C. j. b. [4] Odyss. A. 105.
[5] See vol. ii. note subjoined to 1st pt. of *Beggar of Bednal*, &c.
[6] See the Essay on the ancient Minstrels prefixed to this vol.
[7] Even so late as the time of Froissart, we find Minstrels and Heralds mentioned together as those who might securely go into an enemy's country. Cap. cxl.

great reverence paid to this order of men. Harold Harfagre, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court: and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate.[8] As to Estmere's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of this custom still kept up, in the Champion's riding into Westminster-hall during the coronation dinner.[9]

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren,
That ever born y-were.

The tone of them was Adler yonge,
The tother was Kyng Estmere;
The were as bolde men in their deedes,
As any were, farr and neare.

As they were drinking ale and wine
Within Kyng Estmeres halle:
"When will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,
A wyfe to gladd us all?"

Then bespake him Kyng Estmere,
And answered him hastilee:
"I knowe not that ladye in any lande,
That is able[1] to marry with mee."

"Kyng Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were kyng here in your stead,
That ladye shold be queene."

Sayes, "Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout merry Englànd,
Where we might find a messenger
Betweene us two to sende."

V. 10, his brother's hall. fol. MS. V. 14, hartilye. fol. MS.

[8] *Bartholin Antiq. Dan.*, p. 173. *Northern Antiquities*, &c., vol. i. pp. 389. &c.

[9] See also the account of Edw. II. in the Essay on the Minstrels.

[1] He means fit, suitable.

Sayes, "You shall ryde yourselfe, brothèr,
Ile beare you companèe;
Many throughe fals messengers are deceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee."

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht steedes,
And when they came to Kyng Adlands halle,
Of red golde shone their weedes.

And when the came to Kyng Adlands halle
Before the goodlye yate,
Ther they found good Kyng Adlànd
Rearing himselfe theratt.

"Nowe Christ thee save, good Kyng Adlànd,
Nowe Christ thee save and see."
Sayd, "You be welcome, Kyng Estmere,
Right hartilye to mee."

"You have a daughter," sayd Adler yonge,
"Men call her bright and sheene;
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene."

"Yesterdaye was att my dere daughtèr
Syr Bremor the Kyng of Spayne;
And then she nicked him of naye;
I feare sheele do youe the same."

"The Kyng of Spayne is a foule paynim,
And 'leeveth on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound."

"But grant to me," sayes Kyng Estmere,
"For my love I you praye,
That I may see your daughter dere
Before I goe hence awaye."

"Althoughe itt is seven yeare and more
Syth my daughter was in halle,
She shall come downe once for your sake,
To glad my guestès alle."

V. 27, many a man . . . is. fol. MS.
V. 46, the king his sonne of Spayn. fol. MS.

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes lacede in pall,
And halfe a hondred of bolde knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall,
And eke as manye gentle squieres,
To waite upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,
Hunge lowe downe to her knee;
And everye rynge on her small fingèr
Shone of the chrystall free.

Sayes, "Christ you save, my deare Madàme;"
Sayes, "Christ you save and see;"
Sayes, "You be welcome, Kyng Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.

"And iff you love me, as you saye,
So well and hartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt may bee."

Then bespake her father deare:
"My daughter, I saye naye;
Remember well the Kyng of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

"He wold pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe:
And ever I feare that paynim kyng,
Iff I reave him of his wyfe."

"Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;
And therefore of that foule paynim
Wee neede not stande in doubte.

"Plyght me your troth nowe, Kyng Estmère,
By heaven and your righte hande,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land."

Then Kyng Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That marryed the might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the Kynge of Spayne,
With kempès many a one:

But in did come the Kyng of Spayne,
With manye a grimme barone,
Tone day to marrye Kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Then shee sent after Kyng Estmère,
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either returne and fighte,
Or goe home and lose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another whyle he ranne;
Till he had oretaken Kyng Estmere,
I wis, he never blanne.

"Tydinges, tydinges, Kyng Estmere!"
"What tydinges nowe, my boye?"
"O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

"You had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle out of the towne,
But in did come the Kyng of Spayne
With kempès many a one:

"But in did come the Kyng of Spayne
With manye a grimme barone,
Tone day to marrye Kyng Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

"That ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and lose your ladyè."

Sayes, "Reade me, reade me, deare brothèr,
My reade shall ryde[2] at thee,
Whiche way we best may turne and fighte,
To save this fayre ladyè."

"Now hearken to me," sayes Adler yonge,
"And your reade must rise[3] at me;
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

"My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramaryè,[4]
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt me.

"There groweth an hearbe within this fielde,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne:

"His color which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sword is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

"And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrèe;
And Ile be your boye, so faine of fighte,
To beare your harpe by your knee.

"And you shall be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I will be the best singèr,
That ever sung in this land.

"Itt shal be written in our forheads,
All and in grammaryè,
That we towe are the boldest men
That are in all Christentyè."

[2] Sic MS. It should probably be *ryse*, i. e., my counsel shall arise from thee.—See ver. 140.

[3] Sic. MS.

[4] See note at the end of this ballad.

And thus they renisht them to ryde,
On towe good renish steedes;
And whan the came to Kyng Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan the came to Kyng Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,
There they found a proud portèr,
Rearing himselfe theratt.

Sayes, "Christ thee save, thou proud portèr;"
Sayes, "Christ thee save and see."
"Nowe you be welcome," sayd the portèr,
"Of what land soever ye bee."

"We been harpers," sayd Adler yonge,
"Come out of the northe countrèe;
We beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see."

Sayd, "And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
Ild saye Kyng Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne."

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
'And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme."

Sore he looked on Kyng Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

Kyng Estmere he light off his steede,
Up att the fayre hall board;
The frothe that came from his brydle bitte
Light on Kyng Bremors beard.

Sayes, "Stable thy steede, thou proud harpèr,
Go stable him in the stalle;

V. 187, There is assurance that the *ryng* was not the article of personal adornment, but a coin.—Vide *Ring Money*, *Transactions* of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. xvii.—Editor.

Itt doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable him in a kyngs halle."

"My ladd he is so lither," he sayd,
"He will do nought that's meete;
And aye that I cold but find the man,
Were able him to beate."

"Thou speakst proud words," sayd the paynim kyng,
"Thou harper here to mee:
There is a man within this halle,
That will beate thy lad and thee."

"O lett that man comè downe," he sayd,
"A sight of him wold I see;
And whan hee hath beaten well my ladd,
Then he shall beate of mee."

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold, that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

"And how nowe, kempe," sayd the Kyng of Spayne,
"And how what aileth thee?"
He sayes, "Itt is written in his forhead
All and in gramaryè,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye."

Kyng Estmere then pulled forth his harpe,
And played thereon so sweete:
Upstarte the ladye from the kynge,
As hee sate at the meate.

"Now stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
Now stay thy harpe, I say;
For an thou playest as thou beginnest,
Thou'lt till [5] my bride awaye."

V. 202, to stable his steede. fol. MS.

[5] *i.e.* entice.—Vide Gloss. For *gramarye*, see the end of this ballad.

He strucke upon his harpe agayne,
And playd both fayre and free;
The ladye was so pleasde theratt,
She laught loud laughters three.

"Nowe sell me thy harpe," sayd the Kyng of Spayne,
"Thy harpe and stryngs eche one,
And as many gold nobles thou shalt have,
As there be stryngs thereon."

"And what wold ye doe with my harpe," he sayd,
"Iff I did sell it yee?"
"To playe my wiffe and me a FITT,[6]
When abed together we bee."

"Now sell me," quoth hee, "thy bryde soe gay,
As shee sitts laced in pall,
And as many gold nobles I will give,
As there be rings in the hall."

"And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
Iff I did sell her yee?
More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee than thee."

Hee played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did syng,
"O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
Noe harper, but a kyng.

"O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see;
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
Who partes thy love and thee."

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

V. 253, Some liberties have been taken in the following stanzas; but wherever this edition differs from the preceding, it hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

[6] *i.e.* a tune or strain of music.—See Gloss.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
"Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our kyng,
And therefore yee shall dye."

Kyng Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand;
And Estmere he, and Adler yonge,
Right stiffe in stour can stand.

And aye their swordes soe sore can byte,
Throughe help of Gramaryè,
That soone they have slayne the kempery men,
Or forst them forth to flee.

Kyng Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merrye Englànd
With her to leade his life.

*** The word *Gramarye*, which occurs several times in the foregoing poem, is probably a corruption of the French word *Grimoire*, which signifies a conjuring-book in the old French romances, if not the art of necromancy itself.

*** *Termagaunte* (mentioned above in p. 43) is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens: in which he is constantly linked with *Mahound*, or Mahomet. Thus, in the legend of *Syr Guy* the Soudan (Sultan) swears,

> "So helpe me, *Mahowne* of might,
> And *Termagaunt* my God so bright."
>
> Sign. p. iij. b.

This word is derived by the very learned editor of Junius from the Anglo-Saxon Tyn very, and Magan mighty. As this word has so sublime a derivation, and was so applicable to the true God, how shall we account for its being so degraded? Perhaps Tyn-magan or *Termagant* had been a name originally given to some Saxon idol, before our ancestors were converted to Christianity, or had been the peculiar attribute of one of their false deities; and therefore the first Christian missionaries rejected it as profane, and improper to be applied to the true God. Afterwards, when the irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, and the Crusades into the East, had brought them acquainted with a new species of unbelievers, our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the Christian law were necessarily Pagans and Idolaters, supposed the Mahometan creed was in all respects the same with that of their Pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name of *Termagant* to the god of the Saracens; just

in the same manner as they afterwards used the name of Sarazen to express any kind of Pagan or Idolater. In the ancient romance of *Merline* (in the Editor's folio MS.) the Saxons themselves that came over with Hengist, because they were not Christians, are constantly called Sarazens.

However that be, it is certain that, after the times of the Crusades, both Mahound and Termagaunt made their frequent appearance in the Pageants and religious Enterludes of the barbarous ages; in which they were exhibited with gestures so furious and frantic, as to become proverbial. Thus Skelton speaks of Wolsey,

> "Like *Mahound* in a play,
> No man dare him withsay."
> Ed. 1736, p. 158.

And Bale, describing the threats used by some Papist magistrates to his wife, speaks of them as "grennyng upon her lyke *Termagauntes* in a playe." [Actes of Engl. Votaryes, pt. 2, fo. 83, ed. 1550, 12mo.] Hence we may conceive the force of Hamlet's expression in Shakspeare, where, condemning a ranting player, he says, "I could have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing *Termagant:* it out-herods Herod."—A. 3. sc. 3. By degrees the word came to be applied to an outrageous turbulent person, and especially to a violent brawling woman, to whom alone it is now confined: and this the rather, as, I suppose, the character of Termagant was anciently represented on the stage after the Eastern mode, with long robes or petticoats.

Another frequent character in the old Pageants or Enterludes of our ancestors, was the Sowdan or Soldan, representing a grim Eastern tyrant. This appears from a curious passage in Stow's Annals (p. 458). In a stage-play "the people know right well that he that plaith the Sowdain, is percase a sowter [shoe-maker], yet if one should cal him by his owne name, while he standeth in his majestie one of his tormentors might hap to break his head." The Sowdain, or Soldan, was a name given to any Sarazen king (being only a more rude pronunciation of the word *Sultan*), as the Soldan of Egypt, the Soudan of Persia, the Sowdan of Babylon, &c., who were generally represented as accompanied with grim Sarazens, whose business it was to punish and torment Christians.

I cannot conclude this short memoir without observing, that the French romancers, who had borrowed the word Termagant from us, and applied it, as we see in their old romances, corrupted it into *Tervagaunte:* and from them La Fontaine took it up, and has used it more than once in his tales. This may be added to the other proofs adduced in these volumes, of the great intercourse that formerly subsisted between the old minstrels and legendary writers of both nations, and that they mutually borrowed each other's romances.

VII.

Sir Patrick Spence,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

is given from two MS. copies, transmitted from Scotland. In what age the hero of this ballad lived, or when this fatal expedition happened that proved so destructive to the Scots nobles, I have not been able to discover; yet am of opinion that their catastrophe is not altogether without foundation in history, though it has escaped my own researches. In the infancy of navigation, such as used the northern seas were very liable to shipwreck in the wintry months: hence a law was enacted in the reign of James the Third (a law which was frequently repeated afterwards), "That there be na schip frauched out of the realm with any staple gudes, fra the feast of Simons day and Jude, unto the feast of the purification of our Lady, called Candelmess."—Jam. III., Parlt. 2, ch. 15.

In some modern copies, instead of Patrick Spence hath been substituted the name of Sir Andrew Wood, a famous Scottish admiral, who flourished in the time of our Edward IV., but whose story hath nothing in common with this of the ballad. As Wood was the most noted warrior of Scotland, it is probable that, like the Theban Hercules, he hath engrossed the renown of other heroes.

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking the blude-reid wine:
"O quhar will I get guid sailòr,
To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the kings richt kne:
"Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailòr,
That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,[1]
And signd it wi' his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick re'd,
A loud lauch lauched he:
The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

[1] A braid letter, *i. e.* open or patent; in opposition to *close* rolls.

"O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me;
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To sail upon the se?

"Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip sails the morne."
"O say na sae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;
And I feir, I feir, my deir mastèr,
That we will com to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild schoone;
Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
Their hats they swam aboone.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit
Wi' thair fans into their hand,
Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,[2]
It's fiftie fadom deip:
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feit.[3]

[2] A village lying upon the river Forth, the entrance to which is some times denominated *De mortuo mari.*

[3] An ingenious friend thinks the author of *Hardyknute* has borrowed several expressions and sentiments from the foregoing and other old Scottish songs in this collection.

VIII.

Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.[1]

We have here a ballad of Robin Hood (from the Editor's folio MS.) which was never before printed, and carries marks of much greater antiquity than any of the common popular songs on this subject.

The severity of those tyrannical forest-laws that were introduced by our Norman kings, and the great temptation of breaking them by such as lived near the royal forests, at a time when the yeomanry of this kingdom were everywhere trained up to the long-bow, and excelled all other nations in the art of shooting, must constantly have occasioned a great number of outlaws, and especially of such as were the best marksmen. These naturally fled to the woods for shelter, and forming into troops, endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the dreadful penalties of their delinquency. The ancient punishment for killing the king's deer, was loss of eyes and castration: a punishment far worse than death. This will easily account for the troops of banditti which formerly lurked in the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery, and knowledge of all the recesses of those unfrequented solitudes, found it no difficult matter to resist or elude the civil power.

Among all these, none was ever more famous than the hero of this ballad, whose chief residence was in Shirewood Forest, in Nottinghamshire: the heads of whose story, as collected by Stow, are briefly these.

"In this time [about the year 1190, in the reign of Richard I.] were many robbers, and outlawes, among the which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned theeves, continued in woods, despoyling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them; or by resistance for their own defence.

"The saide Robert entertained an hundred tall men and good archers with such spoiles and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, violated, or otherwise molested: poore mens goods he spared, abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich carles: whom Maior (the historian) blameth for his rapine and theft, but of all theeves he affirmeth him to be the prince and the most gentle theefe."—*Annals*, p. 159.

The personal courage of this celebrated outlaw, his skill in archery, his humanity, and especially his levelling principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor, have in all ages rendered him the favourite of the common people: who, not content to celebrate his memory by innumerable songs and stories, have erected him into the dignity of an earl. Indeed it is not impossible but our hero, to gain the more respect from his followers, or they to derive the more credit to their profession,

[1] Ritson notes that Gisborne is a market town in the West Riding of the county of York, on the borders of Lancashire.—Editor.

may have given rise to such a report themselves: for we find it recorded in an epitaph, which, if genuine, must have been inscribed on his tombstone near the nunnery of Kirk-lees in Yorkshire; where (as the story goes) he was bled to death by a treacherous nun, to whom he applied for phlebotomy:

Hear underneath dis laitl stean
laiz robert earl of huntingtun
nea areir ber az ye sae geud
an pipl kauld im Robin Heud
sick utlawz az hi an iz men
bil England nibir si agen
obiit 24 kal. dekembris, 1247.[2]

This epitaph appears to me suspicious; however, a late Antiquary has given a pedigree of Robin Hood, which, if genuine, shows that he had real pretensions to the earldom of Huntington, and that his true name was ROBERT FITZ-OOTH.[3] Yet the most ancient poems on Robin Hood make no mention of this earldom. He is expressly asserted to have been a yeoman[4] in a very old legend in verse, preserved in the archives of the public library at Cambridge[5] in eight FYTTES or Parts, printed in black letter, quarto, thus inscribed, "℄ Here begynneth a lytell geste of Robyn hode and his meyne, and of the proude sheryfe of Notyngham." The first lines are,

"Lithe and lysten, gentylmen,
That be of fre-bore blode:
I shall you tell of a good YEMAN,
His name was Robyn hode.

"Robyn was a proude out-lawe,
Whiles he walked on grounde;
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one,
Was never none yfounde," &c.

The printer's colophon is, "℄ Explicit Kinge Edwarde and Robin hode and Lyttel Johan. Enprented at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the sone by Wynkin de Worde." In Mr. Garrick's collection[6] is a different edition of the same poem, "℄ Imprinted at London upon the thre Crane wharfe by Wyllyam Copland," containing at the end a little dramatic piece on the subject of Robin Hood and the Friar, not found in the former copy, called, "A newe playe for to be played in Maye games very plesaunte and full of pastyme. ℄ (.·.) ℑ."

I shall conclude these preliminary remarks with observing, that the hero of this ballad was the famous subject of popular songs so early as

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[2] See Thoresby's *Ducat. Leod.* p. 576. *Biog. Brit.* vi. 3933.
[3] Stukeley, in his *Palæographia Britannica*, No. II. 1746.
[4] See also the following ballad, v. 147. [5] Num. D. 5, 2.
[6] Old Plays, 4to, K. vol. x.

the time of K. Edw. III. In the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, written in that reign, a monk says,

> I can rimes of Roben Hod, and Randal of Chester,
> But of our Lorde and our Lady, I lerne nothyng at all.
> Fol. 26, ed. 1550.

See also in Bp. Latimer's Sermons[7] a very curious and characteristical story, which shows what respect was shown to the memory of our archer in the time of that prelate.

The curious reader will find many other particulars relating to this celebrated outlaw, in Sir John Hawkins's *Hist. of Music*, vol. iii. p. 410, 4to.

For the catastrophe of Little John, who, it seems, was executed for a robbery on Arbor-hill, Dublin, (with some curious particulars relating to his skill in archery), see Mr. J. C. Walker's ingenious "Memoir on the Armour and Weapons of the Irish," p. 129, annexed to his "Historical Essay on the Dress of the ancient and modern Irish." Dublin, 1788, 4to.

Some liberties were, by the Editor, taken with this ballad; which, in this edition, hath been brought nearer to the folio MS.

When shaws beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt is merrye walkyng in the fayre forrèst
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

"Now, by my faye," sayd jollye Robìn,
"A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of tow wighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight.

"Methought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bow mee froe;
Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe."

V. 1, for *shaws* the MS. has *shales;* and *shradds* should perhaps be *swards: i. e.*, the surface of the ground: viz. "when the fields are in their beauty," or perhaps *shades.* (Mr. Halliwell, however, defines *shale* as *husk;* "The *shales* or stalkes of hempe;" and *shradd* as a twig.—Editor.)

[7] Serm. 6th before K. Ed. Apr. 12, fol. 75. Gilpin's *Life of Lat.* p. 122.

"Sweavens are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blowes ore the hill;
For if itt be never so loude this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

"Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wight yeomen,
In greenwood where the bee."

Then they cast on their gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrèst
A shooting forth are gone;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest to bee;
There were they ware of a wight yeomàn,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde,
Topp and tayll and mayne.

"Stand you still, master," quoth Little John,
"Under this tree so grene,
And I will go to yond wight yeoman
To know what he doth meane."

"Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How offt send I my men beffore,
And tarry my selfe behinde!

"It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head wold breake."

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale;
The gates[8] he knoweth eche one.

[8] *i. e.* ways, passes, paths, ridings. *Gate* is a common word in the North for *way*.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heavinesse there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellòwes
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote
Faste over stocke and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

"One shoote now I will shoote," quoth John,
"With Christ his might and mayne;
Ile make yond fellow that flyes soe fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne."

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fetteled him to shoote:
The bow was made of tender boughe,
And fell down to his foote.

"Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee."

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,
For itt mett one of the sherriffes men,
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green-wood slade
To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill;"
"But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose," quoth John,
"If itt be Christ his will."

Lett us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeomàn,
Where under the leaves he stood.

"Good morrowe, good fellowe," sayd Robin so fayre,
"Good morrowe, good fellow," quoth he.
"Methinks by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,
A good archere thou sholdst bee."

"I am wilfulle of my waye," quo' the yeman,
"And of my morning tyde:"
"Ile lead thee through the wood," sayd Robin,
"Good fellow, Ile be thy guide."

"I seeke an outlàwe," the straunger sayd,
"Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound soe good."

"Now come with me, thou wight yeomàn,
And Robin thou soone shalt see;
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

"First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even;
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here att some unsett steven."

They cutt them down two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And sett them threescore rood in twaine,
To shoote the prickes y-fere.

"Leade on, good fellowe," quoth Robin Hood,
"Leade on, I doe bidd thee."
"Nay, by my faith, good fellowe," hee sayd,
"My leader thou shalt bee."

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it fro;
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he cold never shoote soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yemàn,
He shote within the garlànde;
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke-wande.

"A blessing upon thy heart," he sayd,
"Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better then Robin Hoode.

"Now tell me thy name, good fellowe," sayd he,
"Under the leaves of lyne."
"Nay, by my faith," quoth bolde Robìn,
"Till thou have told me thine."

"I dwell by dale and downe," quoth hee,
"And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name,
I am Guy of good Gisbòrne."

"My dwelling is in this wood," sayes Robin,
"By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought."

He that had neither beene kithe nor kin,
Might have seen a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne[9] and bright:

[9] The common epithet for a sword or other offensive weapon, in the old metrical romances, is *brown:* as "brown brand," or "brown sword: brown bill," &c., and sometimes even "bright brown sword." Chaucer applies the word *rustie* in the same sense; thus he describes the *Reve;*

"And by his side he bare a rustie blade."

Prol. ver. 620.

And even thus the god Mars:

"And in his hand he had a rousty sword."

Test. of Cressid. 188.

Spenser has sometimes used the same epithet: see Warton's *Observ.* vol. ii. p. 62. It should seem from this particularity, that our ancestors did not pique themselves upon keeping their weapons bright: perhaps they deemed it more honourable to carry them stained with the blood of their enemies.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two howres of a summers day,
Yett neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him ore the left side.

"Ah, deere Lady," sayd Robin Hood tho,
"Thou art but mother and may';
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day."

Robin thought on Our Ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a 'backward' stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guys head by the hayre,
And stuck itt upon his bowes end:
"Thou hast beene a traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must have an end."

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born
Cold tell whose head it was.

Sayes, "Lye there, lye there now, Sir Guy,
And with me be not wrothe;
Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better clothe."

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

"The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men doe fare."

Ver. 163, awkwarde, MS.

Robin Hood sett Guys horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow:
That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

"Hearken, hearken," sayd the sheriffe,
"I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare Sir Guys horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

"Yonder I heare Sir Guys horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yeomàn,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

"Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee."
"O I will none of thy gold," sayd Robin,
"Nor I will none of thy fee.

"But now I have slaine the master," he sayes,
"Let me goe strike the knave;
For this is all the rewarde I aske,
Nor noe other will I have."

"Thou art a madman," said the sheriffe,
"Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee;
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shale be."

When Little John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he it was his steven;
"Now shall I be looset," quoth Little John,
"With Christ his might in heaven."

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belive:
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him can drive.

"Stand abacke, stand abacke," sayd Robin;
"Why draw you mee so neere?
Itt was never the use in our countryè,
Ones shrift another shold heere."

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh knife,
And losed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guys bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guys bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one:
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
He fled full fast away,
And soe did all the companye,
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
But Little John with an arrowe soe broad
He shott him into the 'backe'-syde.

*** The title of *Sir* was not formerly peculiar to knights, it was given to priests, and sometimes to very inferior personages.

Dr. Johnson thinks this title was applied to such as had taken the degree of A.B. in the universities, who are still styled *Domini*, "Sirs," to distinguish them from Under-graduates, who have no prefix, and from Masters of Arts, who are styled *Magistri*, "Masters."

IX.

An Elegy on Henry, Fourth Earl of Northumberland.[1]

The subject of this poem, which was written by Skelton, is the death of Henry Percy, fourth Earl of Northumberland, who fell a victim to the avarice of Henry VII. In 1489, the parliament had granted the king a subsidy, for carrying on the war in Bretagne. This tax was found so heavy in the North, that the whole country was in a flame. The Earl of Northumberland, then lord-lieutenant for Yorkshire, wrote to inform the king of the discontent, and praying an abatement. But nothing is so unrelenting as avarice: the king wrote back, that not a penny should be abated. This message being delivered by the earl

[1] Percy's text has been carefully revised by collation with the reading of the Elegy as given by the Rev. Alexander Dyce.—Editor.

with too little caution, the populace rose, and supposing him to be the promoter of their calamity, broke into his house, and murdered him, with several of his attendants; who yet are charged by Skelton with being backward in their duty on this occasion. This melancholy event happened at the earl's seat at Cocklodge, near Thirske, in Yorkshire, April 28, 1489. See Lord Bacon, &c.

If the reader does not find much poetical merit in this old poem, (which yet is one of Skelton's best,) he will see a striking picture of the state and magnificence kept up by our ancient nobility during the feudal times. This great earl is described here as having among his menial servants, *knights*, *squires*, and even *barons:* see v. 32, 183, &c.; which, however different from modern manners, was formerly not unusual with our greater barons, whose castles had all the splendour and offices of a royal court, before the laws against Retainers abridged and limited the number of their attendants.

John Skelton, who commonly styled himself Poet-Laureat, died June 21, 1529. The following poem, which appears to have been written soon after the event, is printed from an ancient MS. copy, preserved in the British Museum, being much more correct than that printed among Skelton's Poems, in bl. let. 12mo, 1568. It is addressed to Henry Percy, fifth Earl of Northumberland, and is prefaced, &c., in the following manner:

Poeta Skelton Laureatus libellum suum metrice alloquitur.

'Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina Percy,
Qui Northumbrorum jura paterna gerit.
Ad nutum celebris tu porna repone leonis,
Quæque suo patri tristia justa cano.
Ast ubi perlegit, dubiam sub mente volutet
Fortunam, cuncta quæ male fida rotat.
Qui leo sit felix, et Nestoris occupet annos;
Ad libitum cujus ipse paratus ero.

Skelton Laureat upon the dolourus dethe and muche lamentable chaunce of the most honorable erle of Northumberlande.

I wayle, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh ful sore
The dedely fate, the dolefulle desteny
Of hym that is gone, alas! without restore,
Of the bloud [2] royall descending nobelly;
Whose lordshyp doutles was slayne lamentably
Thorow treson, ageyn him compassed and wrought,
Trew to his prince in word, in dede, and thought.

[2] The mother of Henry, first Earl of Northumberland, was Mary, daughter to Henry, Earl of Lancaster, whose father Edmond was second son of King Henry III. The mother and wife of the second Earl of

Of hevenly poems, O Clyo, calde by name
In the colege of Musis goddes hystoriall,
Adres thé to me, whiche am both halt and lame
In elect uteraunce to make memoryall!
To thé for souccour, to thé for helpe I call,
Mine homely rudnes and dryghnes to expell
With the freshe waters of Elyconys well.

Of noble actes aunciently enrolde
Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate,
By thy report ar wont to be extold,
Regestringe trewly every formare date;
Of thy bountie after the usuall rate
Kyndell in me suche plenty of thy noblès,
Thes sorrowfulle dites that I may shew expres.

In sesons past, who hathe h[ea]rde or sene
Of formar writyng by any presidente
That vilane hastarddis in their furious tene,
Fulfylled with malice of froward entente,
Confetered togeder of commonn concente
Falsly to slee theyr moste singuler good lord?
It may be regestrede of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man, so valiaunt lord and knyght,
Fulfilled with honor, as all the world doth ken;
At his commaundement which had both day and nyght
Knyghtes and squyers, at every season when
He calde upon them, as meniall houshold men;
Were not these commons uncurteis karlis of kind
To slo their owne lord? God was not in their mynd.

And were not they to blame, I say also,
That were aboute him, his owne servants of trust,
To suffre him slayn of his mortall fo?
Fled away from hym, let hym ly in the dust;
They bode not till the reckenyng were discust;
What shuld I flatter? what shuld I glose or paint?
Fy, fy for shame, their hartes were to faint.

Northumberland were both lineal descendants of King Edward III. The Percys also were lineally descended from the Emperor Charlemagne and the ancient kings of France, by their ancestor Josceline de Lovaine (son of

In England and Fraunce which gretly was redouted,
Of whom both Flaunders and Scotland stode in drede,
To whome great estates obeyed and lowted,
A mayny of rude villayns made hym for to blede;
Unkyndly they slew him; that holp them oft at nede:
He was their bulwark, their paves, and their wall,
Yet shamfully they slew hym; that shame mot them befal!

I say, ye comoners, why wer ye so stark mad?
What frantyk frensy fyll in your brayne?
Where was your wit and reson ye should have had?
What wilful foly made yow to ryse agayne
Your naturall lord? alas, I cannot fayne:
Ye armyd you with will, and left your wit behynd;
Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

He was your chefteyne, your shelde, your chef defence,
Redy to assyst you in every time of nede;
Your worshyp depended of his excellence;
Alas, ye mad men, to far ye did excede;
Your hap was unhappy, to ill was your spede:
What moved you againe him to war or to fyght?
What alyde you to sle your lord again all ryght?

The ground of his quarel was for his soverain lord,
The well concerning of all the hole lande,
Demandyng suche duties as nedes most acord
To the ryght of his prince, which shold not be withstand;
For whose cause ye slew him with your owne hand:
But had his noble men done wel that day,
Ye had not been able to have sayd him nay.

But ther was fals packing, or els I am begylde;
How-be-it the mater was evydent and playne,
For if they had occupied their spere and their shilde,
This noble man doutles had not bene slayne.
But men say they wer lynked with a double chaine,
And held with the comones under a cloke,
Which kindeled the wild fyr that made all this smoke.

Godfrey Duke of Brabant), who took the name of PERCY on marrying the heiress of that house in the reign of Hen. II. Vide Camden's *Britan.* Edmonson, &c.

The commons renyed ther taxes to pay,
Of them demaunded and asked by the kynge;
With one voice importune they playnly sayd nay;
They buskt them on a bushment themselfe in baile to bring,
Againe the kynges plesure to wrestle or to wring;
Bluntly as bestis with boste and with crye
They sayd they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The noblenes of the north, this valiant lord and knight,
As man that was innocent of trechery or traine,
Presed forth boldly to withstand the myght,
And, lyke marciall Hector, he faught them agayne,
Vygorously upon them with might and with maine,
Trustyng in noble men that were with him there;
Bot al they fled from hym for falshode or fere

Barones, knyghtes, squiers, one and all,
Together with servauntes of his famuly,
Turned their backis, and let their master fal,
Of whos [life] they counted not a flye;
Take up whose wold, for ther they let him ly.
Alas, his gold, his fee, his annual rent
Upon suche a sort was ille bestowd and spent!

He was environd aboute on every syde
With his enemyes, that wer starke mad and wode;
Yet while he stode he gave them woundes wyde;
Allas for ruth! what thoughe his mynd wer gode,
His corage manly, yet ther he shed his blode:
Al left alone, alas, he foughte in vayne!
For cruelly among them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite! that Percy thus was spylt,
The famous Erle of Northumberland;
Of knyghtly prowes the sword, pomel, and hylt,
The myghty lyon [3] doutted by se and lande;
O dolorus chaunce of Fortunes froward hande!
What man, remembryng howe shamfully he was slaine,
From bitter weping himself can restrain?

[3] Alluding to his crest and supporters. *Doutted* is contracted for *redoubted*.

O cruell Mars, thou dedly god of war!
O dolorous tewisday, dedicate to thy name,
When thou shoke thy sworde so noble a man to mar!
O grounde ungracious, unhappy be thy fame,
Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the same
Most noble erle! O foule mysuryd ground,
Whereon he gat his finall dedely wounde!

O Atropos, of the fatall systers iii
Goddes most cruel unto the lyfe of man,
All merciles, in thé is no pite!
O homicide, which sleest all that thou can,
So forcibly upon this erle thou ran,
That with thy sword, enharpit of mortall drede,
Thou kit asonder his perfight vitall threde!

My wordes unpullysht be, nakide and playne,
Of aureat poems they want ellumynynge;
But by them to knowlege ye may attayne
Of this lordes dethe and of his murdrynge;
Which whils he lyvyd had fuyson of every thing,
Of knights, of squyers, chyf lord of toure and towne,
Tyll fykkell Fortune began on hym to frowne:

Paregall to dukes, with kynges he might compare,
Surmountinge in honor all eryls he did excede;
To all countreis aboute hym reporte me I dare;
Lyke to Eneas benigne in worde and dede,
Valiant as Hector in every marciall nede,
Provydent, discrete, circumspect, and wyse,
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of Fortunes duble dyse.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
With my rude pen enkankered all with rust?
Whose noble actes show worshiply his name,
Transendyng far myne homly Muse, that muste
Yet somwhat wright supprised with herty lust,
Truly reportyng his right noble estate,
Immortally whiche is immaculate?

His noble blode never destaynyd was,
Trew to his prince for to defend his ryght
Doblenes hatyng fals maters to compas,

Treytory and treason he banysht out of syght,
With truth to medle was al his holl delyght,
As all his countrey can testyfy the same:
To sle suche a lorde, alas, it was great shame.

If the hole quere of the Musis nyne
In me all onely wer set and comprised,
Enbrethed with the blast of influence devyne,
As perfytly as could be thought or devisyd;
To me also allthough it were promised
Of laureat Phebus holy the eloquence,
All were to lytell for his magnificence.

O yonge lyon, but tender yet of age,
Grow and encrese, remembre thyne estate;
God thé assyst unto thyn herytage,
And geve thé grace to be more fortunate!
Agayn rebellyones arme thé to make debate;
And, as the lyone, whiche is of bestes kynge,
Unto thy subjectes be curteis and benygne.

I pray God sende thé prosperous lyfe and long,
Stable thy mynde constant to be and fast,
Ryght to mayntayn, and to resyst all wronge:
All flateryng faytors abhor and from thé cast:
Of foule detraction God kepe thé from the blast
Let double delyng in thé have no place,
And be not lyght of credence in no case.

With hevy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd,
Eche man may sorow in his inward thought
This lordes death, whose pere is hard to fynd,
Allgif Englond and Fraunce were thorow saught.
Al kynges, all princes, al dukes, well they ought,
Both temporall and spiritual, for to complayne
This noble man, that crewelly was slayne:

More specially barons, and those knygtes bold,
And al other gentilmen with him enterteyned
In fee, as menyall men of his housold,
Whom he as lord worshyply mainteyned;
To sorowful weping they ought to be constreined,
As oft as they call to theyr remembraunce,
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

O perlese Prince of heven emperyall!
That with one word formed al thing of noughte;
Heven, hell, and erthe obey unto thy call;
Which to thy resemblaunce wondersly hast wrought
All mankynd, whom thou full dere hast bought,
With thy bloud precious our finaunce thou did pay,
And us redemed from the fendys pray;

To thé pray we, as Prince imcomparable,
As thou art of mercy and pyte the well,
Thou bring unto thy joye eterminable
The soull of this lorde from all daunger of hell,
In endles blys with thé to byde and dwell
In thy palace above the orient,
Where thou art Lord, and God omnipotent.

O quene of mercy, O lady full of grace,
Mayden most pure, and Goddes moder dere,
To sorowful hartes chef comfort and solace,
Of all women O flowre withouten pere!
Pray to thy Son above the sterris clere,
He to vouchesaf, by thy mediacion,
To pardon thy servaunt and brynge to salvacion.

In joy triumphaunt the hevenly yerarchy,
With all the hole sorte of that glorious place,
His soull mot receyve into theyr company
Thorow bounty of Hym that formed all solace:
Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace,
The Father, the Sonn, and the Holy Ghost,
In Trinitate one God of myghtes moste!

*** I have placed the foregoing poem of Skelton's before the following extract from Hawes, not only because it was written first, but because I think Skelton is in general to be considered as the earlier poet, many of his poems being written long before Hawes's *Graunde Amour*.

X.

The Tower of Doctrine.[1]

The reader has here a specimen of the descriptive powers of Stephen Hawes, a celebrated poet in the reign of Henry VII., though now little known. It is extracted from an allegorical poem of his (written in 1505) intitled, "The History of Graunde Amoure and La Belle Pucel, called the Palace of Pleasure," &c. 4to, 1555. See more of Hawes in *Ath. Ox.* v. I. p. 6, and Warton's *Observ.* v. ii. p. 105. He was also author of a book intitled, "The Temple of Glass. Wrote by Stephen Hawes, gentleman of the bedchamber to K. Henry VII." Pr. for Caxton, 4to, no date.

The following stanzas are taken from chap. iii. and iv. of the History above mentioned. "How Fame departed from Graunde Amoure and left him with Governaunce and Grace, and howe he went to the Tower of Doctrine," &c. As we are able to give no small lyric piece of Hawes's, the reader will excuse the insertion of this extract.

I loked about, and sawe a craggy roche
Farre in the west, neare to the element;
And as I dyd then unto it approche,
Upon the toppe I sawe refulgent
The royall tower of Morall Document,
Made of fine copper, with turrettes fayre and hye,
Which against Phebus shone so marveylously;

That for the very perfect bryghtnes,
What of the tower and of the cleare sunne,
I coulde nothyng beholde the goodlines
Of that palaice whereas Doctrine did wonne;
Tyll at the last, with mysty wyndes donne,
The radiant bryghtnes of golden Phebus
Auster gan cover with clowde tenebrus.

Then to the tower I drewe nere and nere,
And often mused of the great hyghnes
Of the craggy rocke, whiche quadrant did appeare;
But the fayre tower so much of ryches
Was all about sexangled doubtles,
Gargeyld with greyhoundes and with many lyons,
Made of fyne golde, with divers sundry dragons.[2]

[1] This poem has received some few corrections by comparison with *The Pastime of Pleasure* as put forth by the Percy Society in 1845.—Editor.

[2] Greyhounds, lions, dragons, were at that time the royal supporters.

The little 'turretts' with ymages of golde
About was set, whiche with the wynde aye moved.
With propre vices that I did well beholde,
About the towers in sundry wyse they hoved,
Wyth goodly pypes in their mouthes ituned,
That with the wynde they pyped a daunce,
Iclipped Amour de la hault plesaunce.

The toure was great, of marvelous wydnes,
To whyche there was no way to passe but one,
Into the toure for to have an intres;
A grece there was, ychesyled all of stone
Out of the rocke, on whiche men dyd gone
Up to the toure; and in lykewise dyd I,
Wyth bothe the grayhoundes in my company: [3]

Tyll that I came to a ryall gate,
Where I sawe stondynge the goodly portres,
Whiche axed me from whence I came a-late?
To whome I gan in every thynge expresse
All myne adventure, chaunce, and busynesse,
And eke my name I tolde her every dell.
When she herde this, she lyked me ryght well.

Her name, she sayd, was called COUNTENAUNCE:
Into the 'base' courte she dyd me then lede,
Where was a fountayne depured of pleasance,
A noble sprynge, a ryall conduyte-hede,
Made of fyne golde enameled with reed,
And on the toppe foure dragons blewe, and stoute
Thys dulcet water in foure partyes dyd spout.

Of whyche there flowed foure ryvers ryght clere,
Sweter than Nylus [4] or Ganges was theyr odoure,
Tygrys or Eufrates unto them no pere.
I dyd than taste the aromatyke lycoure,
Fragraunt of fume, swete as any floure,
And in my mouthe it had a marveylous cent
Of divers spyces; I knewe not what it ment.

Ver. 25, towers. P.C.
V. 44, besy courte. P.C. V. 49, partyes. P.C.

[3] This alludes to a former part of the poem. [4] Nysus. P.C

And after thys farther forth me brought
Dame Countenaunce into a goodly hall:
Of jasper stones it was wonderly wrought,
The wyndowes cleare, depured all of crystall,
And in the roufe on hye over all
Of golde was made a ryght crafty vyne;
Instede of grapes the rubies there did shyne.

The flore was paved with berall clarified,
With pillers made of stones precious,
Like a place of pleasure so gayely glorified,
It might be called a palaice glorious,
So muche delectable and solacious.
The hall was hanged, hye and circuler,
With cloth of arras in the rychest maner.

That treated well of a ful noble story,
Of the doubty waye to the tower perillous;[5]
Howe a noble knyght should wynne the victory
Of many a serpente foule and odious:
* * * * * *

XI.

The Child of Elle[1]

is given from a fragment in the Editor's folio MS.; which, though extremely defective and mutilated, appeared to have so much merit that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story. The reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauties of the original.

Child was a title sometimes given to a knight. See Gloss.

On yonder hill a castle standes,
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A younge and comely knighte.

[5] The story of the poem.

[1] The fragment in the folio MS. contains but thirty-nine verses, upon which Percy has founded two hundred; yet the corrections are, as Sir Walter Scott says, "in the true style of Gothic embellishment."—Editor.

The Child of Elle to his garden wente,
And stood at his garden pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld faire Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he stoode not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

"Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christe thee save and see!
Oh telle me how does thy Ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges bee?"

"My Lady shee is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her house and thine.

"And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe,
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

"And here shee sends thee a ring of golde,
The last boone thou mayst have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
Whan she is layde in grave.

"For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new, new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

"Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countràye,
And within three dayes shee must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye."

"Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And telle her that I, her owne true love,
Will dye, or sette her free.

"Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know,
This night will I bee at her bowre-windòwe,
Betide me weale or woe."

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither stint ne stayd,
Untill he came to faire Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he sayd:

"O ladye, Ive been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he bee at thy bowre-windòwe,
And dye or sette thee free."

Nowe daye was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the Ladye Emmeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle:
"Awake, awake, my deare ladyè,
'Tis I, thy true love, call.

"Awake, awake, my Ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfràye:
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ile carrye thee hence awaye."

"Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle Knight,
Nowe nay, this may not bee;
For aye sould I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee."

"O Ladye, thou with a knighte so true
Mayst safelye wend alone;
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one."

"My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye;
And what would he saye if his daughtèr
Awaye with a knight should fly?

"Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should doe him no goode,
Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
And seene thy deare hearts bloode."

"O Ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

"O Ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that might befalle."

Faire Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept.
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seizde her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe.

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlie:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes,
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his steede so talle,
And her on a faire palfràye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damsèlle,
In her bed whereas shee ley;
Quoth shee, "My Lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.

Awake, awake, thou Baron bolde!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle,
To doe the deede of shame."

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merrye men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte;
The ladye is carried to thrall."

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe.

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countràye:
"Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitòure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

"For she is come of hye lynàge,
And was of a ladye borne,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churles sonne,
To carrye her hence to scorne."

"Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the knighte,
Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
A knight mee gott, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

"But light nowe downe, my Ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knighte
Doe trye this arduous deede.

"But light now downe, my deare Ladyè,
Light downe, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knight
Doe trye our valours force."

Faire Emmeline sighde, faire Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carlish knight
Past many a baleful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,
As his weapon he wavde amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knight,
And layde him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron, and all his men
Full fast approached nye:
Ah! what may Ladye Emmeline doe?
Twere now no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

"Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold Barón,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true loves band.

"Thy daughter I have dearly lovde
Full long and many a day;
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye sayd wee may.

"O give consent shee may be mine,
And blesse a faithfull paire;
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lynage faire.

"My mother she was an earles daughtèr,
And a noble knyght my sire——"
The baron he frownde, and turnde away
With mickle dole and ire.

Faire Emmeline sighde, faire Emmeline wept.
And did all tremblinge stand;
At lengthe she sprange upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

"Pardon, my Lorde and father deare,
This faire yong knyght and mee:
Trust me, but for the carlish knyght,
I never had fled from thee.

"Oft have you callde your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye."

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke.
And turnde his heade asyde
To whipe awaye the starting teare,
He proudly strave to hyde.

In deepe revolving thought he stoode,
And musde a little space;
Then raisde faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

"Here take her, Child of Elle," he sayd,
And gave her lillye hand;
"Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my lande.

"Thy father once mine honour wrongde,
In dayes of youthful pride;
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondnesse for thy bride.

"And as thou love her and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine;
And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline."

*** From the word *kirke* in ver. 159, this hath been thought to be a Scottish ballad; but it must be acknowledged that the line referred to is among the additions supplied by the Editor: besides, in the northern counties of England, *kirk* is used in the common dialect for *church*, as well as beyond the Tweed.

XII.

Edom o' Gordon,

A SCOTTISH BALLAD,

was printed at Glasgow, by Robert and Andrew Foulis, 1755, 8vo (twelve pages). We are indebted for its publication (with many other valuable things in these volumes) to Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., who gave it as it was preserved in the memory of a lady.

The reader will here find it improved, and enlarged with several fine stanzas, recovered from a fragment of the same ballad, in the Editor's folio MS. It is remarkable that the latter is entitled *Captain Adam Carre*, and is in the English idiom. But whether the author was English or Scotch, the difference originally was not great. The English ballads are generally of the north of England, the Scottish are of the south of Scotland; and of consequence the country of ballad-singers was sometimes subject to one crown, and sometimes to the other, and most frequently to neither. Most of the finest old

Scotch songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England; which is indeed all poetic ground, green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain: of the rude chivalry of former ages, happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles, where the more daring and successful robbers resided. The house or castle of the RODES, stood about a measured mile south from Duns, in Berwickshire: some of the ruins of it may be seen to this day. The Gordons were anciently seated in the same county. The two villages of East and West Gordon lie about ten miles from the castle of the Rodes:[1] the fact, however, on which the ballad is founded, happened in the north of Scotland (see p. 130). It contains but too just a picture of the violences practised in the feudal times all over Europe.

From the different titles of this ballad, it should seem that the old strolling bards or minstrels (who gained a livelihood by reciting these poems) made no scruple of changing the names of the personages they introduced, to humour their hearers. For instance, if a Gordon's conduct was blameworthy in the opinion of that age, the obsequious minstrel would, when among Gordons, change the name to Car, whose clan or sept lay farther west, and *vice versâ*. In the third volume the reader will find a similar instance. See the song of *Gil Morris*, the hero of which had different names given him, perhaps from the same cause.

It may be proper to mention, that in the folio MS., instead of the "Castle of the Rodes," it is the "Castle of Brittons-borrow," and also "Diactears," or "Dratours-borrow," for it is very obscurely written, and "Capt. Adam Carre" is called the "Lord of Westerton-town." Uniformity required that the additional stanzas supplied from that copy should be clothed in the Scottish orthography and idiom: this has therefore been attempted, though perhaps imperfectly.

It fell about the Martinmas,
Quhen the wind blew shril and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld.

"And quhat a hauld sall we draw till,
My mirry men and me?
We wul gae to the house o' the Rodes,
To see that fair ladie."

The lady stude on hir castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was ware of a host of men,
Cum ryding towards the toun.

[1] This ballad is well known in that neighbourhood, where it is entitled *Adam o' Gordon*. It may be observed, that the famous freebooter whom Edward the First fought with, hand to hand, near Farnham, was named Adam Gordon

"O see ze nat, my mirry men a'?
O see ze nat quhat I see?
Methinks I see a host of men:
I marveil quha they be."

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,
As he cam ryding hame;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
Quha reckt nae sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hirsel,
And putten on hir goun,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper sett,
Nae sooner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
Sa fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speechès,
She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady saif,
And hir yates all locked fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his look was all aghast.

"Cum doun to me, ze lady gay,
Cum doun, cum doun to me;
This night sall ye lig within mine armes,
To-morrow my bride sall be."

"I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordòn,
I winnae cum doun to thee;
I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
That is sae far frae me."

"Give owre zour house, ze lady fair,
Give owre zour house to me,
Or I sall brenn yoursel therein,
Bot and zour babies three."

"I winnae give owre, ze fals Gordòn,
To nae sik traitor as zee;
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall make ze drie.

"But reach me hether my guid bend-bowe,
Mine arrows one by one;
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone."

She stude upon her castle wa',
And let twa arrows flee;
She mist that bluidy butchers hart,
And only raz'd his knee.

"Set fire to the house," quo' fals Gordòn,
All wood wi' dule and ire;
"Fals lady, ze sall rue this deid,
As ze brenn in the fire."

"Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour fee;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa' stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

"And ein wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour hire;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa' stane,
To me lets in the fire?"

"Ze paid me weil my hire, lady;
Ze paid me weil my fee;
But now I'm Edom o' Gordons man,
Maun either doe or die."

O than bespaik hir little son,
Sate on the nourice' knee,
Sayes, "Mither deare, gi owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me."

Verses 53, 54, and 58 "are restored from Foulis's edition, and the fol MS., which last reads *the bullets*, in ver. 58."—Percy.

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ane blast o' the westlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee."

O then bespaik hir dochter dear,
She was baith jimp and sma:
"O row me in a pair o' sheits,
And tow me owre the wa."

The rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,
And towd hir owre the wa;
But on the point of Gordons spear
She gat a deadly fa.

O bonnie, bonnie was hir mouth,
And cherry were hir cheiks,
And clear, clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turnd hir owre;
O gin her face was wan!
He sayd, "Ze are the first that eir
I wisht alive again."

He turnd hir owre and owre again;
O gin hir skin was whyte!
"I might ha spared that bonnie face,
To hae been sum mans delyte.

"Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I doe guess;
I cannae luik in that bonny face,
As it lyes on the grass."

"Thame luiks to freits, my master deir,
Then freits wil follow thame;
Let it neir be said brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame."

Ver. 98, 102. "O gin," &c., a Scottish idiom to express great admiration. V. 109, 110, thame, &c., *i. e.* them that look after omens of ill luck, ill luck will follow.

But quhen the ladye see the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kist her children twain,
Sayd, "Bairns, we been but dead."

The Gordon then his bougill blew,
And said, "Awa', awa';
This house o' the Rodes is a' in flame,
I hauld it time to ga'."

O then he spyed hir ain dear lord,
As hee cam owr the lee;
He sied his castle all in blaze
Sa far as he could see.

Then sair, O sair his mind misgave,
And all his hart was wae;
"Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So fast as ze can gae.

"Put on, put on, my wighty men,
So fast as ze can drie;
For he that is hindmost of the thrang,
Sall neir get guid o' me."

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,
Fou fast out-owr the bent;
But eir the foremost could get up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
And wept in teenefu' muid:
"O traitors, for this cruel deid
Ze sall weep teirs o' bluid."

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sa fast as he might drie;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid,
He's wroken his dear ladie.

*** Since the foregoing ballad was first printed, the subject of it has been found recorded in Abp. Spotswood's *History of the Church of Scotland*, p. 259; who informs us, that

"Anno 1571. In the north parts of Scotland, Adam Gordon (who was deputy for his brother the Earl of Huntley) did keep a great stir;

and under colour of the queen's authority, committed divers oppressions, especially upon the Forbes's . . . . having killed Arthur Forbes, brother to the Lord Forbes. . . . . Not long after he sent to summon the house of Tavoy, pertaining to Alexander Forbes. The Lady refusing to yield without direction from her husband, he put fire unto it, and burnt her therein with children and servants, being twenty-seven persons in all.

"This inhuman and barbarous cruelty made his name odious, and stained all his former doings; otherwise he was held very active and fortunate in his enterprises."

This fact, which had escaped the Editor's notice, was in the most obliging manner pointed out to him by an ingenious writer, who signs his name H. H. (Newcastle, May 9), in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1775, p. 219

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

I.

Ballads that illustrate Shakspeare.

Our great dramatic poet having occasionally quoted many ancient ballads, and even taken the plot of one, if not more, of his plays from among them, it was judged proper to preserve as many of these as could be recovered, and, that they might be the more easily found, to exhibit them in one collective view.

This Second Book is therefore set apart for the reception of such ballads as are quoted by Shakspeare, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings: this being the principal point in view, the candid reader will pardon the admission of some pieces that have no other kind of merit.

The design of this book being of a dramatic tendency, it may not be improperly introduced with a few observations on the origin of the English stage, and on the conduct of our first dramatic poets, a subject which, though not unsuccessfully handled by several good writers already,[1] will yet perhaps admit of some further illustration.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE, ETC.

It is well known that dramatic poetry, in this and most other nations of Europe, owes its origin, or at least its revival, to those religious shows, which in the dark ages were usually exhibited on the more solemn festivals. At those times they were wont to represent in the churches the lives and miracles of the Saints, or some of the more important stories of Scripture. And as the most mysterious subjects were frequently chosen, such as the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, &c., these exhibitions acquired the general name of Mysteries. At first they were probably a kind of dumb shows, intermingled, it may be, with a few short speeches; at length they grew into a regular series of connected dialogues, formally divided into acts and scenes. Specimens of these in their most improved state (being at best but poor artless compositions) may be seen among Dodsley's *Old Plays*, and in Osborne's *Harleyan Miscel.* How they were exhibited in

[1] Bp. Warburton's *Shakesp.* vol. v. p. 338.—Pref. to Dodsley's *Old Plays.*—Riccoboni's *Acct. of Theat. of Europe*, &c. &c. These were all the author had seen when he first drew up this Essay.

their most simple form, we may learn from an ancient novel, often quoted by our old dramatic poets,[2] entitled... **a merye Jest of a man that was called Howleglas**,[3] &c., being a translation from the Dutch language, in which he is named *Ulenspiegle*. Howleglas, whose waggish tricks are the subject of this book, after many adventures comes to live with a priest, who makes him his parish-clerk. This priest is described as keeping a *leman*, or concubine, who had but one eye, to whom Howleglas owed a grudge for revealing his rogueries to his master. The story thus proceeds..... "And than in the meane season, while Howleglas was parysh clarke, at Easter they should play the Resurrection of our Lorde: and for because than the men wer not learned, nor could not read, the priest toke his leman. and put her in the grave for an Aungel: and this seing Howleglas, toke to him iij of the simplest persons that were in the towne, that played the iij Maries; and the person [i. e. parson or rector] played Christe, with a baner in his hand. Than saide Howleglas to the symple persons: Whan the Aungel asketh you, whom you seke, you may saye, The parsons leman with one iye. Than it fortuned that the tyme was come that they must playe, and the Aungel asked them whom they sought; and than sayd they, as Howleglas had shewed and lerned them afore, and than answered they, We seke the priests leman with one iye. And than the prieste might heare that he was mocked. And whan the priestes leman herd that, she arose out of the grave, and would have smyten with her fist Howleglas upon the chcke, but she missed him and smote one of the simple persons that played one of the thre Maries; and he gave her another; and than toke she him by the heare [hair]; and that seing his wyfe, came running hastely to smite the priestes leman; and than the priest seeing this, caste down hys baner and went to helpe his woman, so that the one gave the other sore strokes, and made great noyse in the churche. And than Howleglas seeyng them lyinge together by the eares in the bodi of the churche, went his way out of the village, and came no more there."[4]

As the old Mysteries frequently required the representation of some allegorical personage, such as Death, Sin, Charity, Faith, and the like, by degrees the rude poets of those unlettered ages began to form complete dramatic pieces, consisting entirely of such personifications. These they entitled *Moral Plays*, or *Moralities*. The Mysteries were very inartificial, representing the Scripture stories simply according to the letter. But the Moralities are not devoid of invention: they exhibit outlines of the dramatic art; they contain something of a fable or plot, and even attempt to delineate characters and manners. I have now before me two that were printed early in the reign of Henry VIII.; in which I think one may plainly discover the seeds of Tragedy

[2] See Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, act iii. sc. 4, and his Masque of *The Fortunate Isles*. Whalley's edit. vol. ii. p. 49, vol. vi. p. 190.

[3] Howleglas is said in the Preface to have died in M.cccc.l. At the end of the book, M.ccc.l.

[4] **C. Emprynted ..... by Wyllyam Copland**: without date, in 4to bl. let. among Mr. Garrick's *Old Plays*, K. vol. x.

and Comedy: for which reason I shall give a short analysis of them both.

One of them is entitled Every Man.[5] The subject of this piece is the summoning of Man out of the world by Death; and its moral, that nothing will then avail him but a well-spent life and the comforts of religion. This subject and moral are opened in a monologue spoken by the *Messenger* (for that was the name generally given by our ancestors to the prologue on their rude stage): then God[6] is represented; who, after some general complaints on the degeneracy of mankind, calls for *Deth*, and orders him to bring before his tribunal *Every-man*, for so is called the personage who represents the human race. *Every-man* appears, and receives the summons with all the marks of confusion and terror. When *Deth* is withdrawn, *Every-man* applies for relief in this distress to *Fellowship*, *Kindred*, *Goods*, or Riches, but they successively renounce and forsake him. In this disconsolate state he betakes himself to *Good-dedes*, who, after upbraiding him with his long neglect of her,[7] introduces him to her sister *Knowledge*, and she leads him to the "holy man, *Confession*," who appoints him penance: this he inflicts upon himself on the stage, and then withdraws to receive the sacraments of the priest. On his return he begins to wax faint, and after *Strength*, *Beauty*, *Discretion*, and *Five Wits*[8] have all taken their final leave of him, gradually expires on the stage; *Good-dedes* still accompanying him to the last. Then an Aungell descends to sing his *requiem:* and the epilogue is spoken by a person called *Doctour*, who recapitulates the whole, and delivers the moral:

"C. This memoriall men may have in mynde,
Ye herers, take it of worth old and yonge,
And forsake Pryde, for he disceyveth you in thende,
And remembre Beautè, Five Witts, Strength, and Discrecion,
They all at last do Every-man forsake;
Save his Good Dedes there dothe he take:
But beware, for and they be small,
Before God he hath no helpe at all," &c.

From this short analysis it may be observed, that Every Man is a grave solemn piece, not without some rude attempts to excite terror and pity, and therefore may not improperly be referred to the class of Tragedy. It is remarkable, that in this old simple drama the fable is conducted upon the strictest model of the Greek Tragedy. The action is simply one; the time of action is that of the performance; the scene is never changed, nor the stage ever empty. *Every-man*, the hero of

[5] This play has been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his *Origin of the English Drama*, 3 vols. 12mo, Oxford, 1773. See vol. i. p. 27.

[6] The second person of the Trinity seems to be meant.

[7] Those above mentioned are male characters.

[8] *i. e.* The five Senses. These are frequently exhibited as five distinct personages upon the Spanish stage (see Riccoboni, p. 98); but our moralist has represented them all by one character.

the piece, after his first appearance, never withdraws, except when he goes out to receive the sacraments, which could not well be exhibited in public; and during his absence, *Knowledge* descants on the excellence and power of the priesthood, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus. And, indeed, except in the circumstance of *Every-man's* expiring on the stage, the "Samson Agonistes" of Milton is hardly formed on a severer plan.[9]

The other play is entitled **Hick-scorner**,[1] and bears no distant resemblance to Comedy: its chief aim seems to be to exhibit characters and manners, its plot being much less regular than the foregoing. The prologue is spoken by *Pity*, represented under the character of an aged pilgrim; he is joined by *Contemplacyon* and *Perseverance*, two holy men, who, after lamenting the degeneracy of the age, declare their resolution of stemming the torrent. *Pity* then is left upon the stage, and presently found by *Frewyll*, representing a lewd debauchee, who, with his dissolute companion *Imaginacion*, relate their manner of life, and not without humour describe the stews and other places of base resort. They are presently joined by *Hick-scorner*, who is drawn as a libertine returned from travel, and, agreeably to his name, scoffs at religion. These three are described as extremely vicious, who glory in every act of wickedness; at length two of them quarrel, and *Pity* endeavours to part the fray; on this they fall upon him, put him in the stocks, and there leave him. *Pity*, thus imprisoned, descants in a kind of lyric measure on the profligacy of the age, and in this situation he is found by *Perseverance* and *Contemplacyon*, who set him at liberty, and advise him to go in search of the delinquents. As soon as he is gone *Frewyll* appears again; and, after relating in a very comic manner some of his rogueries and escapes from justice, is rebuked by the two holy men, who, after a long altercation, at length convert him and his libertine companion *Imaginacion* from their vicious course of life; and then the play ends with a few verses from *Perseverance*, by way of epilogue. This, and every Morality I have seen, conclude with a solemn prayer. They are all of them in rhyme; in a kind of loose stanza, intermixed with distichs.

It would be needless to point out the absurdities in the plan and conduct of the foregoing play; they are evidently great. It is sufficient to observe, that, bating the moral and religious reflection of *Pity*, &c., the piece is of a comic cast, and contains a humorous display of some of the vices of the age. Indeed the author has generally been so little attentive to the allegory, that we need only substitute other names to his personages, and we have real characters and living manners.

We see, then, that the writers of these moralities were upon the very threshold of real Tragedy and Comedy; and therefore we are not to wonder that tragedies and comedies in form soon after took place,

[9] See more of *Every-Man*, p. 95, Pref. to b. 5. Note.

[1] **Emprynted by me Wynkyn de Worde**, no date; in 4to bl. let. This play has also been reprinted by Mr. Hawkins in his *Origin of the English Drama*, vol. i. p. 69.

especially as the revival of learning about this time brought them acquainted with the Roman and Grecian models.

II. At what period of time the Moralities had their rise here, it is difficult to discover; but plays of Miracles appear to have been exhibited in England soon after the Conquest. Matthew Paris tells us, that Geoffrey, afterwards Abbot of St. Alban's, a Norman, who had been sent for over by Abbot Richard to take upon him the direction of the school of that monastery, coming too late, went to Dunstable, and taught in the abbey there; where he caused to be acted (probably by his scholars) a MIRACLE-PLAY OF ST. CATHARINE composed by himself.[2] This was long before the year 1119, and probably within the eleventh century. The above play of ST. CATHARINE was, for aught that appears, the first spectacle of this sort that was exhibited in these kingdoms; and an eminent French writer thinks it was even the first attempt towards the revival of dramatic entertainments in all Europe; being long before the representations of Mysteries in France, for these did not begin till the year 1398.[3]

But whether they derived their origin from the above exhibition or not, it is certain that holy plays, representing the miracles and sufferings of the Saints, appear to have been no novelty in the reign of Henry II., and a lighter sort of interludes were not then unknown.[4] In Chaucer's time, "Plays of Miracles" in Lent were the common resort of idle gossips.[5] They do not appear to have been so prevalent on the continent, for the learned historian of the Council of Constance[6] ascribes to the English the introduction of plays into Germany. He tells us that the emperor, having been absent from the council for some time, was, at his return, received with great rejoicings; and that the English

[2] *Apud Dunestapliam . . . . quendam ludum de sancta Katerina* (*quem* MIRACULA *vulgariter appellamus*) *fecit. Ad quæ decoranda, petiit a sacrista sancti Albani, ut sibi Capæ Chorales accommodarentur, et obtinuit. Et fuit ludus ille de sancta Katerina.* Vitæ Abbat. ad fin. Hist. Mat. Paris, folio, 1639, p. 56. We see here that Plays of Miracles were become common enough in the time of Mat. Paris, who flourished about 1240; but that indeed appears from the more early writings of Fitz-Stephens, quoted below.

[3] Vide Abrégé *Chron. de l'Hist. de France*, par M. Henault, à l'ann. 1179.

[4] See Fitz-Stephens's Description of London, preserved by Stow, *Londonia pro spectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis scenicis, ludos habet sanctiores, representationes miraculorum, &c.* He is thought to have written in the reign of Henry II, and to have died in that of Richard I. It is true at the end of this book we find mentioned *Henricum regem tertium*; but this is doubtless Henry the Second's son, who was crowned during the life of his father, in 1170, and is generally distinguished as *Rex juvenis*, *Rex filius*, and sometimes they were jointly named *Reges Angliæ*. From a passage in his Chap. *De Religione*, it should seem that the body of St. Thomas à Becket was just then a new acquisition to the church of Canterbury.

[5] See Prologue to *Wife of Bath's Tale*, v. 6137, Tyrwhitt's ed.

[6] M. L'Enfant. Vide *Hist. du Conc. de Constance*, vol. ii. p. 440.

Fathers in particular did, upon that occasion, cause a sacred comedy to be acted before him on Sunday, January 31st, 1417; the subjects of which were:—THE NATIVITY OF OUR SAVIOUR; THE ARRIVAL OF THE EASTERN MAGI; and THE MASSACRE BY HEROD. Thence it appears, says this writer, that the Germans are obliged to the English for the invention of this sort of spectacles, unknown to them before that period.

The fondness of our ancestors for dramatic exhibitions of this kind, and some curious particulars relating to this subject, will appear from the HOUSHOLD-BOOK of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, A.D. 1512,[7] whence I shall select a few extracts, which show that the exhibiting Scripture Dramas on the great festivals entered into the regular establishment, and formed part of the domestic regulations of our ancient nobility: and, what is more remarkable, that it was as much the business of the Chaplain in those days to compose PLAYS for the family, as it is now for him to make sermons.

"My Lordes Chapleyns in Household vj. *viz.* The Almonar, and if he be a maker of INTERLUDYS, than he to have a servaunt to the intent for writynge of the PARTS; and ells to have non. The maister of Gramer," &c.—*Sect.* v. p. 44.

"Item.—My lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely, if is lordship kepe a chapell and be at home, them of his lordschipes chapell, if they doo play the Play of the NATIVITE uppon Cristynmes day in the mornynge in my lords chappell before his lordship,—xxs."—*Sect.* xliv. p. 343.

"Item . . . to them of his lordship chappell and others his lordshipis servaunts that doeth play the Play before his lordship upon SHROVE-TEWSDAY at night yerely in reward—xs."—*Ibid.* p. 345.

"Item . . . to them . . . that playth the Play of RESURRECTION upon Estur day in the mornnynge in my lordis 'chapell' before his lordshipe—xxs."—*Ibid*

"Item.—My lorde useth and accustomyth yerly to gyf hym which is ordynede to be the MASTER OF THE REVELLS yerly in my lordis hous in Cristmas for the overseyinge and orderinge of his lordschips Playes, Interludes, and Dresinge that is plaid before his lordship in his hous in the xijth dayes of Cristenmas, and they to have in rewarde for that caus yerly—xxs."—*Ibid.* p. 346.

"Item.—My lorde us th and accustomyth to gyf every of the iiij Parsones that his lordschip admyted as his PLAYERS to com to his lordship yerly at Cristynmes and at all other such tymes as his lordship shall commande them for playing of Playe and Interludes affor his lordship, in his lordshipis hous for every of their fees for an hole yere—. . ."—*Ibid.* p. 351.

"Item.—To be payd . . . for rewards to PLAYERS for Plays playd at

[7] "The regulations and establishments of the household of Hen. Alg. Percy, 5th Earl of Northumb. Lond. 1770." 8vo. Whereof a small impression was printed by order of the late Duke and Duchess of Northumberland to bestow in presents to their friends. Although begun in 1512, some of the regulations were composed so late as 1525.

Christynmas by Stranegeres in my house after xx^d.[8] every play, by estimacion somme xxxiij*s.* iiij.”[9]—*Sect.* i. p. 22.

“Item.—My lorde usith, and accustometh to gif yerely when his lordshipp is at home, to every erlis Players that comes to his lordshipe betwixt Cristynmas ande Candelmas, if he be his special lorde and frende and kynsman—xx*s.*”—*Sect.* xliv. p. 340.

“Item.—My lorde usith and accustomyth to gyf yerely when his lordship is at home to every lordis Players, that comyth to his lordshipe betwixt Crystynmas ande Candelmas—x*s.*”—*Ibid.*

The reader will observe the great difference in the rewards here given to such Players as were retainers of noble personages, and such as are styled Strangers, or, as we may suppose, only strollers. The profession of the common player was about this time held by some in low estimation. In an old satire entitled *Cock Lorreles Bote*,[1] the author, enumerating the most common trades or callings, as carpenters, coopers, joiners, &c., mentions

> “ *Players*, purse-cutters, money-batterers,
> Golde-washers, tomblers, jogelers,
> Pardoners,” &c.—*Sign.* B. vj.

III. It hath been observed already that plays of Miracles, or Mysteries, as they were called, led to the introduction of Moral Plays, or Moralities, which prevailed so early, and became so common, that towards the latter end of King Henry the VIIth’s reign John Rastel, brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More, conceived a design of making them the vehicle of science and natural philosophy. With this view he published ‘℄. A new interlude and a mery of the nature of the iiii elements declarynge many proper poynts of philosophy naturall, and of dyvers straunge landes,’[2] &c. It is observable that the poet speaks of the discovery of America as then recent:

—— “ Within this xx yere
Westwarde be founde new landes,
That we never harde tell of before this,” &c.

The West Indies were discovered by Columbus in 1492, which fixes

[8] This was not so small a sum then as it may now appear; for in another part of the MS. the price ordered to be given for a fat ox is but 13*s.* 4*d.*, and for a lean one 8*s.*

[9] At this rate, the number of Plays acted must have been twenty.

[1] Pr. at the Sun in Fleet-street, by W de Worde: no date, b. l. 4to.

[2] Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy (*Old Plays*, I. vol. iii.). The Dramatis Personæ are, “℄. The Messengere [or Prologue] Nature natu-rate. Humanytè. Studyous Desire. Sensuall Appetyte. The Taverner. Experyence. Ygnoraunce. (Also yf ye lyste ye may brynge in a dys-gysynge.”) Afterwards follows a table of the matters handled in the interlude. Among which are “℄. Of certeyn conclusions prouvynge the yerthe must nedes be rounde, and that it hengyth in the myddes of the fyrmament, and that yt is in circumference above xxi M. myle.”——

the writing of this play to about 1510 (two years before the date of the above Household-Book). The play of **Nick-Scorner** was probably somewhat more ancient, as he still more imperfectly alludes to the American discoveries, under the name of "the Newe founde Ilonde." Sign. A. vij.

It is observable that in the older Moralities, as in that last mentioned, Every-man, &c., there is printed no kind of stage direction for the exits and entrances of the personages, no division of acts and scenes. But in the moral interlude of **Lusty Juventus**,[3] written under Edward VI., the exits and entrances begin to be noted in the margin:[4] at length in Queen Elizabeth's reign, Moralities appeared formally divided into acts and scenes, with a regular prologue, &c. One of these is reprinted by Dodsley.

Before we quit this subject of the very early printed Plays, it may just be observed that, although so few are now extant, it should seem many were printed before the reign of Queen Elizabeth; as at the beginning of her reign, her INJUNCTIONS, in 1559, are particularly directed to the suppressing of "many Pamphlets, PLAYES, and Ballads; that no manner of person shall enterprize to print any such," &c., but under certain restrictions.—*Vide* Sect. v.

In the time of Henry VIII. one or two dramatic pieces had been published under the classical names of Comedy and Tragedy,[5] but they appear not to have been intended for popular use: it was not till the religious ferments had subsided that the public had leisure to attend to dramatic poetry. In the reign of Elizabeth, tragedies and comedies began to appear in form, and could the poets have persevered, the first models were good. **Gorboduc**, a regular tragedy, was acted in 1561;[6]

"C. Of certeyne points of cosmographye—and of dyvers straunge regyons, —and of the new found landys and the maner of the people." This part is extremely curious, as it shows what notions were entertained of the new American discoveries by our own countrymen.

[3] Described in Preface to book 5. The Dramatis Personæ of this piece are, "C. Messenger. Lusty Juventus. Good Counsaill. Knowledge. Sathan the devyll. Hypocrisie. Fellowship. Abominable-lyving [an Harlot]. God's-merciful-promises."

[4] I have also discovered some few *Exeats* and *Intrats* in the very old Interlude of the **Four Elements**.

[5] Bp. Bale had applied the name of Tragedy to his Mystery of **Gods Promises**, in 1538. In 1540, John Palsgrave, B.D., had republished a Latin comedy called **Acolastus**, with an English version. Holingshed tells us (vol. iii. p. 850,) that so early as 1520, the king had "a goodlie comedie of Plautus plaied" before him at Greenwich; but this was in Latin, as Mr. Farmer informs us in his curious "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare," 8vo, p. 31.

[6] See Ames, p. 316. This play appears to have been first printed under the name of **Gorboduc**; then under that of **Ferrex and Porrex**, in 1569; and again, under **Gorboduc**, 1590. Ames calls the first edition 4to; Langbane, 8vo; and Tanner, 12mo.

and Gascoigne, in 1566, exhibited **Jocasta**, a translation from Euripides, as also **The Supposes**, a regular comedy, from Ariosto: near thirty years before any of Shakespeare's were printed.

The people, however, still retained a relish for their old Mysteries and Moralities,[7] and the popular dramatic poets seem to have made them their models. The graver sort of Moralities appear to have given birth to our modern Tragedy; as our Comedy evidently took its rise from the lighter interludes of that kind. And as most of these pieces contain an absurd mixture of religion and buffoonery, an eminent critic[8] has well deduced from thence the origin of our unnatural Tragi-comedies. Even after the people had been accustomed to tragedies and comedies, Moralities still kept their ground; one of them entitled **The New Custom**,[9] was printed so late as 1573: at length they assumed the name of Masques[1] and with some classical improvements became, in the two following reigns, the favourite entertainments of the court.

IV. The old Mysteries, which ceased to be acted after the Reformation, appear to have given rise to a third species of stage exhibition, which, though now confounded with Tragedy and Comedy, were by our first dramatic writers considered as quite distinct from them both: these were Historical Plays, or HISTORIES, a species of dramatic writing, which resembled the old Mysteries in representing a series of historical events, simply in the order of time in which they happened, without any regard to the three great unities. These pieces seem to differ from Tragedies, just as much as historical poems do from epic: as the Pharsalia does from the Æneid.

What might contribute to make dramatic poetry take this form was that soon after the Mysteries ceased to be exhibited there was published a large collection of poetical narratives, called **The Mirrour for Magistrates**,[2] wherein a great number of the most eminent characters in English history are drawn relating their own misfortunes. This book was popular, and of a dramatic cast, and therefore, as an elegant writer[3] has well observed, might have its influence in producing Historical Plays. These narratives probably furnished the subjects, and the ancient Mysteries suggested the plan.

There appears indeed to have been one instance of an attempt at an HISTORICAL PLAY itself, which was perhaps as early as any Mystery on a religious subject; for such, I think, we may pronounce the representation of a memorable event in English history, that was EXPRESSED IN ACTION AND RHYMES. This was the old Coventry play of **Hock**

[7] The general reception the old Moralities had upon the stage, will account for the fondness of all our first poets for allegory. Subjects of this kind were familiar to everybody.

[8] Bp. Warburt. Shaksp. vol. v.

[9] Reprinted among Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. i.

[1] In some of these appeared characters full as extraordinary as in any of the old Moralities. In Ben Jonson's Masque of **Christmas**, 1616 one of the personages is *Minced Pye*.

[2] The first part of which was printed in 1559.

[3] Walpole, Catal of Royal and Noble Authors, vol. i p. 166, 7.

Tuesday,[4] founded on the story of the massacre of the Danes, as it happened on St. Brice's night, November 13th, 1002.[5] The play in question was performed by certain men of Coventry among the other shows and entertainments at Kenilworth Castle in July, 1575, prepared for Queen Elizabeth; and this the rather, "because the matter mentioneth how valiantly our English women, for the love of their country, behaved themselves."

The writer, whose words are here quoted,[6] hath given a short description of the performance; which seems on that occasion to have been without recitation or rhymes, and reduced to mere dumb-show; consisting of violent skirmishes and encounters, first between Danish and English, "lance-knights on horseback," armed with spear and shield; and afterwards between "hosts" of footmen: which at length ended in the Danes being "beaten down, overcome, and many led captive by our English women."[7]

This play, it seems, which was wont to be exhibited in their city yearly, and which had been of great antiquity and long continuance there,[8] had of late been suppressed, at the instance of some well-meaning but precise preachers, of whose "sourness" herein the townsmen complain; urging that their play was "without example of ill manners, papistry, or any superstition;"[9] which shows it to have been entirely distinct from a religious Mystery. But having been discontinued, and, as appears from the narrative, taken up of a sudden after the sports were begun, the players apparently had not been able to recover the old rhymes, or to procure new ones, to accompany the action: which, if it originally represented "the outrage and importable insolency of the Danes, the grievous complaint of Huna, King Ethelred's chieftain in wars:"[1] his counselling and contriving the plot to dispatch them; con-

[4] This must not be confounded with the Mysteries acted on Corpus Christi day by the Franciscans at Coventry, which were also called COVENTRY PLAYS, and of which an account is given from T. Warton's *History of English Poetry*, &c., in Malone's *Shakspeare*, vol. ii. part ii. pp. 13, 14.

[5] Not 1012, as printed in Laneham's letter, mentioned below.

[6] Ro. Laneham, whose LETTER containing a full description of the Shows, &c., is reprinted at large in Nichols's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," &c., vol. i. 4to, 1788. That writer's orthography being peculiar and affected, is not here followed.

Laneham describes this play of Hock Tuesday, which was "presented in an historical cue by certain good-hearted men of Coventry" (p. 32), and which was "wont to be play'd in their citie yearly" (p. 33), as if it were peculiar to them, terming it "THEIR old storial show" (p. 32). And so it might be as represented and expressed by them "after their manner" (p. 33), although we are also told by Bevil Higgons, that St. Brice's EVE was still celebrated by the northern English in commemoration of this massacre of the Danes, the women beating brass instruments, and singing old rhymes, in praise of their cruel ancestors. See his *Short View of Eng. History*, 8vo, p. 17. (The Preface is dated 1734.)

[7] Laneham, p. 37. [8] Ibid. p. 33. [9] Ibid [1] Ibid. p. 32.

cluding with the conflicts above mentioned, and their final suppression, "expressed in actions and rhymes" after their manner,[2] one can hardly conceive a more regular model of a complete drama, and if taken up soon after the event, it must have been the earliest of the kind in Europe.[3]

Whatever this old play, or "storial show,"[4] was at the time it was exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, it had probably our young Shakspeare for a spectator, who was then in his twelfth year, and doubtless attended with all the inhabitants of the surrounding country at these "princely pleasures of Kenelworth,"[5] whence Stratford is only a few miles distant. And as the queen was much diverted with the Coventry Play, "whereat Her Majesty laught well," and rewarded the performers with two bucks, and five marks in money: who, "what rejoicing upon their ample reward, and what triumphing upon the good acceptance, vaunted their Play was never so dignified, nor ever any Players before so beatified:" but especially if our young bard afterwards gained admittance into the castle to see a Play, which the same evening, after supper, was there "presented of a very good theme, but so set forth by the actors' well-handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more,"[6] we may imagine what an impression was made on his infant mind. Indeed, the dramatic cast of many parts of that superb entertainment, which continued nineteen days, and was the most splendid of the kind ever attempted in this kingdom; the addresses to the queen in the personated characters of a Sybille, a Savage Man, and Sylvanus, as she approached or departed from the castle; and, on the water, by Arion, a Triton, or the Lady of the Lake, must have had a very great effect on a young imagination, whose dramatic powers were hereafter to astonish the world.

But that the Historical Play was considered by our old writers, and by Shakspeare himself, as distinct from Tragedy and Comedy, appears from numberless passages of their works. "Of late days," says Stow, "instead of those Stage-Playes[7] hath been used Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, and HISTORIES, both true and fayned."—Survey of London.[8] Beaumont and Fletcher, in the prologue to **The Captain**, say,

> "This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,
> Nor HISTORY."

Polonius in **Hamlet** commends the actors, as the best in the world,

[2] Laneham, p. 33.

[3] The rhymes, &c., prove this play to have been in English; whereas Mr. Thomas Warton thinks the Mysteries composed before 1328 were in Latin. Malone's *Shaksp.* vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 9.

[4] Laneham, p. 32. [5] See Nichols's *Progresses*, vol. i. p. 57.

[6] Laneham, p. 38, 39. This was on *Sunday* evening, July 9.

[7] The Creation of the World, acted at Skinners-well in 1409.

[8] See Stow's *Survey of London*, 1603, 4to, p. 94 (said in the title-page to be "written in 1598"). See also Warton's *Observations on Spenser*, vol. ii. p. 109.

"either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall," &c. And Shakspeare's friends, Heminge and Condell, in the first folio edition of his Plays, in 1623,[9] have not only entitled their book "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, HISTORIES, and Tragedies," but in their table of contents have arranged them under those three several heads; placing in the class of Histories, "King John, Richard II., Henry IV. two parts, Henry V., Henry VI. three parts, Richard III., and Henry VIII.;" to which they might have added such of his other Plays as have their subjects taken from the old Chronicles, or Plutarch's Lives.

Although Shakspeare is found not to have been the first who invented this species of drama,[1] yet he cultivated it with such superior success, and threw upon this simple inartificial tissue of scenes such a blaze of genius, that his HISTORIES maintain their ground in defiance of Aristotle and all the critics of the classic school, and will ever continue to interest and instruct an English audience.

Before Shakspeare wrote, Historical Plays do not appear to have attained this distinction, being not mentioned in Queen Elizabeth's licence, in 1574,[2] to James Burbage and others, who are only empowered "to use, exercyse, and occupie the arte and facultye of playenge Comedies, Tragedies, Enterludes, Stage-Playes, and such other like." But when Shakspeare's HISTORIES had become the ornaments of the stage, they were considered by the public, and by himself, as a formal and necessary species, and are thenceforth so distinguished in public instruments. They are particularly inserted in the licence granted by King James I. in 1603[3] to W. Shakspeare himself, and the Players his fellows, who are authorised "to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, HISTORIES, Interludes, Morals, Pastorals, Stage-Plaies, and such like." The same merited distinction they continued to maintain after his death, till the theatre itself was extinguished; for they are expressly mentioned in a warrant in 1622, for licensing certain "late Comedians of Queen Anne deceased, to bring up children in the qualitie and exercise of playing Comedies, *Histories*, Interludes, Morals, Pastorals, Stage-Plaies, and such like."[4] The same appears in an admonition issued in 1637,[5] by Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, then Lord Chamberlain, to the Master and Wardens of the Company of Printers and Stationers; wherein is set forth the complaint of His Majesty's servants the Players, that

[9] The same distinction is continued in the 2d and 3d folios, &c.

[1] See Malone's *Shaksp.* vol. i. part ii. p. 31.

[2] Ibid. vol. i. part ii. p. 37.

[3] Ibid. vol. i. part ii. p. 40.

[4] Ibid. p. 49. Here *Histories*, or Historical Plays, are found totally to have excluded the mention of Tragedies; a proof of their superior popularity. In an order for the king's comedians to attend King Charles I. in his summer's progress, 1636 (ibid. p. 144), *Histories* are not particularly mentioned; but so neither are Tragedies: they being briefly directed to "act Playes, Comedyes, and Interludes, without any lett," &c.

[5] Ibid. p. 139.

"diverse of their books of Comedyes and Tragedies, CHRONICLE-HISTORYES, and the like," had been printed and published to their prejudice, &c.

This distinction, we see, prevailed for near half a century; but after the Restoration, when the Stage revived for the entertainment of a new race of auditors, many of whom had been exiled in France, and formed their taste from the French theatre, Shakspeare's HISTORIES appear to have been no longer relished; at least, the distinction respecting them is dropped in the patents that were immediately granted after the king's return.

This appears, not only from the allowance to Mr. William Beeston, in June 1660,[6] to use the house in Salisbury Court "for a Play-house, wherein Comedies, Tragedies, Tragi-Comedies, Pastoralls, and Interludes, may be acted," but also from the fuller grant (dated August 21, 1670),[7] to Thomas Killigrew, Esq., and Sir William Davenant, Knight, by which they have authority to erect two companies of players, and to fit up two theatres "for the representation of Tragydies, Comedyes, Playes, Operas, and all other entertainments of that nature."

But while Shakspeare was the favourite dramatic poet, his HISTORIES had such superior merit, that he might well claim to be the chief, if not the only historic dramatist that kept possession of the English stage; which gives a strong support to the tradition mentioned by Gildon,[8] that in a conversation with Ben Jonson, our bard vindicated his Historical Plays, by urging, that as he had found "the nation in general very ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct the people in this particular." This is assigning not only a good motive, but a very probable reason for his preference of this species of composition; since we cannot doubt but his illiterate countrymen would not only want such instruction when he first began to write, notwithstanding the obscure dramatic chroniclers who precede him, but also that they would highly profit by his admirable Lectures on English History, so long as he continued to deliver them to his audience; and as it implies no claim to his being the *first* who introduced our chronicles on the stage, I see not why the tradition should be rejected.

Upon the whole we have had abundant proof that both Shakspeare and his contemporaries considered his HISTORIES, or Historical Plays, as of a legitimate distinct species, sufficiently separate from Tragedy and Comedy; a distinction which deserves the particular attention of his critics and commentators, who, by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and best vindication for his neglect of the unities, and departure from the classical dramatic forms: for, if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by whatever rule the author prescribed for his own observance, then we ought not to try Shakspeare's HISTORIES by the general laws of Tragedy or Comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not, is another inquiry; but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles ac-

[6] This is believed to be the date by Mr. Malone, vol. ii. part ii. p. 239.
[7] Malone, vol. ii. pt. ii. p. 244. [8] Ibid. vol. vi. p. 427.

cording to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.

V. We have now brought the inquiry as low as was intended, but cannot quit it without entering into a short description of what may be called the Economy of the ancient English Stage.

Such was the fondness of our forefathers for dramatic entertainments, that not fewer than *nineteen* play-houses had been opened before the year 1633, when Prynne published his *Histriomastix*.[9] From this writer it should seem that "tobacco, wine, and beer,"[1] were in those days the usual accommodations in the theatre.

With regard to the players themselves, the several companies were (as hath been already shown[2]) retainers, or menial servants to particular noblemen,[3] who protected them in the exercise of their pro-

[9] He speaks, in p. 492, of the play-houses in Bishopsgate-street and on Ludgate-hill, which are not among the seventeen enumerated in the Preface to Dodsley's *Old Plays*. Nay, it appears from Rymer's MSS. that *twenty-three* Play-houses had been at different periods open in London; and even *six* of them at one time.—See Malone's *Shakspeare*, vol. i. pt. ii. p. 48.

[1] So, I think, we may infer from the following passage, viz. "How many are there, who, according to their several qualities, spend 2*d*. 3*d*. 4*d*. 6*d*. 12*d*. 18*d*. 2*s*. and sometimes 4*s*. or 5*s*. at a play-house, day by day, if coach-hire, boat-hire, tobacco, wine, beere, and such like vaine expenses, which playes doe usually occasion, be cast into the reckoning?"—Prynne's *Histriomastix*, p. 322.

But that tobacco was smoked in the play-houses, appears from Taylor the Water-poet, in his Proclamation for Tobacco's Propagation. "Let *Play-houses*, drinking-schools, taverns, &c., be continually haunted with the contaminous vapours of it; nay (if it be possible), bring it into the CHURCHES, and there choak up their preachers."—Works, p. 253. And this was really the case at Cambridge: James I. sent a letter in 1607, against "taking tobacco" in St. Mary's. So I learn from my friend Mr. Farmer.

A gentleman has informed me, that once going into a church in Holland, he saw the male part of the audience sitting with their hats on, smoking tobacco, while the preacher was holding forth in his morning-gown.

[2] See the extracts above in p. 93, from the E. of Northum. Household-Book.

[3] See the Preface to Dodsley's *Old Plays*. The author of an old invective against the Stage, called *A third Blast of Retrait from Plaies*, &c., 1580, 12mo, says, "Alas! that private affection should so raigne in the nobilitie, that to pleasure their servants, and to upholde them in their vanitye, they should restraine the magistrates from executing their office! . . . They [the nobility] are thought to be covetous by permitting their servants . . . . . to live at the devotion or almes of other men, passing from countrie to countrie, from one gentleman's house to another, offering their service, which is a kind of beggerie. Who indeede, to speake more trulie, are become beggers for their servants. For commonlie the good-wil men

fession: and many of them were occasionally strollers, that travelled from one gentleman's house to another. Yet so much were they encouraged that, notwithstanding their multitude, some of them acquired large fortunes. Edward Allen, master of the play-house called the Globe, who founded Dulwich College, is a known instance. And an old writer speaks of the very inferior actors, whom he calls the Hirelings, as living in a degree of splendour, which was thought enormous in that frugal age.[4]

At the same time the ancient prices of admission were often very low. Some houses had penny-benches.[5] The "twopenny gallery" is mentioned in the prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman-Hater*.[6] And seats of threepence and a groat seem to be intended in

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beare to the Lordes, makes them draw the stringes of their purses to extend their liberalitie."—Vide pp. 75, 76, &c.

[4] Stephen Gosson in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, 12mo, fol. 23, says thus of what he terms in his margin *Players-men:* "Over lashing in apparel is so common a fault, that the very hyerlings of some of our players, which stand at revirsion of vi s. by the week, jet under gentlemen's noses in sutis of silke, exercising themselves to prating on the stage, and common scoffing when they come abrode, where they look askance over the shoulder at every man of whom the Sunday before they begged an almes. I speake not this, as though everye one that professeth the qualitie so abused himselfe, for it is well knowen, that some of them are sober, discreete, properly learned, honest householders and citizens, well-thought on among their neighbours at home" [he seems to mean Edward Allen above mentioned], "though the pryde of their shadowes (I mean those hangbyes, whom they succour with stipend) cause them to be somewhat il-talked of abroad."

In a subsequent period we have the following satirical fling at the showy exterior and supposed profits of the actors of that time.—Vide Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, 1625, 4to.

"'What is your profession?'—'Truly, Sir, ... I am a *Player*.' 'A Player? . . . . I took you rather for a Gentleman of great living; for if by outward habit men should be censured, I tell you, you would be taken for a substantial man.'—'So I am where I dwell . . . . What, though the world once went hard with me, when I was fayne to carry my playing-tardle a foot-backe: *Tempora Mutantur* . . . for my very share in playing apparell will not be sold for *two hundred Pounds* . . . . Nay more, I can serve to make a pretty speech, for I was a country author, passing at a *Moral*,'" &c.—See Roberto's Tale, Sign. D. 3. b.

[5] So a MS. of Oldys, from Tom Nash, an old pamphlet-writer. And this is confirmed by Taylor the Water-poet, in his *Praise of Beggerie* (p. 99),

> "Yet have I seen a begger with his many [sc. vermin],
> Come at a Play-house, all in for one penny."

[6] So in the *Belman's Night-walks* by Decker, 1616, 4to. "Pay thy *two-pence* to a Player, in this gallery thou mayest sit by a harlot."

the passage of Prynne above referred to. Yet different houses varied in their prices: that play-house called the Hope had seats of five several rates, from sixpence to half-a-crown.[7] But the general price of what is now called the Pit, seems to have been a shilling.[8]

The day originally set apart for theatrical exhibition appears to have been Sunday; probably because the first dramatic pieces were of a religious cast. During a great part of Queen Elizabeth's reign the play-houses were only licensed to be opened on that day.[9] But before the end of her reign, or soon after, this abuse was probably removed.

The usual time of acting was early in the afternoon,[1] plays being generally performed by daylight.[2] All female parts were performed by men, no English actress being ever seen on the public stage[3] before the civil wars.

[7] Induct. to Ben. Jonson's *Bartholomew-fair:* an ancient satirical piece, called *The Blacke Booke*, Lond. 1604, 4to, talks of "the *sixpenny roomes* in Play-houses," and leaves a legacy to one whom he calls "Arch-tobacco-taker of England, in ordinaries, upon *stayes* both common and private."

[8] Shaksp. Prol. to *Hen. VIII.*—Beaum. and Fletch. Prol. to the *Captain*, and to the *Mad-lover*. The pit probably had its name from one of the play-houses having been a cock-pit.

[9] So Ste. Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, 12mo, speaking of the Players, says, "These, because they are allowed to play every Sunday, make iiii or v Sundayes at least every week," fol. 24. So the Author of *A Second and Third Blast of Retrait from Plaies*, 1580, 12mo. "Let the magistrate but repel them from the libertie of plaieng on the Sabboth-daie . . . . To plaie on the Sabboth is but a privileage of sufferance, and might with ease be repelled, were it thoroughly followed."—pp. 61, 62. So again, "Is not the Sabboth of al other daies the most abused? . . . . Wherefore abuse not so the Sabboth-daie, my brethren; leave not the temple of the Lord." . . . . "Those unsaverie morsels of unseemelie sentences passing out of the mouth of a ruffenlie plaier, doth more content the hungrie humors of the rude multitude, and carrieth better rellish in their mouthes, than the bread of the worde," &c.—Vide pp. 63, 65, 69, &c. I do not recollect that exclamations of this kind occur in Prynne, whence I conclude that this enormity no longer subsisted in his time.

It should also seem, from the author of the Third Blast above quoted, that the churches still continued to be used occasionally for theatres. Thus in p. 77, he says, that the Players (who, as hath been observed, were servants of the nobility), "under the title of their maisters, or as reteiners, are privileged to roave abroad, and permitted to publish their mametree in everie temple of God, and that throughout England, unto the horrible contempt of praier."

[1] "He entertaines us (says Overbury in his Character of an Actor) in the best leisure of our life, that is, betweene meales; the most unfit time either for study, or bodily exercise." Even so late as in the reign of Charles II., plays generally began at three in the afternoon.

[2] See *Biogr. Brit.* i. 117. n. D.

[3] I say "no *English* actress . . . . on the public stage," because Prynne speaks of it as unusual enormity, that "they had Frenchwomen actors

Lastly, with regard to the play-house furniture and ornaments, a writer of King Charles the Second's time,[4] who well remembered the preceding age, assures us, that in general "they had no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry, and the stage strewed with rushes, with habits accordingly."[5] Yet Coryate thought our theatrical exhibitions, &c., splendid, when compared with what he saw abroad. Speaking of the Theatre for Comedies at Venice, he says, "The house is very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately play-houses in England: neyther can their actors compare with ours for apparrell, shewes, and musicke. Here I observed certaine things that I never saw before; for I saw WOMEN ACT, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London: and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor."[6]

It ought, however, to be observed, that amid such a multitude of play-houses as subsisted in the metropolis before the civil wars, there must have been a great difference between their several accommodations, ornaments, and prices: and that some would be much more showy than others, though probably all were much inferior in splendour to the two great theatres after the Restoration.

*** The preceding ESSAY, although some of the materials are new arranged, hath received no alteration deserving notice, from what it was in the second edition, 1767, except in Sect. IV., which in the present impression, hath been much enlarged.

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in a play not long since personated in Blackfriars Play-house." This was in 1629, vid. p. 215. And though female parts were performed by men or boys on the public stage, yet in Masques at court, the queen and her ladies made no scruple to perform the principal parts, especially in the reigns of James I. and Charles I.

Sir William Davenant, after the Restoration, introduced women, scenery, and higher prices.—See Cibber's *Apology for his own Life*.

[4] See a short discourse on the English Stage subjoined to Flecknor's *Loves Kingdom*, 1674, 12mo.

[5] It appears from an Epigram of Taylor the Water-poet, that one of the principal theatres in his time, *viz.* the Globe, on the Bankside, Southwark (which Ben Jonson calls the "Glory of the Bank, and Fort of the whole Parish)," had been covered with thatch till it was burnt down in 1613.—See Taylor's *Sculler*, Epig. 22, p. 31; Jonson's *Execration on Vulcan*.

Puttenham tells us they used vizards in his time, "partly to supply the want of players, when there were more parts than there were persons, or that it was not thought meet to trouble . . . . princes chambers with too many folkes."—*Art of Eng. Poes.* 1589, p. 26. From the last clause it should seem that they were chiefly used at the *Masques* at court.

[6] Coryate's *Crudities*, 4to 1611, p. 217

This is mentioned, because, since it was first published, the History of the English Stage hath been copiously handled by Mr. Thomas Warton in his "History of English Poetry, 1774," &c., 3 vols. 4to (wherein is inserted whatever in these volumes fell in with his subject); and by Edmond Malone, Esq., who in his "Historical Account of the English Stage" (*Shaksp.* vol. i. pt. ii. 1790), hath added greatly to our knowledge of the economy and usages of our ancient theatres.

END OF THE ESSAY.

I.

Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly

were three noted outlaws, whose skill in archery rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland counties. Their place of residence was in the forest of Englewood, not far from Carlisle (called corruptly in the ballad English-wood, whereas Engle- or Ingle-wood, signifies wood for firing). At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballad on *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood*, makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them: viz.—

"The father of *Robin* a Forester was,
And he shot in a lusty long-bow
Two north-country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:

"For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William a Clowdéslee
To shoot with our Forester for forty mark;
And our Forester beat them all three.
Collect. of Old Ballads, 1727, vol. i. p. 67.

This seems to prove that they were commonly thought to have lived before the popular hero of Sherwood.

Our northern archers were not unknown to their southern countrymen, their excellence at the long-bow is often alluded to by our ancient poets. Shakspeare, in his comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing*, act i., makes Benedicke confirm his resolves of not yielding to love by this protestation, "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat,[1] and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder and called *Adam*:" meaning *Adam Bell*, as Theobald rightly observes, who refers to one or two other passages in our old poets wherein he is mentioned. The Oxford editor has also well conjectured that "Abraham Cupid," in *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 1, should be "*Adam* Cupid." in allusion to our archer. Ben Jonson has mentioned *Clym o' the Clough* in his *Alchemist*, act i. sc. 2. And Sir William Davenant, in a mock poem of his, called *The long Vacation in London*, describes the attorneys and proctors as making matches to meet in Finsbury-fields.

[1] Bottles formerly were of leather; though perhaps a wooden bottle might be here meant. It is still a diversion in Scotland to hang up a cat in a small cask, or firkin, half filled with soot; and then a parcel of clowns on horseback try to beat out the ends of it, in order to show their dexterity in escaping before the contents fall upon them.

"With loynes in canvas bow-case tyde:[2]
Where arrowes stick with mickle pride; . . . .
Like ghosts of *Adam Bell* and *Clymme*.
Sol sets for fear they'l shoot at him."

Works, p. 291, fol. 1673.

I have only to add further, concerning the principal hero of this ballad, that the Bells were noted rogues in the North so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth. See in Rymer's *Fœdera*, a letter from Lord William Howard to some of the officers of state, wherein he mentions them.

As for the following stanzas, which will be judged from the style, orthography, and numbers, to be very ancient, they are given (corrected in some places by a MS. in the Editor's old folio) from a black-letter quarto, Imprinted at London in Lothbury by Wyllyam Copland (no date). That old quarto edition seems to be exactly followed in "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry, &c., Lond. 1791," 8vo, the variations from which that occur in the following copy, are selected from many others in the folio MS. above mentioned; and when distinguished by the usual inverted 'comma,' have been assisted by conjecture.

In the same MS. this ballad is followed by another, entitled *Young Cloudeslee*, being a continuation of the present story, and reciting the adventures of William of Cloudesly's son: but greatly inferior to this both in merit and antiquity.

PART THE FIRST.

Mery it was in the grene forèst
Amonge the levès grene,
Wheras men hunt east and west,
Wyth bowes and arrowes kene,

To ryse the dere out of theyr denne,
Suche sightes hath ofte bene sene,
As by thre yemen of the north countrèy,
By them it is I meane.

The one of them hight Adam Bel,
The other Clym of the Clough,[3]
The thyrd was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good ynough.

[2] *i. e.* Each with a canvas bow-case tied round his loins.

[3] *Clym of the Clough* means Clem. [Clement] of the Cliff: for so Clough signifies in the North.

They were outlawed for venyson,
These yemen everychone;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To Englyshe-wood for to gone.

Now lith and lysten, gentylmen,
That of myrthes loveth to here:
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.

Wyllyam was the wedded man,
Muche more then was hys care:
He sayde to hys brethren upon a day,
To Carleile he would fare,

For to speke with fayre Alyce his wife,
And with hys chyldren thre.
"By my trouth," sayde Adam Bel,
"Not by the counsell of me.

"For if ye go to Carleile, brother,
And from thys wylde wode wende,
If the justice may you take,
Your lyfe were at an ende."

"If that I come not to-morrowe, brother,
By pryme to you agayne,
Truste you then that I am 'taken,'
Or else that I am slayne."

He toke hys leave of hys brethren two,
And to Carleile he is gon;
There he knocked at hys owne windòwe,
Shortlye and anone.

"Wher be you, fayre Alyce," he sayd,
"My wife and chyldren thre?
Lyghtly let in thyne owne husbànde,
Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

"Alas!" then sayde fayre Alyce,
And syghed wonderous sore,
"Thys place hath ben besette for you,
Thys halfe yere and more."

Ver 24, *Caerl.l*, in P.C. passim. V. 35, take. P.C., tane. MS.

"Now am I here," sayde Cloudeslè,
"I would that in I were:
Now fetche us meate and drynke ynoughe,
And let us make good chere."

She fetched hym meate and drynke plentye,
Lyke a true wedded wyfe,
And pleased hym wyth that she had,
Whome she loved as her lyfe.

There lay an old wyfe in that place,
A lytle besyde the fyre,
Whych Wyllyam had found, of charytyè,
More than seven yere.

Up she rose and forth she goes,
Evill mote she speede therfore,
For she had sett no fote on ground
In seven yere before.

She went unto the justice-hall,
As fast as she could hye:
"Thys night," shee sayd, "is come to town
Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

Thereof the justice was full fayne,
And so was the shirife also;
"Thou shalt not trauaile hether, dame, for nought,
Thy meed thou shalt have ore thou go."

They gave to her a ryght good goune
Of scarlate, 'and of graine:'
She toke the gyft and home she wente,
And couched her doune agayne.

They rysed the towne of mery Carleile
In all the haste they can,
And came thronging to Wyllyames house,
As fast as they might gone.

There they besette that good yeman,
Round about on every syde,
Wyllyam hearde great noyse of folkes,
That thither-ward fast hyed.

Alyce opened a back-wyndòw,
And loked all aboute,
She was ware of the justice and shirife bothe,
Wyth a full great route.

"Alas! treason," cryed Alyce,
"Ever wo may thou be!
Goe into my chamber, husband," she sayd,
"Swete Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

He toke hys sweard and hys bucler,
Hys bow and hys chyldren thre,
And wente into hys strongest chamber,
Where he thought the surest to be.

Fayre Alyce, like a lover true,
Took a pollaxe in her hande:
Said, "He shal dye that cometh in
Thys dore, whyle I may stand."

Cloudeslè bente a right good bowe,
That was of a trusty tre,
He smot the justise on the brest,
That hys arowe brest in thre.

"'A' curse on his harte," saide William,
"Thys day thy cote dyd on;
If it had ben no better then myne,
It had gone nere thy bone."

"Yelde the, Cloudeslè," sayd the justise,
"And thy bowe and thy arrowes the fro."
"'A' curse on hys hart," sayd fair Alyce,
"That my husband councelleth so."

"Set fyre on the house," saide the sherife,
"Syth it wyll no better be,
And brenne we therin William," he saide,
"Hys wyfe and chyldren thre."

They fyred the house in many a place.
The fyre flew up on hye;
"Alas!" then cryed fayre Alice,
"I se we here shall dy."

Ver. 85, the MS., shop window. P.C.

William openyd a backe wyndòw,
That was in hys chamber hye,
And there with sheetes he did let downe
His wyfe and chyldren thre.

"Have here my treasure," sayde William,
"My wyfe and my chyldren thre,
For Christès love do them no harme,
But wreke you all on me."

Wyllyam shot so wondrous well,
Tyll hys arrowes were all agoe,
And the fyre so fast upon hym fell,
That hys bowstryng brent in two.

The sparkles brent and fell upon
Good Wyllyam of Cloudeslè;
Than was he a wofull man, and sayde,
"This is a cowardes death to me.

"Lever had I," sayde Wyllyam,
"With my sworde in the route to renne,
Then here among myne enemyes wode,
Thus cruelly to bren."

He toke hys sweard and hys buckler,
And among them all he ran;
Where the people were most in prece,
He smot downe many a man.

There myght no man abyde hys stroke,
So fersly on them he ran;
Then they threw wyndowes and dores on him,
And so toke that good yemàn.

There they hym bounde both hand and fote,
And in depe dungeon hym cast;
Now Cloudeslè," sayd the justice,
"Thou shalt be hanged in hast."

A payre of new gallowes," sayd the sherife,
"Now shal I for the make;'
And the gates of Carleil shal be shutte:
No man shal come in therat.

V. 151, sic MS., hye justice. P.C. V. 153, 4, are contracted from the fol. MS. and P.C.

"Then shall not helpe Clym of the Cloughe,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devels in hell."

Early in the mornynge the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gon,
And commaunded to be shut full close
Lightilè everychone.

Then went he to the markett place,
As fast as he coulde hye;
A payre of new gallowes there he set up
Besyde the pyllorye.

A lytle boy 'amonge them asked,'
"What meaneth that gallow-tre?"
They sayde "to hange a good yemàn,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

That lytle boye was the towne swyne-heard,
And kept fayre Alyces swyne;
Oft he had seene William in the wodde,
And geuen hym there to dyne.

He went out att a crevis in the wall,
And lightly to the woode dyd gone;
There met he with these wightye yemen
Shortly and anone.

"Alas!" then sayde that lytle boye,
"Ye tary here all to longe;
Cloudeslè is taken and dampned to death,
All readye for to honge."

"Alas!" then sayd good Adam Bell,
"That ever we see thys daye!
He had better with us have taryed,
So ofte as we dyd hym praye.

"He myght have dwelt in grene forèste,
Under the shadowes grene,
And have kepte both hym and us in reste,
Out of trouble and teene."

V 179, younge men. P.C. V. 190, sic MS. shadowes sheene. P.C.

Adam bent a ryght good bow,
A great hart sone hee had slayne;
"Take that, chylde," he sayed, "to thy dynner,
And bryng me myne arrowe agayne."

"Now go we hence," sayd these wightye yeomen,
"Tary we no lenger here;
We shall hym borowe, by God his grace,
Though we bye it full dere."

To Caerleil wente these good yemèn,
All in a mornyng of Maye.
Here is a FYT[4] of Cloudeslye,
And another is for to saye.

PART THE SECOND.

AND when they came to mery Carleile,
All in 'the' mornyng tyde,
They founde the gates shut them untyll
About on every syde.

"Alas!" then sayd good Adam Bell,
"That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wonderous fast,
We may not come therein."

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
"Wyth a wyle we wyl us in bryng;
Let us saye we be messengers,
Streyght come nowe from our king."

Adam said, "I have a letter written,
Now let us wysely werke,
We wyl saye we have the kynges seale;
I holde the porter no clerke."

Then Adam Bell bete on the gate,
With strokes great and stronge;
The porter marveiled who was therat,
And to the gate he throng.

V. 197, jolly yeomen. MS. wight yong men, P.C.

[4] See Gloss.

"Who is there nowe," sayde the porter,
"That maketh all thys knockinge?"
"We be tow messengers," quoth Clim of the Clough,
"Be come ryght from our kyng."

"We have a letter," sayd Adam Bel,
"To the justice we must it bryng;
Let us in, our message to do,
That we were agayne to the kyng."

"Here commeth none in," sayd the porter,
"By Hym that dyed on a tre,
Tyll a false thefe be hanged up,
Called Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

Then spake the good yeman Clym of the Clough,
And swore by Mary fre,
"And if that we stande long wythout,
Lyke a thefe hanged thou shalt be.

"Lo! here we have the kyngès seale;
What, lurden, art thou wode?"
The porter went [5] it had ben so,
And lyghtly dyd off hys hode.

"Welcome be my lordes seale," he saide;
"For that ye shall come in."
He opened the gate full shortlye,
An euyl openyng for him.

"Now are we in," sayde Adam Bell,
"Whereof we are full faine,
But Christ he knowes, that harowed hell,
How we shall com out agayne."

"Had we the keys," said Clim of the Clough,
"Ryght wel then shoulde we spede;
Then might we come out wel ynough
When we se tyme and nede."

V. 38, Lordeyne. P.C.

[5] *i. e.* weened, *thought* (which last is the reading of the folio MS.). Calais or Rouen was taken from the English by showing the governor who could not read, a letter with the king's seal, which was all he looked at.

They called the porter to counsell,
And wrange hys necke in two,
And caste hym in a depe dongeòn,
And toke hys keys hym fro.

"Now am I porter," sayd Adam Bel,
"Se, brother, the keys are here;
The worst porter to merry Carleile,
That ye had thys hundred yere.

"And now wyll we our bowes bend,
Into the towne wyll we go,
For to delyuer our dere brothèr,
That lyeth in care and wo."

Then they bent theyr good ewe bowes,
And loked theyr stringes were round;[6]
The markett place in mery Carleile
They beset in that stound.

And as they loked them besyde,
A paire of new galowes 'they' see,
And the justice with a quest of squyers,
Had judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudeslè lay redy there in a carte,
Fast bound both fote and hande,
And a stronge rop about hys necke,
All readye for to hange.

The justice called to him a ladde,
Cloudeslès clothes hee shold have,
To take the measure of that yemàn,
Therafter to make hys grave.

"I have sene as great mervaile," said Cloudesle,
"As betweyne thys and pryme,
He that maketh a grave for me,
Hymselfe may lye therin."

[6] So Ascham in his *Toxophilus*, gives a precept; "The stringe must l rounde" (p. 149, ed. 1761): otherwise, we may conclude from mechanica principles, the arrow will not fly true.

"Thou speakest proudlye," said the justice,
"I shall the hange with my hande."
Full wel herd this his brethren two,
There styll as they dyd stande.

Then Cloudeslè cast hys eyen asyde,
And saw hys 'brethren twaine'
At a corner of the market place,
Redy the justice for to slaine.

"I se comfort," sayd Cloudeslè,
"Yet hope I well to fare;
If I might have my handes at wyll,
Ryght lytle wolde I care."

Then spake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free,
"Brother, se ye marke the justyce wel,
Lo yonder you may him se.

"And at the shyrife shote I wyll,
Strongly wyth an arrowe kene;
A better shote in mery Carleile
Thys seven yere was not sene."

They loosed their arrowes both at once,
Of no man had they dread;
The one hyt the justice, the other the sheryfe,
That both theyr sides gan blede.

All men voyded, that them stode nye,
When the justice fell to the grounde,
And the sherife nye hym by,
Eyther had his deathes wounde.

All the citizens fast gan flye,
They durst no longer abyde;
There lyghtly they loosed Cloudeslee,
Where he with ropes lay tyde.

Wyllyam start to an officer of the towne,
Hys axe out of hys hande he wronge,
On eche syde he smote them downe,
Hee thought he taryed to long.

V. 105, lowsed thre. r.c. V. 108, can bled. MS.

Wyllyam sayde to hys brethren two,
"Thys daye let us lyve and de;
If ever you have nede as I have now,
The same shall you finde by me."

They shot so well in that tyde,
For theyr stringes were of silke ful sure,
That they kept the stretes on every side:
That batàyle did long endure.

The fought togcther as brethren tru,
Lyke hardy men and bolde;
Many a man to the ground they thrue,
And many a herte made colde.

But when their arrowes were all gon,
Men preced to them full fast;
They drew theyr swordès then anone,
And theyr bowes from them they cast.

They went lyghtlye on theyr way,
Wyth swordes and buclers round;
By that it was myd of the day,
They made many a wound.

There was many an out-horne[7] in Carleil blowen,
And the belles bacwàrd dyd ryng;
Many a woman sayde alas!
And many theyr handes dyd wryng.

The mayre of Carleile forth was com,
Wyth hym a ful great route;
These yemen dred hym full sore,
Of theyr lyves they stode in great doute.

The mayre came armed a full great pace,
With a pollaxe in hys hande;
Many a strong man wyth him was,
There in that stowre to stande.

V. 148, For of. MS.

[7] *Outhorne* is an old term, signifying the calling forth of subjects to arms by the sound of a horn.—See Cole's Lat. Dict., Bailey, &c.

The mayre smot at Cloudeslè with his bil,
Hys bucler he brast in two;
Full many a yeman with great evyll,
"Alas! treason" they cryed for wo.
"Kepe we the gates fast," they bad,
"That these traytours thereout not go."

But al for nought was that they wrought,
For so fast they downe were layde,
Tyll they all thre, that so manfulli fought,
Were gotten without at a braide.

"Have here your keys," sayd Adam Bel,
"Myne office I here forsake;
If you do by my counsell,
A new porter do ye make."

He threw theyr keys at theyr heads,
And bad them evell to thryve;
And all that letteth any good yeman
To come and comfort his wyfe.

Thus be these good yemen gon to the wod,
And lyghtly as lefe on lynde;
The lough and be mery in theyr mode,
Theyr enemyes were ferr behynd.

And when they came to Englyshe-wode,
Under the trusty tre,
There they found bowes full good,
And arrowes full great plentye.

"So God me help," sayd Adam Bell
And Clym of the Clough so fre,
"I would we were in mery Carleile,
Before that fayre meynye."

They set them downe and made good chere,
And eate and dranke full well:
A second FYT of the wightye yeomen:
Another I wyll you tell.

V. 175, merry green **wood.** MS. V. 185, See part i. ver. 197.

PART THE THIRD

As they sat in Englyshe-wood,
Under the green-wode tre,
They thought they herd a woman wepe,
But her they mought not se.

Sore then syghed the fayre Alyce:
"That ever I sawe thys day!
For nowe is my dere husband slayne,
Alas! and wel-a-way!

"Myght I have spoken wyth hys dere brethren,
Or with eyther of them twayne,
To shew to them what him befell,
My hart were out of payne."

Cloudeslè walked a lytle beside,
He looked under the grene-wood linde,
He was ware of his wyfe, and chyldren thre,
Full wo in harte and mynde.

"Welcome, wyfe," then sayde Wyllyam,
"Under 'this' trusti tre;
I had wende yesterdaye, by swete Saynt John,
Thou sholdest me never 'have' se."

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My harte is out of wo."
"Dame," he sayde, "be mery and glad,
And thanke my brethren two."

"Herof to speake," said Adam Bell,
"I-wis it is no bote;
The meate, that we must supp withall,
It runneth yet fast on fote.

Then went they downe into a launde,
These noble archares all thre,
Eche of them slew a hart of greece,
The best that they cold se.

V. 20, never had se. P.C. and MS.

"Have here the best, Alyce, my wyfe,"
Sayde Wyllyam of Cloudeslye;
"By cause ye so bouldly stode by me,
When I was slayne full nye."

Then went they to suppère,
Wyth suche meate as they had,
And thanked God of ther fortune;
They were both mery and glad.

And when they had supped well,
Certayne wythouten lease,
Cloudeslè sayd, "We wyll to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace.

"Alyce shal be at sojournyng
In a nunnery here besyde;
My tow sonnes shall wyth her go,
And ther they shall abyde.

"Myne eldest son shall go wyth me,
For hym have 'you' no care,
And he shall breng you worde agayn,
How that we do fare."

Thus be these yemen to London gone,
As fast as they myght 'he,'[9]
Tyll they came to the kynges pallàce,
Where they woulde nedes be.

And whan they came to the kyngès courte,
Unto the pallace gate,
Of no man wold they aske no leave,
But boldly went in therat.

They preced prestly into the hall,
Of no man had they dreade;
The porter came after and dyd them call,
And with them gan to chyde.

V. 50, have I no care. P.C.

[9] *i. e.* hie, hasten.

The usher sayde, "Yemen, what wold ye have?
I pray you tell to me;
You myght thus make offycers shent:
Good Syrs, of whence be ye?"

"Syr, we be out-lawes of the forest,
Certayne withouten lease,
And hether we be come to our kyng,
To get us a charter of peace."

And whan they came before the kyng,
As it was the lawe of the lande,
The kneled downe without lettyng,
And eche held up his hand.

The sayed, "Lorde, we beseche the here,
That ye wyll graunt us grace,
For we have slayne your fat falow dere
In many a sondry place."

"What be your nams?" then said our king,
"Anone that you tell me:"
They sayd, "Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

"Be ye those theves," then sayd our kyng,
"That men have tolde of to me?
Here to God I make an avowe,
Ye shal be hanged al thre.

"Ye shal be dead without mercy,
As I am kynge of this lande."
He commanded his officers everichone
Fast on them to lay hande.

There they toke these good yemen,
And arested them al thre:
"So may I thryve," sayd Adam Bell,
"Thys game lyketh not me.

"But, good Lorde, we beseche you now,
That yee graunt us grace.
Insomuche as we do to you come,
Or els that we may fro you passe,

"With such weapons as we have here,
Tyll we be out of your place;
And yf we lyve this hundreth yere,
We wyll aske you no grace."

"Ye speake proudly," sayd the kynge,
"Ye shall be hanged all thre."
"That were great pitye," then sayd the quene,
"If any grace myght be.

"My Lorde, whan I came fyrst into this lande,
To be your wedded wyfe,
The fyrst boone that I wold aske,
Ye would graunt it me belyfe;

"And I never asked none tyll now,
Therefore, good Lorde, graunt it me."
"Now aske it, madam," sayd the kynge,
"And graunted it shal be."

"Then, good my Lord, I you beseche,
These yemen graunt ye me."
"Madame, ye might have asked a boone
That shuld have been worth them all thre.

"Ye myght have asked towres and townes,
Parkes and forestes plenté."
"None soe pleasant to my pay," shee sayd
"Nor none so lefe to me."

"Madame, sith it is your desyre,
Your askyng graunted shal be;
But I had lever have given you
Good market townes thre."

Th qeuene was a glad woman,
And sayde, "Lord, gramarcy;
I dare undertake for them,
That true men shal they be.

V. 111, 119, sic MS., bowne. P.C.

V. 130, God a mercye. MS.

"But, good my Lord, speke som mery word,
That comfort they may se."
"I graunt you grace," then sayd our king,
"Washe, felos, and to meate go ye."

They had not setten but a whyle,
Certayne without lesynge,
There came messengers out of the north,
With letters to our kynge.

And whan the came before the kynge,
They knelt downe on theyr kne,
And sayd, "Lord, your officers grete you well,
Of Carleile in the north cuntrè."

"How fareth my justice," sayd the kyng,
"And my sherife also?"
"Syr, they be slayne, without leasynge,
And many an officer mo."

"Who hath them slayne?" sayd the kyng;
"Anone thou tell to me:"
"Adam Bell, and Clime of the Clough,
And Wyllyam of Cloudeslè."

"Alas for rewth!" then sayd our kynge,
"My hart is wonderous sore;
I had lever than a thousande pounde,
I had knowne of thys before.

"For I have graunted them grace,
And that forthynketh me,
But had I knowne all thys before,
They had been hanged all thre."

The kyng hee opened the letter anone,
Hymselfe he red it thro,
And founde how these outlawes had slain
Thre hundred men and mo.

Fyrst the justice and the sheryfe,
And the mayre of Carleile towne;
Of all the constables and catchipolles
Alyve were 'scant' left one.

V. 168, left but one. MS., not one. P.C.

The baylyes and the bedyls both,
And the sergeauntes of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlawes had yslaw,

And broke his parks, and slayne his dere;
Of all they chose the best;
So perelous out-lawes as they were,
Walked not by easte nor west.

When the kynge this letter had red,
In hys harte he syghed sore;
"Take up the tables, anone," he bad,
"For I may eat no more."

The kyng called hys best archars,
To the buttes wyth hym to go;
"I wyll se these felowes shote," he sayd,
"In the north have wrought this wo."

The kynges bowmen buske them blyve,
And the quenes archers also,
So dyd these thre wyghtye yemen,
With them they thought to go.

There twyse or thryse they shote about,
For to assay theyr hande;
There was no shote these yemen shot,
That any prycke[1] myght stand.

Then spake Wyllyam of Cloudeslè,
"By Him that for me dyed,
I hold hym never no good archar,
That shoteth at buttes so wyde."

"At what a butte now wold ye shote,
I pray thee tell to me?"
"At suche a but, Syr," he sayd,
As men use in my countrè."

V. 185, blythe, MS.

[1] *i. e.* mark.

Wyllyam wente into a fyeld,
And 'with him' his two brethren:
There they set up two hasell roddes,
Full twenty score betwene.

"I hold him an archar," said Cloudeslè,
"That yonder wande cleveth in two;"
"Here is none suche," sayd the kyng,
"Nor none that can so do."

"I shall assaye, Syr," sayd Cloudeslè,
"Or that I farther go."
Cloudesly, with a bearyng arowe,
Clave the wand in two.

"Thou art the best archer," then said the king,
"For sothe that ever I se."
"And yet for your love," sayd Wyllyam,
"I wyll do more maystery."

"I have a sonne is seven yere olde,
He is to me full deare;
I wyll hym tye to a stake,
All shall se that be here;

"And lay an apple upon hys head,
And go syxe score hym fro,
And I my selfe, with a brode aròw,
Shall cleve the apple in two."

"Now haste the," then sayd the kyng,
"By Hym that dyed on a tre;
But yf thou do not as thou hest sayde,
Hanged shalt thou be.

"And thou touche his head or gowne,
In syght that men may se,
By all the sayntes that be in heaven,
I shall hange you all thre."

V. 202, 203, 212, to. P.C. V. 204, twenty score paces. P.C. *i. e.* 400 yards. V. 208, sic MS., none that can. P.C. V 222, six-score paces P.C., *i. e.* 120 yards.

"That I have promised," said William,
"That I wyll never forsake:"
And there even before the kynge,
In the earth he drove a stake,

And bound therto his eldest sonne,
And bad hym stand styll thereat,
And turned the childes face him fro,
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bowe he bent;
Syxe score paces they were meaten,
And thether Cloudeslè went.

There he drew out a fayr brode arrowe,
Hys bowe was great and longe,
He set that arrowe in his bowe,
That was both styffe and stronge.

He prayed the people, that wer there,
That they would still stand,
"For he that shoteth for such a wager,
Behoveth a stedfast hand."

Muche people prayed for Cloudeslè,
That hys lyfe saved myght be,
And whan he made hym redy to shote,
There was many weeping ee.

'But' Cloudeslè clefte the apple in two,
As many a man myght se.
"Over Gods forbode," sayde the kinge,
"That thou shold shote at me.

"I geve thee eightene pence a day,
And my bowe shalt thou bere,
And over all the north countrè,
I make thee chyfe rydère."

V. 243, sic MS., out met. P.C.
V. 252, steedye. MS. V. 265, and I geve the xvii pence. P.C.

"And I thyrtene pence a day," said the quene,
"By God and by my fay;
Come feche thy payment when thou wylt,
No man shall say the nay."

"Wyllyam, I make the a gentleman,
Of clothyng and of fe,
And thy two brethren, yemen of my chambre,
For they are so semely to se.

"Your sonne, for he is tendre of age,
Of my wyne-seller he shall be,
And when he commeth to mans estate,
Better avaunced shall he be."

"And, Wyllyam, bring to me your wife," said the quene.
"Me longeth her sore to se;
She shall be my chefe gentlewoman,
To governe my nurserye."

The yemen thanked them full curteously,
"To some byshop wyl we wend,
Of all the synnes that we have done
To be assoyld at his hand."

So forth be gone these good yemen,
As fast as they might 'he;'[2]
And after came and dwelled with the kynge,
And dyed good men all thre.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yemen,
God send them eternall blysse,
And all that with a hand-bowe shoteth,
That of heven they may never mysse. Amen.

V. 282, And sayd to some Bishopp wee will wend. MS.

[2] he, *i. e.* hie, hasten. See the Glossary.

II.

The Aged Lover renounceth Love.

The Grave-digger's song in *Hamlet*, act v., is taken from three stanzas of the following poem, though greatly altered and disguised, as the same were corrupted by the ballad-singers of Shakspeare's time; or perhaps so designed by the poet himself, the better to paint the character of an illiterate clown. The original is preserved among Surrey's Poems, and is attributed to Lord Vaux, by George Gascoigne, who tells us, it "was thought by some to be made upon his death-bed;" a popular error which he laughs at. (See his *Epist. to Yong Gent.* prefixed to his *Posies*, 1575, 4to.) It is also ascribed to Lord Vaux in a manuscript copy preserved in the British Museum.[1] This lord was remarkable for his skill in drawing feigned manners, &c., for so I understand an ancient writer. "The Lord Vaux his commendation lyeth chiefly in the facilitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely in sundry of his Songs, wherein he showeth the *counterfait action* very lively and pleasantly."—*Arte of Eng. Poesie*, 1589, p. 51. See another song by this poet in vol. ii. no. viii.

I LOTHE that I did love,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires: for my behove
Me thinkes they are not mete.

My lustes they do me leave,
My fansies all are fled;
And tract of time begins to weave
Gray heares upon my hed.

For Age with steling steps
Hath clawde me with his crowch,
And lusty 'Youthe' away he leapes,
As there had bene none such.

My muse doth not delight
Me, as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight,
As they have bene of yore.

Ver. 6, be. P.C. [printed copy in 1557.] V. 10, *crowch* perhaps should be *clouch*, cluch, grasp. V. 11, life away she. P.C.

[1] Harl. MSS. num. 1703, § 25. The readings gathered from that copy are distinguished here by inverted commas. The text is printed from the "Songs, &c., of the Earl of Surrey and others, 1557, 4to."

For Reason me denies
'All' youthly idle rime;
And day by day to me she cries,
"Leave off these toyes in tyme."

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrowes in my face
Say, "Limping Age will 'lodge' him now
Where Youth must geve him place."

The harbenger of death,
To me I se him ride:
The cough, the cold, the gasping breath
Doth bid me to provide

A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most mete.

Me thinkes I hear the clarke
That knoles the careful knell,
And bids me leave my 'wearye' warke,
Ere Nature me compell.

My kepers[2] knit the knot,
That Youth doth laugh to scorne,
Of me that 'shall bee cleane' forgot,
As I had 'ne'er' been borne.

Thus must I Youth geve up,
Whose badge I long did weare;
To them I yelde the wanton cup,
That better may it beare.

Lo here the bared skull,
By whose bald signe I know,
That stouping Age away shall pull
'What' youthful yeres did sow.

V. 18, this. P.C. V. 23, sic ed. 1583; 'tis *hedge* in ed. 1557. hath caught him. MS. V. 30, wyndynge-sheete. MS. V. 34, pell. MS. V. 35, wofull. P.C. V. 38, did. P.C. V. 39, clene shal be. P.C. V. 40, not. P.C. V. 45, bare-hedde. MS. and some P.CC. V. 48, Which. P.C., That. MS. What is *conject.*

[2] Alluding perhaps to Eccles. XII. 3.

For Beautie with her band
These croked cares had wrought,
And shipped me into the lande,
From whence I first was brought.

And ye that bide behinde,
Have ye none other trust;
As ye of claye were cast by kinde,
So shall ye 'turne' to dust.

V. 56, wast. P.C.

III.

Jephthah Judge of Israel.

In Shakspeare's *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 7, the hero of the Play takes occasion to banter Polonius with some scraps of an old ballad, which has never appeared yet in any collection; for which reason, as it is but short, it will not perhaps be unacceptable to the reader: who will also be diverted with the pleasant absurdities of the composition. It was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady, who wrote it down from memory as she had formerly heard it sung by her father. I am indebted for it to the friendship of Mr. Steevens.

It has been said that the original ballad, in black-letter, is among Anthony à Wood's collection, in the Ashmolean Museum. But, upon application lately made, the volume which contained the song was missing, so that it can only now be given as in the former edition.

The banter of Hamlet is as follows:

"*Hamlet.* 'O Jephtha, Judge of Israel,' what a treasure hadst thou!

Polonius. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why, 'One faire daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.'

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am not I i' th' right, old Jephtha?

Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my lord; I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, 'As by lot, God wot;' and then, you know, 'It came to passe, As most like it was.' The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more."—Edit. 1793, vol. xv. p. 133.

HAVE you not heard these many years ago,
Jeptha was judge of Israel?
He had one only daughter and no mo,
The which he loved passing well.
And as by lott,
God wot,
It so came to pass,
As Gods will was,
That great wars there should be,
And none should be chosen chief but he.

And when he was appointed judge,
And chieftain of the company,
A solemn vow to God he made,
If he returned with victory,
At his return,
To burn
The first live thing,
* * * * *
That should meet with him then,
Off his house when he should return agen.

It came to pass, the wars was o'er,
And he returnd with victory;
His dear and only daughter first of all
Came to meet her father foremostly:
And all the way
She did play
On tabret and pipe,
Full many a stripe,
With note so high,
For joy that her father is come so nigh.

But when he saw his daughter dear
Coming on most foremostly,
He wrung his hands, and tore his hair,
And cryed out most piteously:
"Oh! it's thou," said he,
"That have brought me
Low,
And troubled me so,
That I know not what to do.

" For I have made a vow," he sed,
"The which must be replenished ;"
* * * * *
" What thou hast spoke
Do not revoke,
What thou hast said ;
Be not afraid ;
Altho' it be I,
Keep promises to God on high.

" But, dear father, grant me one request,
That I may go to the wilderness,
Three months there with my friends to stay ;
There to bewail my virginity ;
And let there be," •
Said she,
" Some two or three
Young maids with me."
So he sent her away,
For to mourn, for to mourn, till her dying day.

IV.

A Robyn, Jolly Robyn.

In his *Twelfth Night*, Shakspeare introduces the Clown singing part of the two first stanzas of the following song, which has been recovered from an ancient MS. of Dr. Harrington's, at Bath, preserved among the many literary treasures transmitted to the ingenious and worthy possessor by a long line of most respectable ancestors. Of these, only a small part hath been printed in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, 3 vols. 12mo ; a work which the public impatiently wishes to see continued.

The song is thus given by Shakspeare, act iv. sc. 2 (Malone's edit. iv. 93).

" *Clown.* Hey Robin, jolly Robin [*singing*],
Tell me how thy lady does.
Malvolio. Fool—
Clown. My lady is unkind, perdy.
Mal. Fool—
Clown. Alas ! why is she so ?
Mal. Fool, I say—
Clown She loves another. Who calls, ha ? "

Dr. Farmer has conjectured that the song should begin thus:

"Hey, jolly Robin, tell to me
How does thy lady do?
My lady is unkind, perdy,
Alas! why is she so?"

But this emendation is now superseded by the proper readings of the old song itself, which is here printed from what appears the most ancient of Dr. Harrington's poetical MSS., and which has, therefore, been marked No. I. (*scil.* p. 68). That volume seems to have been written in the reign of King Henry VIII., and as it contains many of the poems of Sir Thomas Wyat, hath had almost all the contents attributed to him by marginal directions, written with an old but later hand, and not always rightly, as, I think, might be made appear by other good authorities. Among the rest, this song is there attributed to Sir Thomas Wyat also; but the discerning reader will probably judge it to belong to a more obsolete writer.

In the old MS. to the third and fifth stanzas is prefixed this title, *Responce;* and to the fourth and sixth, *Le Plaintif:* but in the last instance so evidently wrong, that it was thought better to omit these titles, and to mark the changes of the dialogue by inverted commas. In other respects the MS. is strictly followed, except where noted in the margin. Yet the first stanza appears to be defective, and it should seem that a line is wanting, unless the four first words were lengthened in the tune.

A Robyn,
Jolly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doeth,
And thou shalt knowe of myn.

"My lady is unkynde, perde."
Alack! why is she so?
"She loveth an other better than me;
And yet she will say no."

I fynde no such doublenes;
I fynde women true;
My lady loveth me dowtles,
And will change for no newe.

"Thou art happy while that doeth last:
But I say, as I fynde,
That women's love is but a blast,
And torneth with the wynde."

Ver. 4, shall. MS.

Suche folkes can take no harme by love,
That can abide their torn.
"But I alas can no way prove
In love, but lake and morne."

But if thou wilt avoyde thy harme,
Lerne this lessen of me:
At others fieres thy selfe to warme,
And let them warme with the.

V.

A Song to the Lute in Musicke.

This sonnet (which is ascribed to Richard Edwards[1] in the "Paradise of Daintie Devises," fo. 31, b.) is by Shakspeare made the subject of some pleasant ridicule in his *Romeo and Juliet*, act iv. sc. 5, where he introduces Peter putting this question to the Musicians:

"*Peter* . . . . Why 'Silver Sound?' why 'Musické with her silver sound?' what say you, Simon Catling?

1*st. Musician.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty! what say you, Hugh Rebecke?

2*nd. Mus.* I say, silver sound, because Musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! what say you, James Sound-post.

3*rd. Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. . . . I will say for you: It is 'Musicke with her silver sound,' because Musicians have no gold for sounding."—Edit. 1793, vol. xiv. p. 529.

This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which for the time it was written is not inelegant), as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given us by painful editors and expositors of ancient authors.

This copy is printed from an old quarto MS. in the Cotton Library [Vesp. A 25], entitled "Divers things of Hen. viij's time:" with some corrections from *The Paralise of Dainty Devises*, 1596.

Where gripinge grefes the hart would wounde,
And dolefulle dumps the mynde oppresse,
There musicke with her silver-sound
With spede is wont to send redresse:
Of trobled mynds, in every sore,
Swete musicke hath a salve in store.

[1] See Wood's *Athen.*, Tanner's *Biblioth.*, and Hawkins' *Hist. of Music.*

In joye yt maks our mirthe abounde,
In woe yt cheres our hevy sprites;
Be-strawghted heads relyef hath founde,
By musickes pleasaunt swete delightes:
Our senses all, what shall I say more?
Are subjecte unto musicks lore.

The Gods by musicke have theire prayse;
The lyfe, the soul therein doth joye;
For, as the Romayne poet sayes,
In seas, whom pyrats would destroy,
A dolphin saved from death most sharpe
Arion playing on his harpe.

O heavenly gyft, that rules the mynd,
Even as the sterne dothe rule the shippe!
O musicke, whom the Gods assinde
To comforte manne, whom cares would nippe!
Since thow both man and beste doest move,
What beste ys he, wyll the disprove?

VI.

King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid

is a story often alluded to by our old dramatic writers. Shakspeare in his *Romeo and Juliet*, act ii. sc. 1, makes Mercutio say,

> ——"Her [Venus's] purblind son and heir,
> Young Adam[1] Cupid, he that shot so true,
> When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."

As the 13th line of the following ballad seems here particularly alluded to, it is not improbable but Shakspeare wrote it *shot so trim*, which the players or printers, not perceiving the allusion, might alter to *true*. The former, as being the more humorous expression, seems most likely to have come from the mouth of Mercutio.[2]

In the 2nd Part of *Hen. IV.* act v. sc. 3, Falstaff is introduced affectedly saying to Pistoll,

> "O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
> Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof."

[1] See above, preface to Song i. Book ii. of this vol. p. 106, 107.

[2] Since this conjecture was first made, it has been discovered that *shot so trim* was the genuine reading.—See Shakspeare, edit. 1793, xiv. 393.

These lines Dr. Warburton thinks were taken from an old bombast play of *King Cophetua*. No such play is, I believe, now to be found, but it does not therefore follow that it never existed. Many dramatic pieces are referred to by old writers, which are not now extant, or even mentioned in any list.[3] In the infancy of the stage, plays were often exhibited that were never printed.

It is probably in allusion to the same play, that Ben Jonson says in his Comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, act iii. sc. 4:—

"I have not the heart to devour thee, an' I might be made as *rich* as King Cophetua."

At least there is no mention of King Cophetua's *riches* in the present ballad, which is the oldest I have met with on the subject.

It is printed from Rich. Johnson's *Crown Garland of Goulden Roses*, 1612, 12mo (where it is entitled simply, *A Song of a Beggar and a King*): corrected by another copy.

I READ that once in Affrica
A princely wight did raine,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did faine.
From natures lawes he did decline,
For sure he was not of my minde,
He cared not for women-kind,
But did them all disdaine.
But marke what hapned on a day;
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in gray,
The which did cause his paine.

The blinded boy that shootes so trim
From heaven downe did hie,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye:
Which soone did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke,
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
He looketh as he would dye.
"What sudden chance is this," quoth he,
"That I to love must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree,
But still did it defie?"

[3] See Mere's *Wits Treas.* fol. 283. *Arte of Eng. Poes* 1589, pp. 51, 111, 143, 169.

Then from the window he did come,
And laid him on his bed;
A thousand heapes of care did runne
Within his troubled head.
For now he meanes to crave her love,
And now he seekes which way to proove
How he his fancie might remoove,
And not this beggar wed.
But Cupid had him so in snare,
That this poor begger must prepare
A salve to cure him of his care,
Or els he would be dead.

And as he musing thus did lye,
He thought for to devise
How he might have her companye,
That so did 'maze his eyes.
"In thee," quoth he, "doth rest my life;
For surely thou shalt be my wife,
Or else this hand with bloody knife,
The Gods shall sure suffice."
Then from his bed he soon arose,
And to his pallace gate he goes;
Full little then this begger knowes
When she the king espies.

"The gods preserve your majesty,"
The beggers all gan cry;
"Vouchsafe to give your charity,
Our childrens food to buy."
The king to them his purse did cast,
And they to part it made great haste;
This silly woman was the last
That after them did hye.
The king he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine;
And said, "With us you shal remaine
Till such time as we dye.

For thou," quoth he, "shalt be my wife,
And honoured for my queene;

With thee I meane to lead my life,
As shortly shall be seene:
Our wedding shall appointed be,
And every thing in its degree;
Come on," quoth he, "and follow me,
Thou shalt go shift thee cleane.
What is thy name, faire maid?" quoth he.
"Penelophon,[4] O King," quoth she;
With that she made a lowe courtsèy;
A trim one as I weene.

Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the king's pallàce:
The king with courteous, comly talke
This begger doth embrace.
The begger blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead,
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze.
At last she spake with trembling voyce,
And said, "O King, I doe rejoyce
That you wil take me for your choyce,
And my degree so base."

And when the wedding day was come,
The king commanded strait
The noblemen, both all and some,
Upon the queene to wait.
And she behaved herself that day
As if she had never walkt the way;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did weare of late.
The proverbe old is come to passe,
The priest, when he begins his masse,
Forgets that ever clerke he was;
He knowth not his estate.

Ver. 90, *i. e.* tramped the streets.

[4] Shakespeare (who alludes to this ballad in his *Love's Labour Lost*, act iv. sc. 1) gives the Beggar's name *Zenelophon*, according to all the old editions: but this seems to be a corruption; for *Penelophon*, in the text, sounds more like the name of a woman. The story of the King and the Beggar is also alluded to in King Rich. II. act. v. sc. 3.

Here you may read Cophetua,
Through long time fancie-fed,
Compelled by the blinded boy
The begger for to wed:
He that did lovers lookes disdaine,
To do the same was glad and faine,
Or else he would himselfe have slaine,
In storie, as we read.
Disdaine no whit, O lady deere,
But pitty now thy servant heere,
Least that it hap to thee this yeare,
As to that king it did.

And thus they led a quiet life
During their princely raine,
And in a tombe were buried both,
As writers sheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed pitiously,
Their death to them was paine.
Their fame did sound so passingly,
That it did pierce the starry sky,
And throughout all the world did flye
To every princes realme.[5]

V. 105, Here the poet addresses himself to his mistress.
V. 112, *sheweth* was anciently the plur. numb.

[5] An ingenious friend thinks the two last stanzas should change place.

VII.

Take thy Old Cloak about Thee

is supposed to have been originally a Scottish ballad. The reader here has an ancient copy in the English idiom, with an additional stanza (the 2d) never before printed. This curiosity is preserved in the Editor's folio MS., but not without corruptions, which are here removed by the assistance of the Scottish edit. Shakspeare in his *Othello*, act ii., has quoted one stanza, with some variations, which are here adopted: the old MS. readings are however given in the margin.

This winters weather itt waxeth cold,
And frost doth freese on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold
That all our cattell are like to spill.
Bell my wife, who loves noe strife,
She sayd unto me quietlye,
"Rise up, and save cow Crumbockes liffe,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee."

He.

"O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?'
Thou kenst my cloake is very thin;
Itt is soe bare and overworne,
A cricke he theron cannot runn:
Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,
'For once Ile new appareld bee,
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,'
For Ile have a new cloake about mee."

She.

"Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
She ha beene alwayes true to the payle,
Shee has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things shee will not fayle;
I wold be loth to see her pine;
Good husband, councell take of mee,
It is not for us to go soe fine,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee."

He.

"My cloake it was a verry good cloake,
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
But now it is not worth a groat,
I have had it four and forty yeere;
Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,
'Tis now but a sigh clout as you may see;
It will neither hold out winde nor raine;
And Ile have a new cloake about mee."

SHE.

"It is four and fortye yeeres agoe
Since the one of us the other did ken,
And we have had betwixt us towe,
Of children either nine or ten;
Wee have brought them up to women and men
In the feare of God I trow they bee;
And why wilt thou thyself misken?
Man, take thine old cloake about thee."

HE.

"O Bell my wiffe, why dost thou floute!
Now is nowe, and then was then;
Seeke now all the world throughout,
Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen;
They are clad in blacke, greene, yellowe, or 'gray,'
Soe far above their owne degree;
Once in my life Ile 'doe as they,'
For Ile have a new cloake about mee."

SHE.

"King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne;
He held them sixpence all too deere;
Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thouse but of a low degree;
Itt's pride that putts the countrye downe;
Then take thine old cloake about thee."

HE.

'Bell my wife she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me if she can;
And oft, to live a quiet life,
I am forced to yield, though Ime good-man.'

Ver. 49, King Harry . . . a very good king. MS. V. 50, I trow his hose cost but. MS. V. 51, He thought them 12*d.* too deere. MS. V. 52, clowne. MS. V. 53, He was king and wore the crowne. MS.

Itt's not for a man with a woman to threape,
Unlesse he first give oer the plea;
As wee began wee now mun leave,
And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

VIII.

Willow, Willow, Willow.

It is from the following stanzas that Shakspeare has taken his song of the *Willow*, in his *Othello*, act iv. sc. 3, though somewhat varied, and applied by him to a female character. He makes Desdemona introduce it in this pathetic and affecting manner:—

> "My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:
> She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
> And did forsake her. She had a song of—Willow.
> An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune;
> And she dyed singing it."—Ed. 1793, vol. xv. p. 613.

This is given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, thus entitled, "*A Lovers Complaint, being forsaken of his Love.* To a pleasant tune."

A POORE soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

He sigh'd in his singing, and after each grone,
Come willow, &c.
"I am dead to all pleasure, my true-love is gone.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

"My love she is turned; untrue she doth prove;
O willow, &c.
She renders me nothing but hate for my love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"O pitty me" (cried he), "ye lovers, each one;
O willow, &c.
Her heart's hard as marble; she rues not my mone.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c."

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones;
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!

"Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
O willow, &c.
She was borne to be faire; I, to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"O that beauty should harbour a heart that's so hard!
Sing willow, &c.
My true love rejecting without all regard.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"Let love no more boast him in palace, or bower;
O willow, &c.
For women are trothles, and flote in an houre.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"But what helps complaining? In vaine I complaine:
O willow, &c.
I must patiently suffer her scorne and disdaine.
O willowe, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Come, all you forsaken, and sit down by me,
O willow, &c.
He that 'plaines of his false love, mine's falser than she.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"The willow wreath weare I, since my love did fleet;
O willow, &c,
A garland for lovers forsaken most meete.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!"

PART THE SECOND.

"Lowe lay'd by my sorrow, begot by disdaine,
O willow, willow, willow!
Against her too cruell, still, still I complaine.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd!

"O love too injurious, to wound my poore heart,
O willow, &c.
To suffer the triumph, and joy in my smart!
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"O willow, willow, willow! the willow garlànd,
O willow, &c.
A sign of her falsenesse before me doth stand.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

"As here it doth bid to despair and to dye,
O willow, &c.
So hang it, friends, ore me in grave where I lye.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"In grave where I rest mee, hang this to the view,
O willow, &c.
Of all that doe knowe her, to blaze her untrue.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"With these words engraven, as epitaph meet,
O willow, &c.
'Here lyes one, drank poyson for potion most sweet.'
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"Though she thus unkindly hath scorned my love,
O willow, &c.
And carelesly smiles at the sorrowes I prove;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"I cannot against her unkindly exclaim,
O willow, &c.
Cause once well I loved her, and honoured her name.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd.

"The name of her sounded so sweete in mine eare,
O willow, &c.
It rays'd my heart lightly, the name of my deare;
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"As then 'twas my comfort, it now is my griefe;
O willow, &c.
It now brings me anguish; then brought me reliefe.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

"Farewell, faire false-hearted, plaints end with my breath
O willow, willow, willow!
Thou dost loath me, I love thee, though cause of my death.
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garlànd."

IX.

Sir Lancelot du Lake.[1]

This ballad is quoted in Shakspeare's Second Part of *Henry IV.* act ii. sc. 4. The subject of it is taken from the ancient romance of *King Arthur* (commonly called *Morte Arthur*), being a poetical translation of chap. cviii. cix. cx. in Part 1st, as they stand in ed. 1634, 4to. In the older editions the chapters are differently numbered. This song is given from a printed copy, corrected in part by folio MS.

In the same Play of 2 *Henry IV.*, *Silence* hums a scrap of one of the old ballads of Robin Hood. It is taken from the following stanza of *Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield.*

> "All this beheard three wighty yeomen,
> 'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John:
> With that they espyd the jolly Pindàr
> As he sate under a thorne."

That ballad may be found on every stall, and therefore is not here reprinted.

When Arthur first in court began,
And was approvèd king,
By force of armes great victorys wonne,
And conquest home did bring;

Then into England straight he came
With fifty good and able
Knights that resorted unto him,
And were of the Round Table.

And many justs and turnaments
Wherto were many prest,
Wherein some knights did farr excell,
And eke surmount the rest.

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approvèd well,
He for his deeds and feates of armes
All others did excell.

[1] The folio MS. copy of this ballad is so mutilated that we owe more than half the present version to the ingenuity of Percy.—Editor.

When he had rested him a while,
In play, and game, and sportt,
He said he wold goe prove himselfe,
In some adventurous sort.

He armèd rode in forrest wide,
And met a damsell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto he gave good eare.

"Why shold I not?" quoth Lancelott the,
"For that cause came I hither."
"Thou seemst," quoth she, "a knight full good,"
And I will bring thee thither,

"Wheras a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame;
Therfore tell me what knight thou art,
And what may be thy name."

"My name is Lancelot du Lake."
Quoth she, "It likes me than;
Here dwelles a knight who never was
Yet matcht with any man;

"Who has in prison threescore knights
And four, that he did wound;
Knights of King Arthurs court they be,
And of his Table Round."

She brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper bason hung,
And many shields to see.

He struck soe hard, the bason broke:
And Tarquin soon he spyed:
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay tyed.

Ver. 18, to sportt. MS. Ver. 29, *where* is often used by our old writers for *whereas:* here it is just the contrary.

"Sir Knight," then sayd Sir Lancelòtt,
"Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest;
Weel try our force together.

"For, as I understand, thou hast,
Soe far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table."

"If thou be of the Table Round,"
Quoth Tarquin, speedilye,
"Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defye."

"That's over much," quoth Lancelott tho,
"Defend thee by and by."
They sett their speares unto their steeds,
And each att other flye.

They coucht their speares, (their horses ran,
As though there had been thunder);
And strucke them each immidst their shields,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horsses backes brake under them,
The knights were both astound;
To avoyd their horsses they made great haste,
And light upon the ground.

They tooke them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out than;
With mighty strokes most eagerlye
Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
They both for breath did stand,
And leaning on their swordes awhile,
Quoth Tarquine, "Hold thy hand,

"And tell to me what I shall aske;"
"Say on," quoth Lancelot tho.
"Thou art," quoth Tarquine, "the best knight
That ever I did know;

"And like a knight that I did hate;
Soe that thou be not hee,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord with thee."

"That is well sayd," quoth Lancelott tho,
"But sith it must be soe,
What knight is that thou hatest thus?
I pray thee to me show."

"His name is Lancelot du Lake,
He slew my brother deere;
Him I suspect of all the rest:
I would I had him here."

"Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknowne;
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now knight of Arthurs Table Round;
King Hauds son of Schuwake;

"And I desire thee do thy worst."
"Ho, ho," quoth Tarquin tho,
"One of us two shall end our lives,
Before that we do go.

"If thou be Lancelot du Lake
Then welcome shalt thou bee;
Wherfore see thou thyself defend,
For now defye I thee."

They buckled then together so,
Like unto wild boares rashing,[2]
And with their swords and shields they ran
At one another slashing.

[2] *Rashing* seems to be the old hunting term to express the stroke made by the wild-boar with his fangs. To *rase* has apparently a meaning something similar. See Mr. Steevens' Note to *King Lear*, act iii. sc. 7 (ed. 1793, vol. xiv. p. 193), where the quartos read,

"Nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh *rash* boarish fangs."

So in *King Richard III.*, act iii. sc. 2 (vol. x., pp. 567, 583),

"He dreamt
To-night the boar had *rased* off his helm."

The ground besprinkled was with blood,
  Tarquin began to yield;
For he gave backe for wearinesse,
  And lowe did beare his shield.

This soone Sir Lancelot espyde,
  He leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him downe upon his knee,
  And rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he strucke his necke in two;
  And when he had soe done,
From prison, threescore knights and four
  Delivered everye one.

X.

Corydon's Farewell to Phillis

is an attempt to paint a lover's irresolution, but so poorly executed, that it would not have been admitted into this collection, if it had not been quoted in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 3.—It is found in a little ancient miscellany, entitled *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights*, 12mo, bl. let.

In the same scene of the *Twelfth Night*, Sir Toby sings a scrap of an old ballad, which is preserved in the Pepys Collection (vol. i. pp. 33, 496), but as it is not only a poor dull performance, but also very long, it will be sufficient here to give the first stanza:—

THE BALLAD OF CONSTANT SUSANNA.

"There dwelt a man in Babylon
  Of reputation great by fame;
He took to wife a faire womàn,
  Susanna she was callde by name:
A woman fair and vertuous:
  Lady, Lady:
Why should we not of her learn thus
  To live godly?"

If this song of *Corydon*, &c., has not more merit, it is at least an evil of less magnitude.

FAREWELL, dear love; since thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eyes do shew, my life is almost done.
Nay I will never die, so long as I can spie
There be many mo, though that she doe goe,
There be many mo, I fear not:
Why then let her goe, I care not.

Farewell, farewell; since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you;
But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find love there.
Shall I bid her goe? what and if I doe?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not?
O no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell;—yet stay a while:—
Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time beguile.
I have no power to move. How now am I in love?
Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.
Wilt thou needs be gone? Oh, hie thee!
Nay stay, and do no more deny me.

Once more adieu, I see loath to depart
Bids oft adieu to her, that holds my heart.
But seeing I must lose thy love, which I did choose,
Goe thy way for me, since that may not be.
Goe thy ways for me. But whither?
Goe, oh, but where I may come thither.

What shall I doe? my love is now departed.
She is as fair, as she is cruel-hearted.
She would not be intreated, with prayers oft repeated;
If she come no more, shall I die therefore?
If she come no more, what care I?
Faith, let her goe, or come, or tarry.

XI.

Gernutus the Jew of Venice.

In the *Life of Pope Sixtus V.*, translated from the Italian of Greg. Leti, by the Rev. Mr. Farneworth, folio is a remarkable passage to the following effect:—

"It was reported in Rome, that Drake had taken and plundered St. Domingo in Hispaniola, and carried off an immense booty. This account came in a private letter to Paul Secchi, a very considerable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in those parts, which he had insured. Upon receiving this news, he sent for the insurer, Sampson Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whose interest it was to have such a report thought false, gave many reasons why it could not possibly be true, and at last worked himself into such a passion, that he said, I'll lay you a pound of my flesh it is a lye. Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, I'll lay you a thousand crowns against a pound of your flesh that it is true. The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed betwixt them, That if Secchi won, he should himself cut the flesh with a sharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleased. The truth of the account was soon confirmed; and the Jew was almost distracted, when he was informed that Secchi had solemnly sworn he would compel him to an exact performance of his contract. A report of this transaction was brought to the Pope, who sent for the parties, and being informed of the whole affair, said, When contracts are made, it is but just they should be fulfilled, as this shall: take a knife therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of flesh from any part you please of the Jew's body. We advise you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a scruple more or less than your due, you shall certainly be hanged."

The editor of that book is of opinion, that the scene between Shylock and Antonio in the *Merchant of Venice* is taken from this incident. But Mr. Warton, in his ingenious *Observations on the Faerie Queen*, vol. i. p. 128, has referred it to the following ballad. Mr. Warton thinks this ballad was written before Shakspeare's play, as being not so circumstantial, and having more of the nakedness of an original. Besides, it differs from the play in many circumstances, which a mere copyist, such as we may suppose the ballad-maker to be, would hardly have given himself the trouble to alter. Indeed he expressly informs us, that he had his story from the Italian writers.—See the *Connoisseur*, vol. i. No. 16.

After all, one would be glad to know what authority Leti had for the foregoing fact, or at least for connecting it with the taking of St. Domingo by Drake; for this expedition did not happen till 1585, and it is very certain that a play of the *Jewe*, "representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers," had been exhibited at the play-house, called *The Bull*, before the year 1579, being mentioned in Steph. Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*,[1] which was printed in that year.

As for Shakspeare's *Merchant of Venice*, the earliest edition known of it is in quarto, 1600; though it had been exhibited before the year 1598, being mentioned, together with eleven other of his plays, in Mere's *Wits Treasury*, &c., 1598, 12mo, fol. 282.—See Malone's Shakespeare.

[1] Warton, ubi supra.

The following is printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection,[2] entitled, "A new Song, shewing the crueltie of GERNUTUS, a JEWE, who lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of *Black and Yellow*."

THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lieth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny,
Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

[2] Compared with the Ashmole copy.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all:
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelve month and a day;
To lend to him an hundred crownes;
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have:
"No" (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes),
"Sir, aske what you will have.

"No penny for the loane of it
For one year you shall pay;
You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

"But we will have a merry jeast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond," quoth he,
"That shall be large and strong:

"And this shall be the forfeyture,
Of your owne fleshe a pound:
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes."

"With right good will!" the marchant says:
And so the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on,
That backe it should be payd,

Ver. 32, her *cow*, &c., seems to have suggested to Shakspeare Shylock's argument for usury taken from Jacob's management of Laban's sheep, act i., to which Antonio replies,

> "Was this inserted to make interest good?
> Or are your gold and silver *ewes* and rams?
> *Shylock.* I cannot tell, I make it *breed as fast.*"

The marchants ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe
To thinke he doth begin.

And to Gernutus strait he comes,
With cap and bended knee;
And sayde to him, "Of curtesie,
I pray you beare with mee.

"My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay:
And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare say."

"With all my heart," Gernutus sayd,
"Commaund it to your minde:
In thinges of bigger waight then this
You shall me ready finde."

He goes his way; the day once past,
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently,
And clapt him on the backe.

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

THE SECOND PART.

"Of the Jews crueltie: setting foorth the mercifulnesse of the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of *Blacke and Yellow*."

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save:
Gernutus sayd, "I will no gold,
My forfeite I will have.

"A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire."
Then sayd the judge, "Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire

"To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give."

"No, no," quoth he, "no, judgment here;
For this it shall be tride;
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side."

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,[1]
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow,
"Stay" (quoth the judge) "thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do so.

"Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound,
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

[1] The passage in Shakspeare bears so strong a resemblance to this, as to render it probable that the one suggested the other.—See act iv. sc. 2.

Bass. "Why doest thou whet thy knife so earnestly?" &c.

" For if thou doe, like murderer
Thou here shalt hanged be:
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than longes to thee.

" For if thou take either more or lesse,
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right."

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
And wotes not what to say;
Quoth he at last, " Ten thousand crownes
I will that he shall pay;

" And so I graunt to set him free."
The judge doth answere make;
" You shall not have a penny given;
Your forfeyture now take."

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne:
" No," quoth the judge, " doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

" Either take your pound of flesh," quoth he,
" Or cancell me your bond: "
" O cruell judge," then quoth the Jew,
" That doth against me stand! "

And so with griping grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well:
'Then' all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthey man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

V. 61, *griped.* Ashmol. copy.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to doe.

*** Since the first edition of this book was printed, the Editor hath had reason to believe, that both Shakspeare and the author of this ballad, are indebted for their story of the Jew (however they came by it) to an Italian Novel, which was first printed at Milan in the year 1554, in a book entitled, *Il Pecorone, nel quale si contengono Cinquanta Novelle antiche*, &c., republished at Florence about the year 1748 or 9. The author was Ser. Giovanni Fiorentino, who wrote in 1378; thirty years after the time in which the scene of Boccace's *Decameron* is laid.—Vide *Manni, Istoria del Decamerone di Giov. Boccac.* 4to, Fior. 1744.

That Shakspeare had his plot from the Novel itself, is evident from his having some incidents from it which are not found in the ballad: and I think it will also be found that he borrowed from the ballad some hints that were not suggested by the Novel. (See above, pt. ii. ver. 25, &c., where instead of that spirited description of *the whetted blade*, &c., the prose narrative coldly says, "The Jew had prepared a razor," &c. See also some other passages in the same piece.) This however is spoken with diffidence, as I have at present before me only the abridgment of the Novel which Mr. Johnson has given us at the end of his Commentary on Shakspeare's play. The translation of the Italian story at large is not easy to be met with, having I believe never been published, though it was printed some years ago with this title—"THE NOVEL, from which the *Merchant of Venice* written by Shakspear is taken, translated from the Italian. To which is added, a Translation of a Novel from the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio. London, Printed for M. Cooper, 1755," 8vo.

XII.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

This beautiful sonnet is quoted in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iii. sc. 1, and is ascribed (together with *the Reply*) to Shakspeare himself by all the modern editors of his smaller poems. A copy of this Madrigal, containing only four stanzas (the 4th and 6th being wanting), accompanied with the first of the answer, being printed in *The Passionate Pilgrime, and Sonnets to sundry Notes of Musicke*, by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Lond., printed for W. Jaggard, 1599. Thus was this sonnet, &c., published as Shakspeare's in his life-time.

And yet there is good reason to believe that (not Shakspeare, but) Christopher Marlow wrote the song, and Sir Walter Raleigh the

Nymph's Reply. For so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his *Compleat Angler*,[1] under the character of "that smooth song, which was made by Kit. Marlow, now at least fifty years ago; and . . . an Answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. . . . Old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good." It also passed for Marlow's in the opinion of his contemporaries; for in the old Poetical Miscellany, entitled *England's Helicon*, it is printed with the name of Chr. Marlow subjoined to it: and the Reply is subscribed *Ignoto*, which is known to have been a signature of Sir Walter Raleigh. With the same signature *Ignoto*, in that Collection, is an imitation of Marlow's, beginning thus,

"Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves," &c.

Upon the whole, I am inclined to attribute them to Marlow and Raleigh, notwithstanding the authority of Shakspeare's Book of Sonnets. For it is well known, that as he took no care of his own compositions, so was he utterly regardless of what spurious things were fathered upon him. *Sir John Oldcastle*, the *London Prodigal*, and the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, were printed with his name at full length in the title-pages while he was living, which yet were afterwards rejected by his first editors, Heminge and Condell, who were his intimate friends (as he mentions both in his will), and therefore no doubt had good authority for setting them aside.[2]

The following sonnet appears to have been (as it deserved) a great favourite with our earlier poets: for besides the imitation above mentioned, another is to be found among Donne's Poems, entitled *The Bait*, beginning thus,

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands," &c.

As for Chr. Marlow, who was in high repute for his dramatic writings, he lost his life by a stab received in a brothel, before the year 1593. —See A. Wood, i. 138.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we wil all the pleasures prove
That hils and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

[1] First printed in the year 1653, but probably written some time before.

[2] Since the above was written, Mr. Malone, with his usual discernment, hath rejected the stanzas in question from the other Sonnets, &c., of Shakspeare, in his correct edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, &c.—See his Shakspeare, vol. x., p. 340.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaves of mirtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivie buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the World and Love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's toung,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yield;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancie's spring, but sorrow's fall.

V. 15, Percy's text has "slippers lin'd choicely."—Editor.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivie buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed;
Had joyes no date, nor age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

XIII.

Titus Andronicus's Complaint.

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the same subject as the play of *Titus Andronicus*, and it is probable that the one was borrowed from the other; but which of them was the original, it is not easy to decide. And yet, if the argument offered above in p. 152 for the priority of the ballad of the *Jew of Venice* may be admitted, somewhat of the same kind may be urged here; for this ballad differs from the play in several particulars, which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian. Thus in the ballad is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of Titus afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Bassianus to carry off Lavinia: the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the Emperor's son: in the play to his brother. In the tragedy only two of his sons fall into the pit, and the third, being banished, returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house: in the ballad all three are entrapped, and suffer death. In the scene the Emperor kills Titus, and is in return stabbed by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the Emperor, and afterwards himself.

Let the reader weigh these circumstances, and some others wherein he will find then unlike, and then pronounce for himself. After all, there is reason to conclude, that this play was rather improved by Shakspeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally writ by him; for not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others

generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-fair*, in 1614, as one that had then been exhibited "five and twenty or thirty years:" which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces:[1] and if it does not clear him entirely of it, shows at least it was a first attempt.[2]

The following is given from a copy in *The Golden Garland*, entitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter, in the Pepys Collection, entitled *The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus, &c.*—To the tune of *Fortune*. Printed for E. Wright. —Unluckily none of these have any dates.

You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Full five-and-twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forwarde vertues made their father glad.

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloudy scarre.

Just two-and-twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe:
Of five-and-twenty sonnes, I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The Queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

[1] Mr. Malone thinks 1591 to be the era when our author commenced a writer for the stage. See in his *Shakspeare*, the ingenious "attempt to ascertain the order in which the plays of Shakspeare were written."

[2] Since the above was written, Shakspeare's memory has been fully vindicated from the charge of writing the above play by the best critics.—See what has been urged by Steevens and Malone, in their excellent edition of Shakspeare, &c.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife;
The Moore, with her two sonnes, did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The Moore soe pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye
For to abuse her husbands marriage-bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the Moore of bloody minde
Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increase:
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd and pleased best my aged sight.

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
To Cesars sonne, a young and noble man:
Who, in a hunting by the emperours wife
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He, being slaine, was cast in cruel wise
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruell Moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe behold what wounded most my mind:
The empresses two sonnes, of savage kind,
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turn to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes and bloudlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two-and-twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:
"The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperèsse
Are doers of this hateful wickednèsse."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre wherein I first was bred;
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame.

The Moore, delighting still in villainy,
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filld my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then, past reliefe, I upp and downe did goe,
And with my teares writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes [3] towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell often did crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like Furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines [4] a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes streight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet served in stately wise,
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found:
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd:
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd.

[3] If the ballad was written before the play, I should suppose this to be only a metaphorical expression, taken from that in the Psalms, "They shoot out their arrows, even bitter words."—Ps. lxiv. 3.

[4] *i. e.* encouraged them in their foolish humours, or fancies.

XIV.

Take those Lips Away.

The first stanza of this little sonnet, which an eminent critic[1] justly admires for its extreme sweetness, is found in Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure*, act iv. sc. 1. Both the stanzas are preserved in Beaum. and Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, act v. sc. 2. Sewel and Gildon have printed it among Shakspeare's smaller poems, but they have done the same by twenty other pieces that were never writ by him; their book being a wretched heap of inaccuracies and mistakes. It is not found in Jaggard's old edition of Shakspeare's *Passionate Pilgrime*,[2] &c.

Take, O, take those lips away,
  That so sweetlye were forsworne;
And those eyes, the breake of day,
  Lights that do misleade the morne:
But my kisses bring againe,
Seales of love, but seal'd in vaine.

Hide, O, hide those hills of snowe,
  Which thy frozen bosom beares,
On whose tops the pinkes that growe
  Are of those that April wears!
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

[1] Dr. Warb. in his *Shakspeare*.

[2] Mr. Malone, in his improved edit. of Shakspeare's Sonnets, &c., hath substituted this instead of Marlow's Madrigal, printed above; for which he hath assigned reasons, which the reader may see in his vol. x. p. 340.

XV.

King Leir and his three Daughters.

The reader has here an ancient ballad on the subject of King Lear, which (as a sensible female critic has well observed[1]) bears so exact an analogy to the argument of Shakspeare's play, that his having copied it could not be doubted, if it were certain that it was written before the tragedy. Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old

[1] Mrs. Lennox, *Shakspeare Illustrated*, vol. iii. p. 302.

chronicles[2] do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters: in the death of Lear they likewise very exactly coincide. The misfortune is, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within; this the reader must weigh, and judge for himself.

It may be proper to observe, that Shakspeare was not the first of our dramatic poets who fitted the story of LEIR to the stage. His first 4to edition is dated 1608; but three years before that, had been printed a play entitled *The true Chronicle History of Leir and his three Daughters Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted*, 1605, 4to. This is a very poor and dull performance, but happily excited Shakspeare to undertake the subject, which he has given with very different incidents. It is remarkable, that neither the circumstances of Leir's madness, nor his retinue of a select number of knights, nor the affecting deaths of Cordelia and Leir, are found in that first dramatic piece: in all which Shakspeare concurs with this ballad.

But to form a true judgment of Shakspeare's merit, the curious reader should cast his eye over that previous sketch: which he will find printed at the end of the Twenty Plays of Shakspeare, republished from the quarto impressions by George Steevens, with such elegance and exactness, as led us to expect that fine edition of all the works of our great dramatic poet, which he hath since published.

The following ballad is given from an ancient copy in the *Golden Garland*, bl. let. entitled, *A lamentable Song of the Death of King Leir and his three Daughters.* To the tune of *When flying Fame.*

KING Leir once rulèd in this land
With princely power and peace,
And had all things with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
"For to my age you bring content,"
Quoth he, "then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear."

[2] See Jeffery of Monmouth, Holingshed, &c., who relate Leir's history in many respects the same as the ballad.

To whom the eldest thus began :
" Dear father, mind," quoth she,
" Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be.
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain."

" And so will I," the second said;
" Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake :
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove."

" In doing so, you glad my soul,"
The aged king reply'd;
" But what sayst thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd ? "
" My love (quoth young Cordelia then),
" Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show."

" And wilt thou shew no more," quoth he,
" Than doth thy duty bind ?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find.
Henceforth I banish thee my court;
Thou art no child of mine ;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

" Thy elder sisters loves are more
Than well I can demand ;
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,

My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day."

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear.
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town:

Untill at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old King Leir, this while
With his two daughters staid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd;
And living in Queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee,
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three,
Nay, one she thought too much for him;
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

"Am I rewarded thus," quoth he,
"In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell:
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe."

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she heard his moan,
Return'd him answer, that she griev'd
That all his means were gone,
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
"In what I did, let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again," quoth he,
"Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort."

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court,
(She said) he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd
Which she had promis'd late:
For once refusing, he should not,
Come after to her gate.

Thus twixt his daughters for relief
He wandred up and down,
Being glad to feed on beggars food
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughters words,
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords—
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantic mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread.
To hills and woods and watry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possest with discontents,
He passed o're to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there
To find some gentler chance.
Most virtuous dame! which, when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief.

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind,
So freely gave consent
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossesse King Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear.
Where she, true-hearted, noble queen,
Was in the battel slain;
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Possest his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move,
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted;
But on her bosom left his life
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles, when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents;
And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

XVI.

Youth and Age

is found in the little collection of Shakspeare's Sonnets, entitled the *Passionate Pilgrime*,[1] the greatest part of which seems to relate to the amours of Venus and Adonis, being little effusions of fancy, probably written while he was composing his larger Poem on that subject. The following seems intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of youthful Adonis and aged Vulcan. In the *Garland of Good-will* it is reprinted, with the addition of four more such stanzas, but evidently written by a meaner pen.

[1] Mentioned above, Song xii. b. ii

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Ages breath is short;
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defie thee;
O sweet shepheard, hie thee,
For methinks thou stayst too long!

*** See Malone's Shakspeare, vol. x. p. 325.

XVII.

The Frolicksome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune.

The following ballad is upon the same subject as the Introduction to Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew*: whether it may be thought to have suggested the hint to the dramatic poet, or is not rather of later date, the reader must determine.

The story is told of Philip the Good,[1] Duke of Burgundy, and is thus related by an old English writer: "The said duke, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugall, at Bruges in Flanders, which was solemnized in the deepe of winter; when as by reason of unseasonable weather he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, &c., and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortuned, as he was walking late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused

[1] By Ludov. Vives in *Epist.* and by Pont. Heuter, *Rerum Burgund.* b. iv.

his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long; after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures; but late at night, when he was well tipled, and again faste asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself; all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a vision, constantly believed it, and would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended."—Burton's *Anat. of Melancholy*, pt. ii. sec. 2, mem. 4. 2d ed. 1624, fol.

This ballad is given from a black letter copy in the Pepys Collection which is entitled as above. "To the tune of *Fond boy*."

Now as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, "William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then."
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning, when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber, both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait;
And the chamberlain bare, then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute,
With a star on his side, which the tinker offt ey'd,
And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little with pride;
For he said to himself, "Where is Joan my sweet wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life."

From a convenient place, the right duke, his good grace,
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him: thought he, this is great:
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests;
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary, with sherry and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry'd him strait, where they found him at first,
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought.
But his highness he said, "Thou'rt a jolly bold blade:
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid."

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak,
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground:
"Thou shalt never," said he, "range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend."

Then the tinker reply'd, "What! must Joan my sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at command?
Then I shall be a squire, I well understand.
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace;
I was never before in so happy a case."

XVIII.

The Friar of Orders Gray.

Dispersed through Shakspeare's plays are innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which could not be recovered. Many of these being of the most beautiful and pathetic simplicity, the Editor was tempted to select some of them, and with a few supplemental stanzas to connect them together, and form them into a little Tale, which is here submitted to the reader's candour.

One small fragment was taken from Beaumont and Fletcher.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades;
And he met with a lady faire
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

"Now Christ thee save thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true love
From many another one?"
"O, by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoone.[1]

[1] These are the distinguishing marks of a Pilgrim. The chief places of devotion being beyond sea, the pilgrims were wont to put cockle-shells in their hats to denote the intention or performance of their devotion.—Warb. *Shaksp.* vol. viii. p. 224.

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht, and he dyed
Lamenting of a ladyes love,
And 'playning of her pride.

"Here bore him barefac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou dye for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O weep not, lady, weep not soe;
Some ghostly comfort seek;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
No teares bedew thy cheek."

"O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er wan ladyes love.

"And nowe, alas! for thy sad losse,
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine;
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

"Our joyes as winged dreams doe flye,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O say not soe, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not soe:
For since my true-love dyed for mee,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

"And will he ne'er come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose;
The comliest youth was he!—
But he is dead and laid in his grave:
Alas, and woe is me!"

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

"Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not soe;
My love he had the truest heart:
O he was ever true!

"And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou dye for me?
Then farewell home; for ever-more
A pilgrim I will bee.

"But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady; rest awhile
Beneath this cloyster wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O stay me not, thou holy friar;
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy owne true-love appears.

"Here forc'd by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

"But haply for my year of grace[2]
Is not yet passed away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

[2] The year of probation, or noviciate.

*** As the foregoing song has been thought to have suggested to our late excellent poet, Dr. Goldsmith, the plan of his beautiful ballad of *Edwin and Emma* (first printed in his *Vicar of Wakefield*), it is but justice to his memory to declare, that his poem was written first, and that if there is any imitation in the case, they will be found both to be indebted to the beautiful old ballad, *Gentle Herdsman*, &c., printed in book fourth of this work, which the Doctor had much admired in manuscript, and has finely improved.—See vol. i. book iv song xiv. ver. 37, &c.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

I.

The more Modern Ballad of Chevy Chace.

At the beginning of this volume we gave the old original song of Chevy-Chase. The reader has here the more improved edition of that fine heroic ballad. It will afford an agreeable entertainment to the curious to compare them together, and to see how far the latter bard has excelled his predecessor, and where he has fallen short of him. For though he has everywhere improved the versification, and generally the sentiment and diction, yet some few passages retain more dignity in the ancient copy; at least the obsoleteness of the style serves as a veil to hide whatever might appear too familiar or vulgar in them. Thus, for instance, the catastrophe of the gallant Witherington is in the modern copy expressed in terms which never fail at present to excite ridicule, whereas in the original it is related with a plain and pathetic simplicity that is liable to no such unlucky effect. See the stanza in page 10, which in modern orthography, &c., would run thus:

"For Witherington my heart is woe,
That ever he slain should be:
For when his legs were hewn in two,
He knelt and fought on his knee."

So again, the stanza which describes the fall of Montgomery is somewhat more elevated in the ancient copy:

"The dint it was both sad and sore,
He on Montgomery set:
The swan-feathers his arrow bore
With his heart's blood were wet."—p. 9.

We might also add, that the circumstances of the battle are more clearly conceived, and the several incidents more distinctly marked in the old original than in the improved copy. It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long-bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery; while the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear: this characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard, whose description of the first onset (p. 6) is to the following effect:

"The proposal of the two gallant earls to determine the dispute by

single combat being overruled, the English, says he, who stood with their bows ready bent, gave a general discharge of their arrows, which slew seven score spearmen of the enemy; but notwithstanding so severe a loss, Douglas, like a brave captain, kept his ground. He had divided his forces into three columns, who, as soon as the English had discharged the first volley, bore down upon them with their spears, and breaking through their ranks, reduced them to close fighting. The archers upon this dropt their bows, and had recourse to their swords; and there followed so sharp a conflict, that multitudes on both sides lost their lives." In the midst of this general engagement, at length the two great earls meet, and after a spirited rencounter agree to breathe; upon which a parley ensues, that would do honour to Homer himself.

Nothing can be more pleasingly distinct and circumstantial than this: whereas the modern copy, though in general it has great merit, is here unluckily both confused and obscure. Indeed the original words seem here to have been totally misunderstood. "Yet bydys the yerl Douglas upon the *bent*," evidently signifies, "Yet the earl Douglas abides in the *field*;" whereas the more modern bard seems to have understood by *bent*, the inclination of his mind, and accordingly runs quite off from the subject,[1]

> "To drive the deer with hound and horn
> Earl Douglas had the bent."—v. 109.

One may also observe a generous impartiality in the old original bard, when in the conclusion of his tale he represents both nations as quitting the field without any reproachful reflection on either: though he gives to his own countrymen the credit of being the smaller number:

> "Of fifteen hundred archers of England
> Went away but fifty and three;
> Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
> But even five and fifty."—p. 10.

He attributes *flight* to neither party, as hath been done in the modern copies of this ballad, as well Scotch as English. For, to be even with our latter bard, who makes the Scots to *flee*, some reviser of North Britain has turned his own arms against him, and printed an edition at Glasgow, in which the lines are thus transposed:

> "Of fifteen hundred Scottish speirs,
> Went hame but fifty-three:
> Of twenty hundred Englishmen
> Scarce fifty-five did flee:"

and to countenance this change, he has suppressed the two stanzas between ver. 240 and ver. 249. From that edition I have here reformed the Scotttsh names in pp. 189, 190, which in the modern English ballad appeared to be corrupted.

[1] In the present edition, instead of the unmeaning lines here censured, an insertion is made of four stanzas modernised from the ancient copy.

When I call the present admired ballad modern, I only mean that it is comparatively so; for that it could not be writ much later than the time of Queen Elizabeth, I think may be made appear; nor yet does it seem to be older than the beginning of the last century.[2] Sir Philip Sidney, when he complains of the antiquated phrase of *Chevy Chase*, could never have seen this improved copy, the language of which is not more ancient than that he himself used. It is probable that the encomiums of so admired a writer excited some bard to revise the ballad, and to free it from those faults he had objected to. That it could not be much later than that time, appears from the phrase *doleful dumps;* which in that age carried no ill sound with it, but to the next generation became ridiculous. We have seen it pass uncensured in a sonnet that was at that time in request, and where it could not fail to have been taken notice of, had it been in the least exceptionable: see above, p. 134. Yet in about half a century after it was become burlesque.—See *Hudibras*, part i. c. iii. ver. 95.

This much premised, the reader that would see the general beauties of this ballad set in a just and striking light, may consult the excellent criticism of Mr. Addison.[3] With regard to its subject, it has already been considered in page 2. The conjectures there offered will receive confirmation from a passage in the *Memoirs of Carey, Earl of Monmouth*, 8vo, 1759, p. 165: whence we learn that it was an ancient custom with the borderers of the two kingdoms, when they were at peace, to send to the Lord Wardens of the opposite Marches for leave to hunt within their districts. If leave was granted, then towards the end of summer, they would come and hunt for several days together, "with their *grey-hounds for deer;*" but if they took this liberty unpermitted, then the Lord Warden of the border so invaded, would not fail to interrupt their sport and chastise their boldness. He mentions a remarkable instance that happened while he was Warden, when some Scotch gentlemen coming to hunt in defiance of him, there must have ensued such an action as this of Chevy Chace, if the intruders had been proportionably numerous and well-armed; for upon their being

[2] A late writer has started a notion, that the more modern copy "was written to be sung by a party of English, headed by a Douglas, in the year 1524; which is the true reason why, at the same time that it gives the advantage to the English soldiers above the Scotch, it gives yet so lovely and so manifestly superior a character to the Scotch commander above the English."—See Say's *Essay on the Numbers of Paradise Lost*, 4to, 1745, p. 167.

This appears to me a groundless conjecture: the language seems too modern for the date above mentioned; and had it been printed even so early as Queen Elizabeth's reign, I think I should have met with some copy wherein the first line would have been,

"God prosper long our noble queen,"

as was the case with the *Blind Beggar of Bednal Green;* see vol. i book v. no. 10.

[3] In the *Spectator*, Nos. 70, 74.

attacked by his men-at-arms, he tells us, "some hurt was done, though he had given especiall order that they should shed as little blood as possible." They were in effect overpowered and taken prisoners, and only released on their promise to abstain from such licentious sporting for the future.

The following text is given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with two or three others printed in black letter. In the second volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies* may be found a translation of *Chevy-Chace* into Latin rhymes. The translator, Mr. Henry Bold, of New College, undertook it at the command of Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, who thought it no derogation to his episcopal character to avow a fondness for this excellent old ballad.—See the preface to Bold's Latin Songs, 1685, 8vo.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our liffes and safetyes all;
A woefull hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summers days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away:
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport;
The English Erle not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere;
On Munday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having din'd, the drovyers went
To rouze the deare againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Theire backsides all, with speciall care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,[4]
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere;

"But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay."
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

"Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres,
All marching in our sight.

Ver. 36, that they were. fol. MS.

[4] The Chiviot Hills and circumjacent Wastes are at present void both of deer and woods: but formerly they had enough of both to justify the description attempted here and in the Ancient Ballad of Chevy-Chase. Leland, in the reign of Hen. VIII., thus describes this county:—"In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no forests, except Chivet Hills: where is much Brushe-wood and some Okke; grownde ovargrowne with Linge, and some with Mosse. I have harde say that Chivet Hills stretchethe xx miles. There is greate plenté of Redde-dere, and Roo Bukkes."—*Itinerary*, vol vii. p. 56. This passage, which did not occur when pp. 15, 17, were printed off, confirms the accounts there given of the Stagge and the Roe.

"All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:"
"O cease your sport," Erle Percy said,
"And take your bowes with speede.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yett
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horsebacke come,
But, if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to breake a spere."

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," sayd hee, "whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, doe chase
And kill my fallow-deere."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, "Wee list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men wee bee.

"Yet will wee spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay;"
Then Douglas swore a solempne oathe,
And thus in rage did say;

"Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, soe am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst bee he," Erle Percy sayd,
"By whome this is denyed."

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on:
You bee two erles," sayd Witherington,
"And I a squier alone.

"Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with hart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their harts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

[5] [Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good,
As valiant Captain, all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As Leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

[5] The four stanzas here inclosed in brackets, which are borrowed chiefly from the ancient copy, are offered to the reader instead of the following lines, which occur in the Editor's fol. MS.

"To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Douglas bade on the bent;
Two captaines moved with mickle might
Their speres to shivers went."

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground.

And throwing strait their bows away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.]

They clos'd full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might;
Like lyons wood they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight.

They fought, untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

"Yeeld thee, Lord Percy," Douglas sayd
"In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advancèd bee
By James our Scottish king.

"Thy ransome I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight
That ever I did see."

"Noe, Douglas," quoth Erle Percy then,
"Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne."

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which strucke Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end:
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving liffe, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land!

"O Christ! my verry hart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renownèd knight
Mischance cold never take."

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percye;

Sir Hugh Mountgomerye was he call'd,
Who, with a spere most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without all dread or feare,
And through Earl Percyes body then
He thrust his hatefull spere

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The speare ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine;
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was slaine.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee.

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon
In his harts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening bell,[6]
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine,
Sir John of Egerton,[7]
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold Barón.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;[8]
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet savèd cold not bee.

[6] Sc. the Curfew-bell, usually rung at eight o'clock; to which the moderniser apparently alludes, instead of the *Evensong-bell*, or bell for vespers of the original author, before the Reformation.—Vide suprà, p. 9, v. 97.

[7] For the surnames, see the Notes at the end of the ballad.

[8] *i. e.* "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood. The old MS. reads *wofull dumpes*.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye;
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,
Under the greene wood tree.

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

Theyr bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine.

"O heavy newes," King James did say;
"Scottland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee."

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith it will noe better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee.

"Yett shall not Scotts nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
I'll be revengèd on them all,
For brave Erle Percyes sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lordes of great renowne.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting in Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
In plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

*** Since the former impression of these volumes hath been published a new edition of *Collins's Peerage*, 1779, &c., 9 vols. 8vo, which contains, in volume ii. p. 334, an historical passage that may be thought to throw considerable light on the subject of the preceding ballad: viz.

"In this .... year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius, was fought the battle of Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland [second Earl, son of Hotspur] and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, with a small army of about 4000 men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great chieftains of the Borders, rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of *Chevy-Chase*, which, to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious."—See Ridpath's *Border Hist.*, 4to, p. 401.

The surnames in the foregoing ballad are altered, either by accident or design, from the old original copy, and in common editions extremely corrupted. They are here rectified, as much as they could be. Thus,

Page 189, ver. 202. *Egerton.*] This name is restored (instead of Ogerton, com. ed.) from the Editor's folio MS. The pieces in that MS. appear to have been collected, and many of them composed (among which might be this ballad) by an inhabitant of Cheshire; who was willing to pay a compliment here to one of his countrymen, of the eminent family *De* or *Of Egerton* (so the name was first written), ancestors of the present Duke of Bridgwater: and this he could do with the more propriety, as the Percies had formerly great interest in that county: at the fatal battle of Shrewsbury all the flower of the Cheshire gentlemen lost their lives fighting in the cause of Hotspur.

Ver. 203. *Ratcliff.*] This was a family much distinguished in Northumberland. Edw. Radcliffe, mil., was sheriff of that county in 17 of Hen. VII., and others of the same surname afterwards.—See Fuller, p. 313. Sir George Ratcliff, knt., was one of the commissioners of inclosure

in 1552.—See Nicholson, p. 330. Of this family was the late Earl of Derwentwater, who was beheaded in 1715. The Editor's folio MS. however reads here "Sir Robert Harcliffe and Sir William."

The Harcleys were an eminent family in Cumberland.—See Fuller, p. 224. Whether this may be thought to be the same name I do not determine.

Ver. 204. *Baron.*] This is apparently altered (not to say corrupted) from *Hearone*, in page 10, ver. 114.

Ver. 207. *Raby.*] This might be intended to celebrate one of the ancient possessors of Raby Castle, in the county of Durham. Yet it is written *Rebbye* in the fol. MS., and looks like a corruption of *Rugby* or *Rokeby*, an eminent family in Yorkshire.—See pp. 10, 25. It will not be wondered that the Percies should be thought to bring followers out of that county, where they themselves were originally seated, and had always such extensive property and influence.

Ver. 215. *Murray.*] So the Scottish copy. In the common edition it is *Carrel* or *Currel;* and *Morrell* in the fol. MS.

Ver. 217. *Murray.*] So the Scot. edit.—The com. copies read *Murrel.* The fol. MS. gives the line in the following peculiar manner,

"Sir Roger Heuer of Harcliffe too."

Ver. 219. *Lamb.*] The folio MS. has

"Sir David Lamwell well esteemed."

This seems evidently corrupted from Lwdale or Liddell, in the old copy, pp. 10, 25.

II.

Death's Final Conquest.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, entitled *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses:* no date, 8vo.—Shirley flourished as a dramatic writer early in the reign of Charles I.; but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened Oct. 29, 1666, æt. 72.

This little poem was written long after many of those that follow, but is inserted here as a kind of dirge to the foregoing piece. It is said to have been a favourite song with King Charles II.

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings:

Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

III.

The Rising in the North.

The subject of this ballad is the great Northern insurrection in the twelfth year of Elizabeth, 1569, which proved so fatal to Thomas Percy, the seventh Earl of Northumberland.

There had not long before been a secret negotiation entered into between some of the Scottish and English nobility, to bring about a marriage between Mary, Queen of Scots, at that time a prisoner in England, and the Duke of Norfolk, a nobleman of excellent character and firmly attached to the Protestant religion. This match was proposed to all the most considerable of the English nobility, and among the rest to the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, two noblemen very powerful in the north. As it seemed to promise a speedy and safe conclusion of the troubles in Scotland, with many advantages to the crown of England, they all consented to it, provided it should prove agreeable to Queen Elizabeth. The Earl of Leicester (Elizabeth's favourite) undertook to break the matter to her; but before he could

find an opportunity, the affair had come to her ears by other hands, and she was thrown into a violent flame. The Duke of Norfolk, with several of his friends, was committed to the Tower, and summons were sent to the northern earls instantly to make their appearance at court. It is said that the Earl of Northumberland, who was a man of a mild and gentle nature, was deliberating with himself whether he should not obey the message, and rely upon the queen's candour and clemency, when he was forced into desperate measures by a sudden report at midnight, November 14, that a party of his enemies were come to seize on his person.[1] The earl was then at his house at Topcliffe in Yorkshire; when rising hastily out of bed, he withdrew to the Earl of Westmoreland, at Brancepeth, where the country came in to them, and pressed them to take arms in their own defence. They accordingly set up their standards, declaring their intent was to restore the ancient religion, to get the succession of the crown firmly settled, and to prevent the destruction of the ancient nobility, &c. Their common banner[2] (on which was displayed the Cross, together with the five wounds of Christ) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq., of Norton-Conyers; who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c., and caused mass to be said there: they then marched on to Clifford-moor, near Wetherbye, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York; but altering their minds, they fell upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days. The two earls, who spent their large estates in hospitality, and were extremely beloved on that account, were masters of little ready money; the Earl of Northumberland bringing with him only 8000 crowns, and the Earl of Westmoreland nothing at all for the subsistence of their forces, they were not able to march to London, as they had at first intended. In these circumstances, Westmoreland began so visibly to despond, that many of his men slunk away; though Northumberland still kept up his resolution, and was master of the field till December 15, when the Earl of Sussex, accompanied with Lord Hunsden and others, having marched out of York at the head of a large body of forces, and being followed by a still larger army under the command of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, the insurgents retreated northward towards the borders, and there dismissing their followers, made their escape into Scotland. Though this insurrection had been suppressed with so little bloodshed, the Earl of Sussex and Sir George Bowes, marshal of the army, put vast numbers to death by martial law, without any regular trial. The former of these caused at Durham sixty-three constables to be hanged at once; and the latter made his boast, that for sixty miles in length and forty in breadth, betwixt Newcastle and Wetherbye, there was hardly a town or village wherein he had not executed some of the inhabitants. This exceeds the cruelties

[1] This circumstance is overlooked in the ballad.

[2] Besides this, the ballad mentions the separate banners of the two noblemen.

practised in the West after Monmouth's rebellion: but that was not the age of tenderness and humanity.

Such is the account collected from Stow, Speed, Camden, Guthrie, Carte, and Rapin; it agrees in most particulars with the following ballad, which was apparently the production of some northern minstrel, who was well affected to the two noblemen. It is here printed from two MS. copies, one of them in the Editor's folio collection. They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history.

Listen, lively Lordings all,
Lithe and listen unto mee,
And I will sing of a noble earle,
The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walkes his faire Ladie:[3]
"I heare a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight or flee."

"Now heaven forefend, my dearest Lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee:
But goe to London to the court,
And faire fall truth and honestie."

"Now nay, now nay, my Ladye gay,
Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not bee."

"O goe to the court yet, good my Lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee:
If any dare to doe you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee."

"Now nay, now nay, thou Lady faire,
The court is full of subtiltie;
And if I goe to the court, Lady,
Never more I may thee see."

"Yet goe to the court, my Lord," she sayes,
"And I myselfe will ryde wi' thee:
At court then for my dearest Lord,
His faithfull borrowe I will bee."

[3] This was Anne, daughter of Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester.

"Now nay, now nay, my Lady deare;
Far lever had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruell foes
My love in jeopardy and strife.

"But come thou hither, my little foot-pàge
Come thou hither unto mee;
To maister Norton thou must goe
In all the haste that ever may bee.

"Commend me to that gentlemàn,
And beare this letter here fro mee;
And say that earnestly I praye,
He will ryde in my companie."

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran;
Untill he came to his journeys end,
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee,
And took the letter betwixt his hands,
And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd
Affore that goodlye companye,
I wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weeping eye.

He sayd, "Come hither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;
What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good erle's in jeopardy?"

"Father, my counselle's fair and free;
That erle he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I wold not have you breake your word.'

"Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
Thy counsell well it liketh me,
And if we speed and scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou bee.

V. 35, It is well known that the fate of the Nortons forms the theme of Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone*.—Editor.

"Come you hither, my nine good sonnes,
Gallant men I trowe you bee:
How many of you, my children deare,
Will stand by that good erle and mee?"

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie,
"O father, till the daye we dye
We'll stand by that good erle and thee."

"Gramercy now, my children deare,
You showe yourselves right bold and brave;
And whethersoe'er I live or dye,
A fathers blessing you shal have.

"But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton?
Thou art mine eldest sonn and heire;
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast;
Whatever it bee, to mee declare."

"Father, you are an aged man;
Your head is white, your bearde is gray;
It were a shame at these your yeares
For you to ryse in such a fray."

"Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of mee;
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
Why did I make soe much of thee?"

"But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee."

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band,
To join with the brave Erle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The Erle of Westmorland was hee:
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye,
And three dogs with golden collars
Were there sett out most royallye.[4]

Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,
The Halfe-Moone shining all soe faire:[5]
The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

[4] Ver. 102, *Dun Bull, &c.*] The supporters of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, were two bulls argent, ducally collar'd gold, armed or, &c. But I have not discovered the device mentioned in the ballad among the badges, &c., given by that house. This, however, is certain, that among those of the Nevilles, Lords Abergavenny, (who were of the same family) is a dun cow with a golden collar: and the Nevilles of Chyte in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland branch) gave for their crest in 1513, a dog's (greyhound's) head, erased. So that it is not improbable but Charles Neville, the unhappy Earl of Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above device on his banner. After all, our old minstrel's verses here may have undergone some corruption; for, in another ballad in the same folio MS., and apparently written by the same hand, containing the Sequel of this Lord Westmoreland's history, his banner is thus described, more conformable to his known bearings:

"Sette me up my faire Dun Bull,
Wi' th' Gilden Hornes, hee beares so hye."

[5] Ver. 106, *The Halfe-Moone, &c.*] The *silver crescent* is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the crusades against the Sarazens. In an ancient Pedigree in verse, finely illuminated on a roll of vellum, and written in the reign of Henry VII. (in possession of the family), we have this fabulous account given of its original. The author begins with accounting for the name of *Gernon* or *Algernon*, often borne by the Percies: who, he says, were

". . . . Gernons fyrst named of Brutys bloude of Troy:
Which valliantly fyghtynge in the land of Persè (*Persia*)
At pointe terrible ayance the miscreants on nyght,
An hevynly mystery was schewyd him, old bookys reherse;
In hys scheld did schyne a MONE veryfying her lyght,
Which to all the ooste yave a perfytte syght,
To vaynquys his enmys, and to deth them persue;
And therefore the *Persès* (Percies) the Cressant doth renew."

In the dark ages, no family was deemed considerable that did not derive its descent from the Trojan Brutus; or that was not distinguished by prodigies and miracles.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,
After them some spoyle to make;
Those noble erles turn'd backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled,
To Barnard castle then fled hee;
The uttermost walles were eathe to win,
The earles have won them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke,
But thoughe they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then newes unto leeve London came,
In all the speede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene shee swore,[6]
"I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before."

Shee caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,
With horse and harneis faire to see;
She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the earles i' th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,
Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsdèn;
Untill they to Yorke castle came,
I wiss, they never stint ne blan.

Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland,
Thy dun bull faine would we spye:
And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half-moone up on hye.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
And the halfe-moone vanished away:
The erles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay.

[6] This is quite in character: her majesty would sometimes swear at her nobles, as well as box their ears.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav'd of life:
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.

IV.

Northumberland betrayed by Douglas.

This ballad may be considered as the sequel of the preceding. After the unfortunate Earl of Northumberland had seen himself forsaken of his followers, he endeavoured to withdraw into Scotland, but falling into the hands of the thievish borderers, was stript and otherwise ill-treated by them. At length he reached the house of Hector of Harlow, an Armstrong, with whom he hoped to lie concealed; for Hector had engaged his honour to be true to him, and was under great obligations to this unhappy nobleman. But this faithless wretch betrayed his guest for a sum of money to Murray, the regent of Scotland, who sent him to the castle of Lough-leven, then belonging to William Douglas. All the writers of that time assure us that Hector, who was rich before, fell shortly afterwards into poverty, and became so infamous, that *to take Hector's cloak*, grew into a proverb, to express a man who betrays his friend.—See Camden, Carleton, Holingshed, &c.

Lord Northumberland continued in the castle of Lough-leven, till the year 1572; when James Douglas, Earl of Morton, being elected regent, he was given up to the Lord Hunsden at Berwick, and being carried to York, suffered death. As Morton's party depended on Elizabeth for protection, an elegant historian thinks "It was scarce possible for them to refuse putting into her hands a person who had taken up arms against her. But as a sum of money was paid on that account, and shared between Morton and his kinsman Douglas, the former of whom during his exile in England had been much indebted to Northumberland's friendship, the abandoning this unhappy nobleman to inevitable destruction was deemed an ungrateful and mercenary act."—Robertson's Hist.

So far history coincides with this ballad, which was apparently written by some northern bard, soon after the event. The interposal of the *witch-lady* (v. 53) is probably his own invention; yet even this hath some countenance from history; for about 25 years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the Earl of Angus, and nearly

related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the witch lady alluded to in v. 133.

The following is selected (like the former) from two copies, which contained great variations: one of them in the Editor's folio MS. In the other copy, some of the stanzas at the beginning of this ballad are nearly the same with what in that MS. are made to begin another ballad on the escape of the Earl of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures.

"How long shall fortune faile me nowe,
And harrowe me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In misery my life to lead?

"To fall from my bliss, alas the while!
It was my sore and heavye lott:
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

"One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,
A Scot he is, much bound to mee;
He dwelleth on the Border side,
To him I'll goe right privilie."

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
With a heavy heart and wel-away,
When he with all his gallant men
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherouslye;
For they did strip that noble erle,
And ever an ill death may they dye!

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide,
Who sent him to the Lough-levèn,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched him right curteouslie;
Say'd, "Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee."

When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day,
To the regent[1] the lord warden[2] sent,
That banisht erle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to see,
Saying, "Good my Lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that banisht man to mee."

Erle Percy at the supper sate,
With many a goodly gentleman;
The wylie Douglas then bespake,
And thus to flyte with him began.

"What makes you be so sad, my Lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfullyè?
To-morrow a shootinge will bee held
Among the lords of the North countryè.

"The butts are sett, the shooting's made,
And there will be great royaltye;
And I am sworne into my bille,
Thither to bring my Lord Percye."

"I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith," quoth hee,
"If thou wilt ride to the worldes end
I will ryde in thy companye."

And then bespake a lady faire,
Mary à Douglas was her name;
"You shall bide here, good English Lord,
My brother is a traiterous man.

"He is a traitor stout and stronge,
As I tell you in privitìe;
For he hath tane liverance of the erle[3]
Into England nowe to 'liver thee."

[1] James Douglas, Earl of Morton, elected regent of Scotland Nov. 24, 1572.

[2] Of one of the English Marches. Lord Hunsden.

[3] Of the Earl of Morton, the regent.

"Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble lord:
Ne for the gold in all Englànd,
The Douglas wold not break his word.

"When the regent was a banisht man,
With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind.

"Between England and Scotland it wold breake truce,
And friends againe they wold never bee,
If they shold 'liver a banisht erle,
Was driven out of his own countrìe."

"Alas! alas! my Lord," she sayes,
"Nowe mickle is their traitorìe;
Then lett my brother ryde his wayes,
And tell those English lords from thee,

"How that you cannot with him ryde,
Because you are in an ile of the sea,[4]
Then ere my brother come againe,
To Edenborrow castle[5] Ile carry thee.

"To the Lord Hume I will thee bring;
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word."

"Much is my woe," Lord Percy sayd,
"When I thinke on my own countrìe,
When I thinke on the heavye happe
My friends have suffered there for moe.

"Much is my woe," Lord Percy sayd,
"And sore those wars my minde distresse;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
And many a child was fatherlesse.

[4] *i. e.* Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea.
[5] At that time in the hands of the opposite faction.

"And now that I, a banisht man,
Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
To cause my faire and noble friends
To be suspect of treacherie,

"This rives my heart with double woe;
And lever had I dye this day,
Than thinke a Douglas can be false,
Or ever he will his guest betray."

"If you'll give me no trust, my Lord,
Nor unto mee no credence yield,
Yet step one moment here aside,
Ile showe you all your foes in field."

"Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
Never dealt in privy wyle;
I ut evermore held the high-waye
Of truth and honours, free from guile."

"If you'll not come yourselfe, my Lorde,
Yet send your chamberlaine with mee,
Let me but speak three words with him,
And he shall come again to thee."

James Swynard with that lady went,
She showed him through the weme of her ring
How many English lords there were
Waiting for his master and him.

"And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
So royallyè on yonder greene?"
"O yonder is the Lord Hunsdèn:[6]
Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene."

"And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
That walkes so proudly him beside?"
"That is Sir William Drury,"[7] shee sayd,
"A keene captàine hee is and tryde."

"How many miles is itt, madàme,
Betwixt yond English lords and mee?"
"Marry it is thrice fifty miles,
To saile to them upon the sea.

[6] The Lord Warden of the East Marches. [7] Governor of Berwick.

"I never was on English ground,
Ne never sawe it with mine eye,
But as my book it sheweth mee,
And through my ring I may descrye.

"My mother shee was a witch ladye,
And of her skille she learned mee;
She wold let me see out of Lough-leven
What they did in London citie."

"But who is yond, thou lady faire,
That looketh with sic an austerne face?"
"Yonder is Sir John Foster,"[8] quoth shee,
"Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace."

He pulled his hatt down over his browe;
He wept, in his heart he was full of woe;
And he is gone to his noble lord,
Those sorrowful tidings him to show.

"Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,
I may not believe that witch ladie;
The Douglasses were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

"I have now in Lough-leven been
The most part of these years three,
Yett have I never had noe outrake,
Ne no good games that I cold see.

"Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight:
Betide me weale, betide me woe,
He ne'er shall find my promise light."

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
And gave itt to that gay ladie:
Sayes, "It was all that I cold save,
In Harley woods where I cold bee."[9]

"And wilt thou goe, thou noble Lord?
Then farewell truth and honestie,
And farewell heart, and farewell hand,
For never more I shall thee see."

[8] Warden of the middle March. [9] *i. e.* Where I was: an ancient idiom.

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,
And all the saylors were on borde;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,
Says, "Gentle lady, fare thee well!"
The lady fett a sigh soe deep,
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

"Now let us goe back, Douglas," he sayd,
"A sickness hath taken yond faire ladie;
If ought befall yond lady but good,
Then blamed for ever I shall bee."

"Come on, come on, my Lord," he sayes,
"Come on, come on, and let her bee;
There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven
For to cheere that gay ladie."

"If you'll not turne yourself, my Lord,
Let me goe with my chamberlaine;
We will but comfort that faire lady,
And wee will return to you againe."

"Come on, come on, my Lord," he sayes,
"Come on, come on, and let her bee;
My sister is craftye, and wold beguile
A thousand such as you and mee."

When they had sayled [1] fifty myle,
Now fifty mile upon the sea,
Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas,
When they shold that shooting see.

"Faire words," quoth he, "they make fooles faine,
And that by thee and thy lord is seen;
You may hap to think itt soon enough,
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween."

[1] There is no navigable stream between Lough-leven and the sea: but a ballad-maker is not obliged to understand geography.

Jamye his hatt pulled over his browe,
He thought his lord then was betray'd;
And he is to Erle Percy againe,
To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

Hold upp thy head, man," quoth his lord,
"Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle;
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To see if he cold make it quail."

When they had other fifty sayld,
Other fifty mile upon the sea,
Lord Percy called to Douglas himselfe,
Sayd, "What wilt thou nowe doe with mee?"

"Looke that your brydle be wight, my Lord,
And your horse goe swift as shipp att sea;
Looke that your spurres be bright and sharpe,
That you may pricke her while she'll away."

"What needeth this, Douglas?" he sayth;
"What needest thou to flyte with mee?
For I was counted a horseman good
Before that ever I mett with thee.

"A false Hector hath my horse,
Who dealt with mee so treacherouslìe;
A false Armstrong he hath my spurres,
And all the geere belongs to mee."

When they had sayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the sea,
They landed low by Berwicke side,
A deputed 'laird' landed Lord Percye.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to dye,
It was, alas! a sorrowful sight;
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.

f. 224. fol. MS. reads *land*, and has not the following stanza

V.

My Mind to me a Kingdom is.

This excellent philosophical song appears to have been famous in the sixteenth century. It is quoted by Ben Jonson in his play of *Every Man out of His humour*, first acted in 1599, act i. sc. 1, where an impatient person says,

> "I am no such pil'd cynique to believe
> That beggery is the onely happinesse,
> Or, with a number of these patient fooles,
> To sing, 'My minde to me a kingdome is,'
> When the lanke hungrie belly barkes for foode."

It is here chiefly printed from a thin quarto music-book, entitled "Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadness and Pietie made into Musicke of five parts, &c. By William Byrd, one of the Gent. of the Queenes Majesties Honorable Chappell. Printed by Thomas East," &c., 4to, no date: but Ames, in his *Typog.*, has mentioned another edition of the same book, dated 1588, which I take to have been later than this.

Some improvements, and an additional stanza (sc. the 5th) were had from two other ancient copies; one of them in black letter, in the Pepys Collection, thus inscribed, "A sweet and pleasant Sonet, intitled *My Mind to me a Kingdom is.* To the tune of *In Crete*," &c.

Some of the stanzas in this poem were printed by Byrd separate from the rest: they are here given in what seemed the most natural order.

My minde to me a kingdome is;
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse,
That God or nature hath assignde:
Though much I want, that most would have
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I presse to beare no haughtie sway:
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Loe! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;

These get with toile, and keep with feare;
Such cares my mind could never beare.

No princely pompe, nor welthie store,
No force to winne the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to winne a lovers eye;
To none of these I yeeld as thrall,
For why my mind dispiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more:
They are but poore, tho' much they have;
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at anothers losse,
I grudge not at anothers gaine;
No worldly wave my mind can tosse,
I brooke that is anothers bane.
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I loth not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse;
I weigh not Cresus' welth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortunes fatall law.
My mind is such as may not move
For beautie bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seeke for more;
I like the plaine, I clime no hill;
In greatest stormes I sitte on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kisse not where I wish to kill;
I faine not love where most I hate;
I breake no sleep to winne my will;
I wayte not at the mighties gate;
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court, ne cart, I like, ne loath;
  Extreames are counted worst of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both
  Doth surest sit, and fears no fall.
This is my choyce, for why I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My welth is health, and perfect ease;
  My conscience clere my chiefe defence;
I never seeke by brybes to please,
  Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

VI.

The Patient Countess.

The subject of this tale is taken from that entertaining colloquy of Erasmus entitled, *Uxor Μεμψίγαμος, sive Conjugium:* which has been agreeably modernised by the late Mr. Spence in his little miscellaneous publication entitled "Moralities, &c., by Sir Harry Beaumont," 1753, 8vo, p. 42.

The following stanzas are extracted from an ancient poem entitled *Albion's England*, written by W. Warner, a celebrated poet in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, though his name and works are now equally forgotten. The reader will find some account of him in book v. song 24.

The following stanzas are printed from the author's improved edition of his work, printed in 1602, 4to; the third impression of which appeared so early as 1592, in bl. let. 4to. The edition in 1602 is in thirteen books, and so it is reprinted in 1612, 4to; yet in 1606, was published "A Continuance of Albion's England by the first Author, W. W. Lond. 4to:" this contains books xiv., xv., xvi. In Ames's *Typography*, is preserved the memory of another publication of this writer's, entitled *Warner's Poetry*, printed in 1580, 12mo, and reprinted in 1602. There is also extant under the name of Warner, "Syrix, or sevenfold Hist. pleasant, and profitable, comical, and tragical," 4to.

It is proper to premise, that the following lines were not written by the author in stanzas, but in long Alexandrines of fourteen syllables; which the narrowness of our page made it here necessary to subdivide.

Impatience chaungeth smoke to flame,
But jelousie is hell;
Some wives by patience have reduc'd
Ill husbands to live well:
As did the ladie of an earle,
Of whom I now shall tell.

An earle 'there was' had wedded, lov'd;
Was lov'd, and lived long
Full true to his fayre countesse; yet
At last he did her wrong.

Once hunted he untill the chace,
Long fasting, and the heat
Did house him in a peakish graunge
Within a forest great.

Where knowne and welcom'd (as the place
And persons might afforde)
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds and milke
Were set him on the borde.

A cushion made of lists, a stoole
Halfe backed with a hoope
Were brought him, and he sitteth down
Besides a sorry coupe.

The poore old couple wisht their bread
Were wheat, their whig were perry,
Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds
Were creame, to make him merry.

Meane while (in russet neatly clad,
With linen white as swanne,
Herselfe more white, save rosie where
The ruddy colour ranne:

Whome naked nature, not the aydes
Of arte made to excell)
The good man's daughter sturres to see
That all were feat and well.
The earle did marke her and admire
Such beautie there to dwell.

Yet fals he to their homely fare
And held him at a feast;
But as his hunger slaked, so
An amorous heat increast.

When this repast was past and thanks
And welcome too, he sayd
Unto his host and hostesse, in
The hearing of the mayd,

"Yee know," quoth he, "that I am lord
Of this, and many townes;
I also know that you be poore,
And I can spare you pownes.

"Soe will I, so yee will consent,
That yonder lasse and I
May bargaine for her love; at least
Doe give me leave to trye.
Who needs to know it? nay who dares
Into my doings pry?"

First they mislike, yet at the length
For lucre were misled;
And then the gamesome earle did wowe
The damsell for his bed.

He took her in his armes, as yet
So coyish to be kist,
As mayds that know themselves belov'd,
And yieldingly resist.

In few, his offers were so large
She lastly did consent;
With whom he lodged all that night,
And early home he went.

He tooke occasion oftentimes
In such a sort to hunt.
Whom when his lady often mist,
Contràry to his wont,

And lastly was informed of
His amorous haunt elsewhere;
It greev'd her not a little, though
She seem'd it well to beare.

And thus she reasons with herselfe,
"Some fault perhaps in me;
Somewhat is done, that soe he doth:
Alas! what may it be?

"How may I winne him to myself?
He is a man, and men
Have imperfections; it behooves
Me pardon nature then.

"To checke him were to make him checke,[1]
Although hee now were chaste:
A man controuled of his wife,
To her makes lesser haste.

"If duty then, or daliance may
Prevayle to alter him;
I will be dutifull and make
My selfe for daliance trim."

So was she, and so lovingly
Did entertaine her lord,
As fairer or more faultles none
Could be for bed or bord.

Yet still he loves his leiman and
Did still pursue that game,
Suspecting nothing less, than that
His lady knew the same:
Wherefore to make him know she knew,
She this device did frame:

When long she had been wrong'd, and sought
The foresayd meanes in vaine,
She rideth to the simple graunge
With but a slender traine.

[1] To *check* is a term in falconry, applied when a hawk stops and turns away from his proper pursuit. To *check* also signifies to reprove or chide. It is in this verse used in both senses.

She lighteth, entreth, greets them well,
And then did looke about her;
The guiltie houshold knowing her,
Did wish themselves without her;
Yet, for she looked merily,
The lesse they did misdoubt her.

When she had seen the beauteous wench,
(Then blushing fairnes fairer),
Such beauty made the countesse hold
Them both excus'd the rather.

Who would not bite at such a bait?
Thought she: and who (though loth)
So poore a wench, but gold might tempt?
Sweet errors led them both.

Scarce one in twenty that had bragg'd
Of proffer'd gold denied,
Or of such yeelding beautie baulkt,
But, tenne to one, had lied.

Thus thought she: and she th s declares
Her cause of coming thether:
"My Lord, oft hunting in these partes,
Through travel, night, or wether,

"Hath often lodged in your house;
I thanke you for the same;
For why? it doth him jolly ease
To lie so neare his game.

"But, for you have not furniture
Beseeming such a guest,
I bring his owne, and come myselfe
To see his lodging drest."

With that two sumpters were discharg'd,
In which were hangings brave,
Silke coverings, curtens, carpets, plate,
And al such turn should have.

When all was handsomly dispos'd,
She prayes them to have care
That nothing hap in their default,
That might his health impair.

"And, damsell," quoth shee, "for it seemes
This household is but three,
And for thy parents age, that this
Shall chiefely rest on thee;

"Do me that good, else would to God
He hither come no more."
So tooke she horse, and ere she went
Bestowed gould good store.

Full little thought the countie that
His countesse had done so,
Who, now return'd from far affaires,
Did to his sweet-heart go.

No sooner sat he foote within
The late deformed cote,
But that the formall change of things
His wondring eies did note.

But when he knew those goods to be
His proper goods; though late,
Scarce taking leave, he home returnes
The matter to debate.

The countesse was a-bed, and he
With her his lodging tooke.
"Sir, welcome home" (quoth shee), "this night
For you I did not looke."

Then did he question her of such
His stuffe bestowed soe.
"Forsooth," quoth she, "because I did
Your love and lodging knowe:

"Your love to be a proper wench,
Your lodging nothing lesse;
I held it for your health, the house
More decently to dresse.

"Well wot I, notwithstanding her,
Your Lordship loveth me;
And greater hope to hold you such
By quiet, then brawles, 'you' see.

"Then for my duty, your delight,
And to retaine your favour,
All done I did, and patiently
Expect your wonted 'haviour."

Her patience, witte and answer wrought
His gentle teares to fall:
When (kissing her a score of times),
"Amend, sweet wife, I shall."
He said, and did it: 'so each wife
Her husband may' recall.

VII.

Dowsabell.

The following stanzas were written by Michael Drayton, a poet of some eminence in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.[1] They are inserted in one of his Pastorals, the first edition of which bears this whimsical title. "Idea. The Shepheards Garland fashioned in nine Eglogs. Rowlands sacrifice to the nine muses. Lond. 1593, 4to." They are inscribed with the author's name at length, "To the noble and valerous gentleman master Robert Dudley," &c. It is very remarkable, that when Drayton reprinted them in the first folio edition of his works, 1619, he had given those Eclogues so thorough a revisal, that there is hardly a line to be found the same as in the old edition. This poem had received the fewest corrections, and therefore is chiefly given from the ancient copy, where it is thus introduced by one of his shepherds:

"Listen to mee, my lovely shepheards joye,
And thou shalt heare, with mirth and mickle glee,
A prettie tale, which when I was a boy,
My toothles grandame oft hath tolde to me."

The author has professedly imitated the style and metre of some of the

[1] He was born in 1563, and died in 1631.—*Biog. Brit.*

old metrical romances particularly that of *Sir Isenbras*,[2] (alluded to in v. 3,) as the reader may judge from the following specimen:

"Lordynges, lysten, and you shal here," &c.
* * * *
"Ye shall well heare of a knight,
That was in warre full wyght,
And doughtye of his dede:
His name was Syr Isenbras,
Man nobler then he was
Lyved none with breade.
He was lyvely, large, and longe,
With shoulders broade, and armes stronge,
That myghtie was to se:
He was a hardye man, and hye,
All men hym loved that hym se,
For a gentyll knight was he:
Harpers loved him in hall,
With other minstrells all,
For he gave them golde and fee," &c.

This ancient legend was printed in black letter, 4to, by William Copland: no date. In the Cotton Library (Calig. A. 2), is a MS. copy of the same romance containing the greatest variations. They are probably two different translations of some French original.

Farre in the countrey of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Cassemen,
As bolde as Isenbras;
Fell was he and eger bent,
In battell and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleaped Dowsabel,
A mayden fayre and free;
And for she was her father's heire,
Full well she was y-cond the leyre
Of mickle curtesie.

The silke well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle werke;
And she could helpe the priest to say
His mattins on a holy-day,
And sing a psalme in kirke.

[2] As also Chaucer's *Rhyme of Sir Topas*, v. 6.

She ware a frock of frolicke greene,
Might well beseeme a mayden queene,
  Which seemly was to see;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the colombine,
  Y-wrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grasse that growes by Dove,
  And lyth as lasse of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wooll,
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,
  Or swanne that swims in Trent.

This mayden in a morne betime
Went forth, when May was in her prime,
  To get sweete cetywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlocke,
The lilly and the lady-smocke,
  To deck her summer hall.

Thus, as she wandred here and there,
Y-picking of the bloomed breere,
  She chanced to espie
A shepheard sitting on a bancke,
Like chanteclere he crowed crancke,
  And pip'd full merrilie.

He lear'd his sheepe as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
  To feede about him round;
Whilst he full many a carroll sung,
Untill the fields and meadowes rung,
  And all the woods did sound.

In favour this same shepheards swayne
Was like the bedlam Tamburlayne,[3]
  Which helde prowd kings in awe;
But meeke he was as lamb mought be;
And innocent of ill as he[4]
  Whom his lewd brother slaw.

[3] Alluding to *Tamburlaine the Great, or the Scythian Shepheard*, 1590, 8vo, an old ranting play ascribed to Marlowe.

[4] Sc. Abel.

The shepheard ware a sheepe-gray cloke,
Which was of the finest loke,
That could be cut with sheere.
His mittens were of bauzens skinne,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
His hood of meniveere.

His aule and lingell in a thong,
His tar-boxe on his broad belt hong,
His breech of coyntrie blewe.
Full crispe and curled were his lockes,
His browes as white as Albion rocks:
So like a lover true.

And pyping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popingay;
Which liked Dowsabel;
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frocke,
White as a lilly was her smocke,
She drew the shepheard nye;
But then the shepheard pyp'd a good,
That all his sheepe forsooke their foode,
To heare his melodye.

"Thy sheepe," quoth she, "cannot be leahe,
That have a jolly shepheards swayne,
The which can pipe so well."
"Yea, but," sayth he, "their shepheard may,
If pyping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel."

"Of love, fond boy, take thou no keepe,"
Quoth she; "looke thou unto thy sheepe,
Lest they should hap to stray."
Quoth he, "So had I done full well,
Had I not seen fayre Dowsabell
Come forth to gather maye."

With that she gan to vaile her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
  But not a word she sayd.
With that the shepheard gan to frowne,
He threw his pretie pypes adowne,
  And on the ground him layd.

Sayth she, "I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer-hall undight,
  And all for long of thee."
"My coate," sayth he, "nor yet my foulde
Shall neither sheepe nor shepheard hould,
  Except thou favour mee."

Sayth she, "Yet lever were I dead,
Then I should lose my mayden-head,
  And all for love of men."
Sayth he, "Yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot finde
  To love us now and then.

"And I to thee will be as kinde
As Colin was to Rosalinde,
  Of curtesie the flower."
"Then will I be as true," quoth she,
"As ever mayden yet might be
  Unto her paramour."

With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Downe by the shepheard kneeled shee,
  And him she sweetely kist;
With that the shepheard whoop'd for joy,
Quoth he, "Ther's never shepheards boy
  That ever was so blist."

VIII.

The Farewell to Love.

From Beaumont and Fletcher's play, entitled *The Lover's Progress*, act iii. sc. 1.

Adieu, fond love! farewell, you wanton powers!
I am free again:
Thou dull disease of bloud and idle hou'rs,
Bewitching pain,
Fly to fools that sigh away their time!
My nobler love to heaven doth climb,
And there behold beauty still young,
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy;
Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,
And honour'd by eternity and joy!
There lies my love, thither my hopes aspire;
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

IX.

Ulysses and the Syren

affords a pretty poetical contest between Pleasure and Honour. It is found at the end of "Hymen's Triumph: a pastoral tragi-comedie," written by Daniel, and printed among his works, 4to, 1623.[1] Daniel, who was a contemporary of Drayton's, and is said to have been poet-laureate to Queen Elizabeth, was born in 1562, and died in 1619. Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery (to whom Daniel had been tutor), has inserted a small portrait of him in a full length picture of herself, preserved at Appleby Castle, in Cumberland.

This little poem is the rather selected for a specimen of Daniel's poetic powers, as it is omitted in the later edition of his works, 2 vols. 12mo, 1718.

Syren.

"Come, worthy Greeke, Ulysses come,
Possesse these shores with me,
The windes and seas are troublesome,
And here we may be free.

[1] In this edition it is collated with a copy printed at the end of his "Tragedie of Cleopatra. Lond. 1607," 12mo.

Here may we sit and view their toyle,
That travaile in the deepe,
Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
And spend the night in sleepe."

ULYSSES.

"Faire nymph, if fame or honour were
To be attain'd with ease,
Then would I come and rest with thee,
And leave such toiles as these;
But here it dwels, and here must I
With danger seek it forth;
To spend the time luxuriously
Becomes not men of worth."

SYREN.

"Ulysses, O be not deceiv'd
With that unreall name;
This honour is a thing conceiv'd,
And rests on others' fame.
Begotten only to molest
Our peace, and to beguile
(The best thing of our life) our rest,
And give us up to toyle!"

ULYSSES.

"Delicious nymph, suppose there were
Nor honour, nor report,
Yet manlinesse would scorne to weare
The time in idle sport;
For toyle doth give a better touch
To make us feele our joy;
And ease findes tediousnes, as much
As labour yeelds annoy."

SYREN.

"Then pleasure likewise seemes the shore
Whereto tendes all your toyle;
Which you forego to make it more,
And perish oft the while.

Who may disport them diversely,
Find never tedious day;
And ease may have variety,
As well as action may."

ULYSSES.

"But natures of the noblest frame
These toyles and dangers please;
And they take comfort in the same,
As much as you in ease,
And with the thought of actions past
Are recreated still;
When pleasure leaves a touch at last
To shew that it was ill."

SYREN.

"That doth opinion only cause,
That's out of custom bred;
Which makes us many other laws
Than ever nature did.
No widdowes waile for our delights,
Our sports are without blood;
The world we see by warlike wights
Receives more hurt than good."

ULYSSES.

'But yet the state of things require
These motions of unrest,
And these great spirits of high desire
Seem borne to turne them best;
To purge the mischiefes, that increase
And all good order mar;
For oft we see a wicked peace,
To be well chang'd for war."

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
I shall not have thee here;
And therefore I will come to thee,
And take my fortune there.

I must be wonne that cannot win,
Yet lost were I not wonne;
For beauty hath created bin
T' undoo or be undone."

X.

Cupid's Pastime.

This beautiful poem, which possesses a classical elegance hardly to be expected in the age of James I., is printed from the fourth edition of Davison's Poems,[1] &c., 1621. It is also found in a later miscellany, entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 1660, 8vo. Francis Davison, editor of the poems above referred to, was son of that unfortunate secretary of state, who suffered so much from the affair of Mary, Queen of Scots. These poems, he tells us in his preface, were written by himself, by his brother [Walter], who was a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries, and by some dear friends "anonymoi." Among them are found some pieces by Sir J. Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir Philip Sidney, Spenser, and other wits of those times.

In the fourth volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies*, this poem is attributed to Sidney Godolphin, Esq., but erroneously, being probably written before he was born. One edition of Davison's book was published in 1608. Godolphin was born in 1610, and died in 1642-3.—*Ath. Ox.* ii. 23.

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within a thicket on a plain
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspred her face;
Her careless arms abroad were cast;
Her quiver had her pillows place;
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill;
Nought durst he do; nought durst he say;
Whilst chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see,
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended bee.

[1] See the full title in book vi. no. iv.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place·
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by;
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets flye.

Forth flew the shaft and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain;
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, trye not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart;
Alas! thou know'st not Cupids craft;
Revenge is joy: the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare;
Her hands were glov'd, but next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd; and through that breast
Love found an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord! how this gentle nymph did start!

She runs not now; she shoots no more;
Away she throws both shaft and bow;
She seeks for what she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherds haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may ;
What other lovers do, did they ;
The god of love sate on a tree,
And laughed that pleasant sight to see.

XI.

The Character of a Happy Life.

This little moral poem was writ by Sir Henry Wotton, who died Provost of Eton, in 1639, Æt. 72. It is printed from a little collection of his pieces, entitled *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651, 12mo, compared with one or two other copies.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not anothers will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Not ty'd unto the world with care
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make oppressors great ;

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And entertaines the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend !

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or feare to fall ;
Lord of himselfe, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

XII.

Gilderoy

was a famous robber, who lived about the middle of the last century, if we may credit the histories and story-books of highwaymen, which relate many improbable feats of him, as his robbing Cardinal Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell, &c. But these stories have probably no other authority than the records of Grub-street; at least the Gilderoy, who is the hero of Scottish songsters, seems to have lived in an earlier age; for, in Thompson's *Orpheus Caledonius*, vol. ii. 1733, 8vo, is a copy of this ballad, which, though corrupt and interpolated, contains some lines that appear to be of genuine antiquity: in these he is represented as contemporary with Mary, Queen of Scots: *ex. gr.*

> "The Queen of Scots possessed nought,
> That my love let me want:
> For cow and ew to me he brought,
> And ein whan they were scant."

These lines, perhaps, might safely have been inserted among the following stanzas, which are given from a written copy, that seems to have received some modern corrections. Indeed the common popular ballad contained some indecent luxuriances that required the pruning-hook.

GILDEROY was a bonnie boy,
Had roses tull his shoone;
His stockings were of silken soy,
Wi' garters hanging doune.
It was, I weene, a comelie sight,
To see sae trim a boy;
He was my jo and hearts delight,
My handsome Gilderoy.

O! sike twa charming een he had,
A breath as sweet as rose;
He never ware a Highland plaid,
But costly silken clothes.
He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
Nane eir tull him was coy:
Ah, wae is mee! I mourn the day,
For my dear Gilderoy.

My Gilderoy and I were born
Baith in one toun together;
We scant were seven years, beforn
We gan to luve each other;
Our dadies and our mammies, thay
Were fill'd wi' mickle joy,
To think upon the bridal day
'Twixt me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine,
Gude faith, I freely bought
A wedding sark of holland fine,
Wi' silken flowers wrought;
And he gied me a wedding ring,
Which I receiv'd wi' joy;
Nae lad nor lassie eir could sing,
Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi' mickle joy we spent our prime,
Till we were baith sixteen,
And aft we passed the langsome time,
Among the leaves sae green;
Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
And sweetly kiss and toy;
Wi' garlands gay wad deck my hair
My handsome Gilderoy.

O! that he still had been content
Wi' me to lead his life;
But ah, his manfu' heart was bent
To stir in feates of strife:
And he in many a venturous deed
His courage bauld wad try,
And now this gars mine heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears they wat mine ee;
I gave tull him a parting luik,
"My benison gang wi' thee!

God speid thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
For gane is all my joy;
My heart is rent sith we maun part,
My handsome Gilderoy."

My Gilderoy, baith far and near,
Was fear'd in every toun,
And bauldly bare away the gear
Of many a lawland loun.
Nane eir durst meet him man to man,
He was sae brave a boy;
At length wi' numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the loun that made the laws,
To hang a man for gear;
To 'reave of life for ox or ass,
For sheep, or horse, or mare!
Had not their laws been made sae strick,
I neir had lost my joy,
Wi' sorrow neir had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Giff Gilderoy had done amisse,
He mought hae banisht been;
Ah! what sair cruelty is this,
To hang sike handsome men!
To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
Sae sweet and fair a boy!
Nae lady had sae white a hand
As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fraid they were,
They bound him mickle strong;
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hung:
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae trim a boy;
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best,
My handsome Gilderoy.

Thus having yielded up his breath,
I bare his corpse away;
Wi' tears that trickled for his death
I washt his comelye clay;
And siker in a grave sae deep,
I laid the dear-lued boy,
And now for evir maun I weep
My winsome Gilderoy.

* * *

XIII.

Winifreda.

This beautiful address to conjugal love, a subject too much neglected by the libertine Muses, was, I believe, first printed in a volume of "Miscellaneous Poems, by several hands, published by D. [David] Lewis, 1726." 8vo.

It is there said, how truly I know not, to be a translation "from the ancient British language."

Away; let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move your care;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood;
We'll shine in more substantial honors,
And to be noble we'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Will sweetly sound where-e'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones, they shall wonder
How they respect such little folk.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess;
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess

Still shall each returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread;
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
While round my knees they fondly clung;
To see them look their mothers features,
To hear them lisp their mothers tongue.

And when with envy time, transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go a wooing in my boys.

XIV.

The Witch of Wokey

was published in a small collection of Poems, entitled *Euthemia, or the Power of Harmony*, &c., 1756, written in 1748 by the ingenious Dr. Harrington, of Bath, who never allowed them to be published, and withheld his name till it could no longer be concealed. The following contains some variations from the original copy, which it is hoped the author will pardon, when he is informed they came from the elegant pen of the late Mr. Shenstone.

Wokey-hole is a noted cavern in Somersetshire, which has given birth to as many wild fanciful stories as the Sybil's Cave in Italy. Through a very narrow entrance it opens into a large vault, the roof whereof, either on account of its height or the thickness of the gloom, cannot be discovered by the light of torches. It goes winding a great way under ground, is crost by a stream of very cold water, and is all horrid with broken pieces of rock: many of these are evident petrifactions, which, on account of their singular forms, have given rise to the fables alluded to in this poem.

In aunciente days, tradition showes,
A base and wicked elfe arose,
The Witch of Wokey hight:

Oft have I heard the fearfull tale,
From Sue and Roger of the vale,
On some long winter's night.

Deep in the dreary dismall cell,
Which seem'd and was ycleped hell,
This blear-eyed hag did hide;
Nine wicked elves, as legends sayne,
She chose to form her guardian-trayne,
And kennel near her side.

Here screeching owls oft made their nest,
While wolves its craggy sides possest,
Night-howling thro' the rock;
No wholesome herb could here be found:
She blasted every plant around,
And blister'd every flock.

Her haggard face was foull to see;
Her mouth unmeet a mouth to bee;
Her eyne of deadly leer.
She nought devis'd but neighbour's ill,
She wreak'd on all her wayward will,
And marr'd all goodly chear.

All in her prime, have poets sung,
No gaudy youth, gallant and young,
E'er blest her longing armes;
And hence arose her spight to vex,
And blast the youth of either sex,
By dint of hellish charms.

From Glaston came a lerned wight,
Full bent to marr her fell despight,
And well he did, I ween:
Sich mischief never had been known,
And, since his mickle lerninge shown,
Sich mischief ne'er has been.

He chauntede out his godlie booke,
He crost the water, blest the brooke,
Then,—pater-noster done,—

The ghastly hag he sprinkled o'er,
When lo! where stood a hag before,
Now stood a ghastly stone.

Full well 'tis known adown the dale;
Tho' passing strange indeed the tale
And doubtfull may appear,
I'm bold to say, there's never a one,
That has not seen the witch in stone,
With all her household gear.

But tho' this lernede clerke did well,
With grieved heart, alas! I tell,
She left this curse behind:
That Wokey-nymphs forsaken quite,
Tho' sense and beauty both unite,
Should find no leman kind.

For lo! even, as the fiend did say,
The sex have found it to this day,
That men are wondrous scant.
Here's beauty, wit, and sense combin'd,
With all that's good and virtuous join'd,
Yet hardly one gallant.

Shall then sich maids unpitied moane?
They might as well, like her, be stone,
As thus forsaken dwell.
Since Glaston now can boast no clerks;
Come down from Oxenford, ye sparks,
And oh! revoke the spell!

Yet stay—nor thus despond, ye fair;
Virtue's the gods' peculiar care;
I hear the gracious voice:
Your sex shall soon be blest agen,
We only wait to find sich men,
As best deserve your choice

XV.

Bryan and Pereene,

A WEST-INDIAN BALLAD,

is founded on a real fact, that happened in the Island of St. Christopher's, about 1760. The editor owes the following stanzas to the friendship of Dr. James Grainger,[1] who was an eminent physician in that island when this tragical incident happened, and died there much honoured and lamented in 1767. To this ingenious gentleman the public is indebted for the fine *Ode on Solitude*, printed in the fourth volume of Dodsley's *Miscellanies*, p. 229, in which are assembled some of the sublimest images in nature. The reader will pardon the insertion of the first stanza here, for the sake of rectifying the two last lines, which were thus given by the author:

> "O Solitude, romantic maid,
> Whether by nodding towers you tread,
> Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
> Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
> Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
> Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
> Or starting from your half-year's sleep
> From Hecla view the thawing deep,
> Or at the purple dawn of day
> Tadmor's marble wastes survey," &c.,

alluding to the account of Palmyra published by some late ingenious travellers, and the manner in which they were struck at the first sight of those magnificent ruins by break of day.

THE north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd;
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leapt overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart long held in thrall;
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
Tho' ladies sought his hand.

[1] Author of a poem on the Culture of the Sugar Cane, &c.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blythsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung.
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When ah! a shark bit through his waist:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shrieked! he half sprang from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon he found a living grave,
And ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flowrets strew;
So may your lovers scape his doom,
Her hapless fate scape you.

XVI.

Gentle River, Gentle River.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

Although the English are remarkable for the number and variety of their ancient ballads, and retain perhaps a greater fondness for these old simple rhapsodies of their ancestors than most other nations, they are not the only people who have distinguished themselves by compositions of this kind. The Spaniards have great multitudes of them, many of which are of the highest merit. They call them in their language *romances*, and have collected them into volumes under the titles of *El Romancero*, *El Cancionero*,[1] &c. Most of them relate to their conflicts with the Moors, and display a spirit of gallantry peculiar to that romantic people. But, of all the Spanish ballads, none exceed in poetical merit those inserted in a little Spanish *History of the Civil Wars of Granada*, describing the dissensions which raged in that last seat of Moorish empire, before it was conquered in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, in 1491. In this History (or perhaps Romance) a great number of heroic songs are inserted, and appealed to as authentic vouchers for the truth of facts. In reality, the prose narrative seems to be drawn up for no other end, but to introduce and illustrate these beautiful pieces.

The Spanish editor pretends (how truly I know not) that they are translations from the Arabic or Morisco language. Indeed, from the plain, unadorned nature of the verse, and the native simplicity of the language and sentiment which runs through these poems, one would judge them to have been composed soon after the conquest of Granada above mentioned; as the prose narrative in which they are inserted, was published about a century after. It should seem, at least, that they were written before the Castilians had formed themselves so generally, as they have done since, on the model of the Tuscan poets, or had imported from Italy that fondness for conceit and refinement,

[1] *i. e.* The ballad-singer

which has for near two centuries past so much infected the Spanish poetry, and rendered it so frequently affected and obscure.

As a specimen of the ancient Spanish manner, which very much resembles that of our old English bards and minstrels, the reader is desired candidly to accept the two following poems. They are given from a small collection of pieces of this kind, which the Editor some years ago translated for his amusement when he was studying the Spanish language. As the first is a pretty close translation, to gratify the curious it is accompanied with the original. The metre is the same in all these old Spanish ballads: it is of the most simple construction, and is still used by the common people in their extemporaneous songs, as we learn from Baretti's Travels. It runs in short stanzas of four lines, of which the second and fourth alone correspond in their terminations; and in these it is only required that the vowels should be alike, the consonants may be altogether different, as

pone	casa	meten	arcos
noble	cañas	muere	gamo

Yet has this kind of verse a sort of simple harmonious flow, which atones for the imperfect nature of the rhyme, and renders it not unpleasing to the ear. The same flow of numbers has been studied in the following versions. The first of them is given from two different originals, both of which are printed in the *Hist. de las Civiles Guerras de Granada*. Madrid, 1694. One of them hath the rhymes ending in *aa*, the other in *ia*. It is the former of these that is here reprinted. They both of them begin with the same line,

Rio verde, rio verde,[2]

which could not be translated faithfully:

Verdant river, verdant river,

would have given an affected stiffness to the verse, the great merit of which is its easy simplicity; and therefore a more simple epithet was adopted, though less poetical or expressive.

[2] Literally Green river, green river. Rio Verde is said to be the name of a river in Spain; which ought to have been attended to by the translator had he known it

'Rio verde, rio verde,
Quanto cuerpo en ti se baña
De Christianos y de Moros
Muertos por la dura espada!

'Y tus ondas cristalinas
De roxa sangre se esmaltan:
Entre moros y Christianos
Muy gran batalla se trava.

'Murieron Duques y Condes,
Grandes señores de salva:
Murio gente de valia
De la nobleza de España.

'En ti murio Don Alonso,
Que de Aguilar se llamaba;
El valeroso Urdiales,
Con Don Alonso acabada.

'Por un ladera arriba
El buen Sayavedra marcha;
Naturel es de Sevilla,
De la gente mas granada.

'Tras el iba un Renegado,
Desta manera le habla;
" Date, date, Sayavedra,
No huyas de la batalla.

" 'Yo te conozco muy bien,
Gran tiempo estuve en tu casa
Y en la Plaça de Sevilla
Bien te vide jugar cañas.

" 'Conozco a tu padre y madre,
Y a tu muger Doña Clara;
Siete años fui tu cautivo,
Malamente me tratabas.

" 'Y aura lo seras mio,
Si Mahoma me ayudara,
Y tambien te tratare,
Como a mi me a tratabas."

GENTLE river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stained with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish chiefs and Christian warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes
On thy fatal banks were slain:
Fatal banks that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory died;
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Thro' their squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry:
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra,
Dost thou from the battle fly?

"Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I lived beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty chief, thou shalt be mine;
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine."

'Sayavedra que lo oyera,
Al Moro bolvio la cara;
Tirole el Mora una flecha,
Pero nunca le acertaba.

'Hiriole Sayavedra
De una herida muy mala:
Muerto cayo el renegado
Sin poder hablar palabra.

'Sayavedra fue cercado
De mucha Mora canalla,
Y al cabo cayo alli muerto
De una muy mala lançada.

'Don Alonso en este tiempo
Bravamente peleava,
Y el cavallo le avian muerto,
Y le tiene por muralla.

'Mas cargaron tantos Moros
Que mal le hieren y tratan:
De la sangre, que perdia,
Don Alonso se desmaya.

'Al fin, al fin cayo muerto
Al pie de un pena alta.——
——Muerto queda Don Alonso,
Eterna fama ganara.'

* * * * *

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare;
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing thro' the air.

Back the hero full of fury
Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the renegado
Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
Brave Saavedra stands at bay;
Wearied out but never daunted,
Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting great Alonzo
Stout resists the paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted
Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
Furious he repels their rage;
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting sunk the bleeding hero,
And without a groan expir'd.

* * * * *

*** In the Spanish original of the foregoing ballad follow a few more stanzas, but being of inferior merit were not translated.

Renegado properly signifies an apostate, but it is sometimes used to express an infidel in general; as it seems to do above in ver. 21, &c.

The image of the *lion*, &c., in ver. 37, is taken from the other Spanish copy, the rhymes of which end in *ia*, viz.

"Sayavedra, que lo oyera,
Como un leon rebolbia."

XVII.

Alcanzor and Zayda.

A MOORISH TALE.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

The foregoing version was rendered as literal as the nature of the two languages would admit. In the following a wider compass hath been taken. The Spanish poem that was chiefly had in view, is preserved in the same history of the civil wars of Granada, f. 22, and begins with these lines,

"Por la calle de su dama
Passeando se anda," &c.

Softly blow the evening breezes,
Softly falls the dews of night;
Yonder walks the Moor Alcanzor,
Shunning every glare of light.

In yon palace lives fair Zaida,
Whom he loves with flame so pure:
Loveliest she of Moorish ladies;
He a young and noble Moor.

Waiting for the appointed minute,
Oft he paces to and fro;
Stopping now, now moving forwards,
Sometimes quick and sometimes slow.

Hope and fear alternate teaze him,
Oft he sighs with heartfelt care.—
See, fond youth, to yonder window
Softly steps the timorous fair.

Lovely seems the moon's fair lustre
To the lost, benighted swain,
When all silvery bright she rises,
Gilding mountain, grove, and plain.

Lovely seems the sun's full glory
To the fainting seaman's eyes,
When some horrid storm dispersing,
O'er the wave his radiance flies.

But a thousand times more lovely
To her longing lover's sight,
Steals half-seen the beauteous maiden
Thro' the glimmerings of the night.

Tip-toe stands the anxious lover,
Whispering forth a gentle sigh:
"Alla [1] keep thee, lovely lady:
Tell me, am I doom'd to die?

"Is it true, the dreadful story
Which thy damsel tells my page,
That, seduc'd by sordid riches,
Thou wilt sell thy bloom to age?

"An old lord from Antiquera
Thy stern father brings along;
But canst thou, inconstant Zaida,
Thus consent my love to wrong?

"If 'tis true now plainly tell me,
Nor thus trifle with my woes;
Hide not then from me the secret,
Which the world so clearly knows."

Deeply sighed the conscious maiden,
While the pearly tears descend:
"Ah! my Lord, too true the story;
Here our tender loves must end.

"Our fond friendship is discover'd,
Well are known our mutual vows;
All my friends are full of fury:
Storms of passion shake the house.

"Threats, reproaches, fears surround me;
My stern father breaks my heart;
Alla knows how dear it costs me,
Generous youth, from thee to part.

[1] *Alla* is the Mahometan name of God.

"Ancient wounds of hostile fury
Long have rent our house and thine;
Why then did thy shining merit
Win this tender heart of mine?

"Well thou know'st how dear I lov'd thee
Spite of all their hateful pride,
Tho' I fear'd my haughty father
Ne'er would let me be thy bride.

"Well thou know'st what cruel chidings
Oft I've from my mother borne;
What I've suffer'd here to meet thee
Still at eve and early morn.

"I no longer may resist them;
All, to force my hand, combine;
And to-morrow to thy rival
This weak frame I must resign.

"Yet think not thy faithful Zaida
Can survive so great a wrong;
Well my breaking heart assures me
That my woes will not be long.

"Farewell then, my dear Alcanzor!
Farewell too my life with thee!
Take this scarf, a parting token;
When thou wear'st it think on me.

"Soon, lov'd youth, some worthier maiden
Shall reward thy generous truth;
Sometimes tell her how thy Zaida
Died for thee in prime of youth."

—To him all amaz'd, confounded,
Thus she did her woes impart:
Deep he sigh'd, then cry'd, "O Zaida!
Do not, do not break my heart.

"Canst thou think I thus will lose thee?
Canst thou hold my love so small?
No! a thousand times I'll perish!—
My curst rival too shall fall.

"Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
O break forth, and fly to me!
This fond heart shall bleed to save thee,
These fond arms shall shelter thee."

"'Tis in vain, in vain, Alcanzor,
Spies surround me, bars secure;
Scarce I steal this last dear moment,
While my damsel keeps the door.

"Hark, I hear my father storming!
Hark, I hear my mother chide!
I must go: farewell for ever!
Gracious Alla be thy guide!"

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

I.

Richard of Almaigne,

A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort Earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264,"—affords a curious specimen of ancient satire, and shows that the liberty assumed by the good people of this realm, of abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes, which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III., the barons had offered his brother Richard, King of the Romans, 30,000*l.* to procure a peace upon such terms as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive. The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, Prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends, fell into the hands of their enemies; while two great barons of the king's party, John, Earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot, the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of 30,000*l.* is alluded to; but, with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the 2nd stanza, the reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of Wallingford and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia, daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243. Windsor Castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners; a circumstance which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The 3rd stanza alludes to a remarkable circumstance which happened on the day of the battle of Lewes. After the battle was lost, Richard, King of the Romans, took refuge in a windmill, which he barricadoed, and maintained for some time against the barons, but in the evening was obliged to surrender.—See a very full account of this in the *Chronicle of Mailros.* Oxon. 1684, p. 229.

The 4th stanza is of obvious interpretation; Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to overrun the kingdom: upon which he was

forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In the 5th stanza, the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren; and in the 6th and 7th stanzas, insinuates that, if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home: a circumstance which fixes the date of this ballad; for, in the year 1265, both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant.—See Holinshed, Rapin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253, s. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II.; *th* being everywhere expressed by the character þ; the ẏ is pointed, after the Saxon manner, and the ı̇ hath an oblique stroke over it.

Prefixed to this ancient libel on government was a small design, which the engraver intended should correspond with the subject. On the one side a Satyr (emblem of Petulance and Ridicule) is trampling on the ensigns of Royalty; on the other, Faction, under the mask of Liberty, is exciting Ignorance and Popular Rage to deface the royal image, which stands on a pedestal inscribed MAGNA CHARTA, to denote that the rights of the king, as well as those of the people, are founded on the laws; and that to attack one, is in effect to demolish both.

Sitteth alle stille, ant herkneth to me;
The Kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
Thritti thousent pound askede he
For te make the pees in the countre,
Ant so he dude more.
Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
Trichen shalt thou never more.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,
He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng,
Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlyng,
Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,
Maugre Wyndesore,
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The Kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
He saisede the mulne for a castel,
With hare sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,
He wende that the sayles were mangonel
To helpe Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c

Ver 2, kyn. MS.

The Kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host,
Makede him a castel of a mulne post,
Wende with is prude, ant is muchele bost,
Brohte from Alemayne mony sori gost
To store Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche synne,
That lette passen over see the Erl of Warynne:
He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,
The gold, ant the selver, and y-boren henne,
For love of Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chyn,
Hevede he nou here the Erl of Waryn,
Shuld he never more come to is yn,
Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gyn,
To help of Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Monfort hath suore bi ys cop,
Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot:
Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot
Shulde he never more with his sot pot
To helpe Wyndesore.
Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Be the luef, be the loht, Sire Edward,
Thou shalt ride sporeles o thy lyard
Al the ryhte way to Dovere-ward,
Shalt thou never more breke foreward;
Ant that reweth sore
Edward, thou dudest as a shreward,
Forsoke thyn emes lore.
Richard, &c.

V. 40, g'te here. MS. *i. e.* grant their. Vide Glos.
V. 44, this stanza was omitted in the former editions.

*** This ballad will rise in its importance with the reader, when he finds that it is even believed to have occasioned a law in our Statute-Book, viz. "Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt

king and people."—*Westm. Primer*, c. xxxiv. anno 3 Edw. I. That it had this effect, is the opinion of an eminent writer.—See *Observations upon the Statutes*, &c., 4to, 2nd edit. 1766, p. 71.

However, in the Harl. Collection may be found other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have their share in contributing to this first law against libels.

II.

On the Death of K. Edward the First.

We have here an early attempt at Elegy. Edward I. died July 7, 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government; and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his contemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the Holy Land; but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet), who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet, with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isabel, the young monarch, who succeeded, immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite, Piers Gaveston, spent the money upon their pleasures. To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his eloge in the mouth of the Pope, with the same poetic licence as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe, pouring forth his praises.

This antique elegy is extracted from the same MS. volume as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography; and, though written at near the distance of half a century, contains little or no variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem, by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than 50 or 60 years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms and new modes of speech from other languages.

Alle, that beoth of huerte trewe,
A stounde herkneth to my song
Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,
That maketh me syke, ant sorewe among;

Of a knyht, that wes so strong,
Of wham God hath don ys wille;
Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
That he so sone shall ligge stille.

Al Englond ahte for te knowe
Of wham that song is, that y synge;
Of Edward Kyng, that lith so lowe,
Zent al this world is nome con springe:
Trewest mon of alle thinge,
Ant in werre war ant wys,
For him we ahte oure honden wrynge,
Of Christendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng was ded,
He spek ase mon that wes in care,
"Clerkes, knyhtes, barons," he sayde,
"Y charge ou by oure sware,
That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
Y deze, y ne may lyven na more;
Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,
For he is nest to buen y-core.

"Ich biqueth myn herte arhyt,
That hit be write at my devys,
Over the see that Hue[1] be diht,
With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,
In werre that buen war ant wys,
Azein the hethene for te fyhte,
To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,
Myself ycholde zef that y myhte."

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest 'sinne,'
That thou the counsail woldest fonde,
To latte the wille of 'Edward Kyng'
To wende to the Holy Londe:
That oure kynge hede take on honde
All Engelond to zeme ant wysse,
To wenden in to the Holy Londe
To wynnen us heveriche blisse.

Ver. 33, sunne. MS. V. 35, kyng Edward. MS.

[1] This is probably the name of the person who was to preside over this business.

The messager to the Pope com,
And seyde that our kynge was ded:
Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,
Ywis his herte was full gret:
The Pope him self the lettre redde,
Ant spec a word of gret honour.
"Alas!" he seid, "is Edward ded?
Of Christendome he ber the flour."

The Pope to his chaumbre wende,
For dol ne mihte he speke na more;
Ant after cardinals he sende,
That muche couthen of Cristes lore,
Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,
Bed hem bothe rede ant synge:
Gret deol me myhte se thore,
Mony mon is honde wrynge.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse
With ful gret solempnetè,
Ther me con the soule blesse:
"Kyng Edward honoured thou be:
God love thi sone come after the,
Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,
The holy crois y-mad of tree,
So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.

"Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore
The flour of al chivalrie
Now Kyng Edward liveth na more:
Alas! that he zet shulde deye!
He wolde ha rered up ful heyze
Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde;
Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie
Er we a such kyng han y-founde."

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
Kyng of Engelond al aplyht,
God lete him ner be worse man
Then his fader, ne lasse of myht.

V. 43. *ys* is probably a contraction of *in hys*, or *yn his*. V. 55, 59 me, *i. e.* men; so in Robert of Gloucester, passim.

To holden is pore men to ryht,
And understonde good counsail,
Al Engelong for to wysse ant dyht;
Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel,
Ant min herte yzote of bras,
The godness myht y never telle,
That with Kyng Edward was:
Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
In uch bataille thou hadest prys;
God bringe thi soule to the honour
That ever wes, ant ever ys.[2]

[2] Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as seemingly redundant, are thus appended, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten ende,
Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse
Jesus us sende. Amen.

III.

An original Ballad by Chaucer.

This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS. in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species which the French call *Rondeau*, very naturally Englished by our honest countrymen *Round O*. Though so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dark ages of literature. The Greek poets have had their *wings* and *axes*. the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary *rondeau*. Geofrey Chaucer died Oct. 25, 1400, aged 72.

I. 1.

Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly
I may the beaute of them not sustene,
So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen hastely
My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
Youre two eyn will sle me sodenly.

3.

Upon my trouth I sey yow feithfully,
That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;
For with my deth the trouth shal be sene.
Youre two eyn, &c.

II. 1.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chased
Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyn:
For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2.

Giltless my deth thus have ye purchased;
I sey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn:
So hath your beaute fro your herte chased.

3.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compassed
So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
To mercy, though he sterve for the peyn.
So hath youre beaute, &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
I nere thinke to ben in his prison lene;
Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may answere and sey this and that,
I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene:
Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
And he is strike out of my bokes clene:
For ever mo 'ther'[1] is non other mene,
Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

[1] This. MS.

IV.

The Turnament of Tottenham;[1]

OR, THE WOOEING, WINNING, AND WEDDING OF TIBBE, THE REEV'S DAVGHTER THERE.

It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of chivalry and romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see through the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of Sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter; and in the following poem we have a humorous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many good writers,[2] it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that there is little hope of its being abolished. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority: and the proclamations against tilting were as little regarded in those times as the laws against duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons besides proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of RIDICULE. With this view he has here introduced with admirable humour a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tourney. Here we have the regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize—and the magnificent feasting—with all the other solemn fopperies that usually attended the pompous turnament. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

The Turnament of Tottenham was first printed from an ancient MS. in 1631, 4to, by the Rev. Wilhem Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, who was one of the translators of the Bible. He tells us it was written by Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been sometime parson of the same parish, and author of another piece, entitled *Passio Domini Jesu Christi.*

[1] It has been thought that this ballad is a burlesque upon the old feudal custom of marrying an heiress to a knight who should vanquish all his opponents, at a solemn assembly holden for that purpose. (See *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1794, p. 613.)—Editor.

[2] See [Mr. Hurd's] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo, 1762 Mémoire de la Chevalerie, par M. de la Curne des Palais, 1759, 2 tom. 12mo, &c.

Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the Oriental and other languages' appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own; and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III., because turnaments were prohibited in that reign. "I do verily believe," says he, "that this Turnament was acted before this proclamation of King Edward. For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with lances, yet, as our author sayth, 'It was no children's game.' And what would have become of him, thinke you, which should have slayne another in this manner of jeasting? Would he not, trow you, have been *hang'd for it in earnest? yea, and have bene buried like a dogge?*" It is, however, well known that turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the former editions of this work, Bedwell's copy was reprinted here, with some few conjectural emendations; but as Bedwell seemed to have reduced the orthography at least, if not the phraseology, to the standard of his own time, it was with great pleasure that the Editor was informed of an ancient MS. copy preserved in the Museum [Harl. MSS. 5396], which appeared to have been transcribed in the reign of King Henry VI., about 1456. This obliging information the Editor owed to the friendship of Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq., and he has chiefly followed that more authentic transcript, improved however by some readings from Bedwell's book.

Of all thes kene conquerours to carpe it were kynde
Of fele feyztyng folk ferly we fynde;
The Turnament of Totenham have we in mynde;
It were harme sych haraynes were holden byhynde,
In story as we rede
Of Hawkyn, of Herry,
Of Tomkyn, of Terry,
Of them that were dughty
And stalworth in dede.

It befel in Totenham on a dere day,
Ther was mad a shurtyng be the hy-way;
Theder com al the men of the contray,
Of Hyssylton, of Hy-gate, and of Hakenay,
And all the swete swynkers:
Ther hopped Hawkyn,
Ther daunsed Dawkyn,
Ther trumped Tomkyn,
And all were trewe drynkers.

Tyl the day was gon and evyn-song past,
That thay schuld reckyn ther scot and ther counts cast;
Perkyn, the potter, into the press past,
And sayd, "Randol, the refe, a dozter thou hast,
Tyb the dere.
Therfor faine wyt wold I,
Whych of all thys bachelery
Were best worthye
To wed hur to hys fere."

Upstyrt thos gadelyngys wyth ther lang staves,
And sayd, "Randol, the refe, lo, thys lad raves;
Boldely amang us thy dozter he craves;
We er rycher men than he, and mor gode haves,
Of cattell and corn."
Then sayd Perkyn, "To Tybbe I have hyzt,
That I schal be alway redy in my ryzt,
If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt,
Or elles zet to morn."

Then sayd Randolfe, the refe, "Ever be he waryd
That about thys carpyng lenger wold be taryd:
I wold not my dozter, that scho were miscaryd,
But at hur most worschip I wold scho were maryd.
Therfor a Turnament schal begynne
Thys day sevenyzt,—
Wyth a flayl for to fyzt:
And 'he' that is most of myght
Schal brouke hur wyth wynne.

"Whoso berys hym best in the turnament,
Hym schal be granted the gre be the comon assent,
For to wynne my dozter wyth 'dughtynesse' of dent,
And 'Coppell' my brode-henne, 'that' was brozt out of Kent,
And my dunnyd kowe.
For no spens wyl I spare,
For no cattell wyl I care;
He schal have my gray mare,
And my spottyd sowe."

Ver. 20. It is not very clear in the MS. whether it should be *conts* or *conters*. V. 48, dozty. MS. V. 49, coppeld. We still use the phrase "a copple-crowned hen."

Ther was many 'a' bold lad ther bodyes to bede:
Than thay toke thayr leve and homward they zede,
And all the weke afterward graythed ther wede,
Tyll it come to the day, that thay suld do ther dede.
They armed tham in matts,
Thay set on ther nollys,
For to kepe ther pollys,
Gode blake bollys,
For bateryng of bats.

Thay sowed tham in schepeskynnes, for thay schuld not brest,
Ilk-on toke a blak hat, insted of a crest,
'A basket or a panyer before on ther brest,'
And a flayle in ther hande; for to fyght prest,
Furth gon thay fare.
Ther was kyd mekyl fors,
Who schuld best fend hys cors;
He that had no gode hors,
He gat hym a mare.

Sych another gadryng have I not sene oft,
When all the gret company com rydand to the croft;
Tyb on a gray mare was set up on loft
On a sek ful of fedyrs, for scho schuld syt soft,
And led 'till the gap.'
For cryeng of the men
Forther wold not Tyb then,
Tyl scho had hur brode hen
Set in hur Lap.

A gay gyrdyl Tyb had on, borowed for the nonys,
And a garland on hur hed, ful of rounde bonys,
And a broche on hur brest, ful of 'sapphyre' stonys,
Wyth the holy-rode tokenyng, was wrotyn for the nonys;

V. 57, gayed. P.C. V. 66 is wanting in MS. and supplied from P.C. V. 72, he borrowed him. P.C. V. 76, the MS. had once *sedys*, i.e. *seeds*, which appears to have been altered to *fedyrs*, or feathers. Bedwell's copy has *senvy*, i. e. *mustard-seed*. V. 77, And led hur to cap. MS. V. 83, Bedwell's P.C. has *ruel-bones*. V. 84, safer stones. MS. V. 85, wrotyn, *i. e.* wrought. P.C. reads *written*.

For no 'spendings' thay had spared.
When joly Gyb saw hur thare,
He gyrd so hys gray mare,
'That scho lete a fowkin' fare
At the rereward.

"I wow to God," quoth Herry, "I schal not lefe behynde;
May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde.
Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,
For whatsoever that he be, before me I fynde,
I wot I schall hym greve."
"Wele sayd," quoth Hawkyn,
"And I wow," quoth Dawkyn,
"May I mete wyth Tomkyn,
Hys flayle I schal hym reve."

"I make a vow," quoth Hud, "Tyb, son schal thou se,
Whych of all thys bachelery 'granted' is the gre.
I schal scomfet thaym all, for the love of the;
In what place so I come thay schal have dout of me,
Myn armes ar so clere:
I bere a reddyl, and a rake,
Poudred wyth a brenand drake,
And three cantells of a cake
In ycha cornere."

"I vow to God," quoth Hawkyn, "yf 'I' have the gowt,
Al that I fynde in the felde 'thrustand' here aboute,
Have I twyes or thryes redyn thurgh the route,
In ycha stede ther thay me se, of me thay schal have doute.
When I begyn to play,
I make avowe that I ne schall,
But yf Tybbe wyl me call,
Or I be thryes don fall,
Ryzt onys com away."

V. 86, no catel [perhaps *chatel*] they had spared. MS. V. 89, Then . . . faucon. MS. V. 101, grant. MS. V. 109, yf he have. MS. V. 110, the MS. literally has *th*r. *sand* here.

Then sayd Terry, and swore be hys crede:
"Saw thou never yong boy forther hys body bede,
For when thay fyzt fastest and most ar in drede,
I schall take Tyb by the hand and hur away lede.
I am armed at the full;
In myn armys I bere wele
A doz trogh and a pele,
A sadyll wythout a panell,
Wyth a fles of woll."

"I make a vow," quoth Dudman, and swor be the stra,
"Whyls me ys left my 'mare,' thou gets hurr not swa,
For scho ys wele schapen and lizt as the rae,
Ther is no capul in thys myle befor hur schal ga.
Sche wul ne nozt begyle;
Sche wyl me bere, I dar say,
On a lang somerys day,
Fro Hyssylton to Hakenay,
Nozt other half myle."

"I make a vow," quoth Perkyn, "thow speks of cold rost,
I schal wyrch 'wyselyer' without any bost.
Five of the best capulys that ar in thys ost,
I wot I schal thaym wynne, and bryng thaym to my cost,
And here I grant thaym Tybbe.
Wele boyes here ys he,
That wyl fyzt and not fle,
For I am in my jolyte,
Wyth so forth, Gybbe."

When thay had ther vowes made, furth can thay hie,
Wyth flayles and hornes and trumpes mad of tre.
Ther were all the bachelerys of that contre:
Thay were dyzt in aray, as thaymselfes wold be.
Thayr baners were ful bryzt,
Of an old rotten fell;
The cheveron of a plow-mell,
And the schadow of a bell,
'Quartred' wyth the mone lyst.

V. 128, merth. MS. V. 137, swyselior. MS. V. 146, flailes, and harnisse. P.C. V. 151, The chiefe. P.C. V. 153, Poudred. MS.

I wot yt 'was' no chylder game whan thay togedyr met,
When icha freke in the feld on hys feloy bet,
And layd on styfly, for nothyng wold thay let,
And foght ferly fast, tyll ther horses swet.
And few wordys spoken.
Ther were flayles al so slatred,
Ther were scheldys al to flatred,
Bollys and dysches al to schatred,
And many hedys brokyn.

Ther was clynkyng of cart-sadelys, and clatteryng of cannes;
Of fele frekys in the feld brokyn were their fannes;
Of sum were the hedys brokyn, of sum the brayn-pannes,
And yll were thay besene or thay went thanns,
Wyth swyppyng of swepyls.
Thay were so wery for-foght,
Thay myzt not fyzt mare oloft,
But creped about in the 'croft,'
As thay were croked crepyls.

Perkyn was so wery, that he began to loute:
"Help, Hud, I am ded in thys ylk rowte;
An hors, for forty pens, a gode and a stoute,
That I may lyztly come of my noye oute.
For no cost wyl I spare."
He styrt up as a snayle,
And hent a capul be the tayle,
And 'reft' Dawkin hys flayle,
And wan there a mare.

Perkyn wan five, and Hud wan twa.
Glad and blythe thay ware that thay had don sa;
Thay wold have tham to Tyb, and present hur with tha;
The Capulls were so wery that thay myzt not ga,
But styl gon thay stond.
"Alas!" quoth Hudde, "my joye I lese:
Mee had lever then a ston of chese
That dere Tyb had al these,
And wyst it were my sond."

V. 154, yt ys. MS. V. 168, The boyes were. MS. V. 170, creped then about in the croft, MS. V. 179, razt. MS. V. 185, stand. MS. V. 189, sand. MS.

Perkyn turnyd hym about in that ych thrang;
Among those wery boyes he wrest and he wrang,
He threw tham doun to the erth, and thrast tham amang,
When he saw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,
And after hym ran.
Off his horse he hym drogh,
And gaf hym of hys flayl inogh.
"We te he!" quoth Tyb, and lugh:
"Ye er a dughty man."

'Thus' thay tugged and rugged, tyl yt was nere nyzt.
All the wyves of Totenham came to see that syzt
Wyth wyspes and kexis and ryschys there lyzt,
To fetch hom ther husbandes that were tham trouth plyzt.
And some brozt gret harwos,
Ther husbandes hom to fetch,
Som on dores, and sum on hech,
Sum on hyrdyllys, and som on crech,
And sum on whele-barows.

Thay gaderyd Perkyn about 'on' everych syde,
And grant hym ther 'the gre,' the more was hys pryde.
Tyb and he wyth gret 'mirth' homeward con thay ryde,
And were al nyzt togedyr tyl the morn tyde.
And thay 'to church went.'
So wele hys nedys he has sped,
That dere Tyb he 'hath' wed;
The prayse-folk, that hur led,
Were of the Turnament.

To that ylk fest com many for the nones;
Some come hyphalte, and some trippand 'thither' on the [stonys;
Sum a staf in hys hand, and sum two at onys;
Of sum where the hedes broken, of some the schulder bonys.
With sorrow come thay thedyr.

V. 190, ilk throng. P.C. V. 199, Thys. MS. V. 204, hom for to fetch. MS. V. 208, about everych side. MS. V. 209, the *gre*, is wanting in MS. V. 210, mothe. MS. V. 212, And thay ifere assent. MS. V. 214, had wed MS. V. 215, The cheefemen. P.C V. 218, t ippand on. MS.

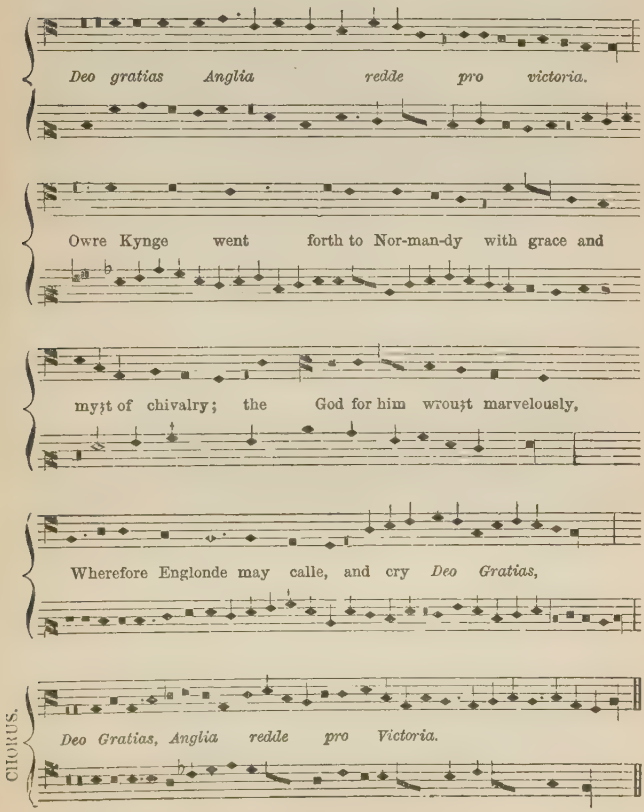
Wo was Hawkyn, wo was Herry,
Wo was Tomkyn, wo was Terry,
And so was all the bachelary,
When thay met togedyr.

[2] At that fest thay wer servyd with a ryche aray:
Every fyve and fyve had a cokenay.
And so thay sat in jolyte al the lung day;
And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray.
Mekyl myrth was them among:
In every corner of the hous
Was melody delycyous,
For to here precyus,
Of six menys song.[3]

[2] In the former impressions, this concluding stanza was only given from Bedwell's printed edition; but it is here copied from the old MS. wherein it has been since found, separated from the rest of the poem by several pages of a money-account, and other heterogeneous matter.

[3] Six-men's song, *i. e.* a song for six Voices. So Shakspeare uses Three-man song-men, in his *Winter's Tale*, act iii. sc. 3, to denote men that could sing Catches composed for three Voices. Of this sort are Weelkes's Madrigals mentioned below, book v. song 9. So again Shakspeare has Three-men beetle; *i. e.* a beetle or rammer worked by three men.—2 *Hen. IV.* act i. sc. 3.

Musical Notes for the Victory at Agincourt.


Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.
Owre Kynge went forth to Nor-man-dy with grace and
myȝt of chivalry; the God for him wrouȝt marvelously,
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry Deo Gratias,
CHORUS.
Deo Gratias, Anglia redde pro Victoria.

V.

For the Victory at Agincourt.

That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens, will appear from the following homely rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet-laureate of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given merely as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS. copy in the Pepys collection, vol. i. fol. It is there accompanied with the musical notes, which are here copied.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!
Owre kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myzt of chivalry;
The God for him wrouzt marvelously,
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,
To Harflue toune with ryal aray;
That toune he wan and made a fray,
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.
Deo gratias, &c.

Then went owre kynge with alle his oste
Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe boste;
He spared 'for' drede of leste ne most,
Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.
Deo gratias, &c.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely
In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,
Thorow grace of God most myzty
He had both the felde and the victory:
Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys and erlys, lorde and barone,
Were take and slayne and that wel sone,
And some were ledde in to Lundone
With joye and merthe and grete renone.
Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,
His peple and all his wel wyllynge,
Gef him gode lyfe and gode endynge,
That we with merth mowe savely synge
Deo gratias:
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

VI.

The Not-Browne Mayd.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression. Indeed, if it had no other merit than the having afforded the ground-work to Prior's *Henry and Emma*, this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in so correct a manner, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate editor of the *Prolusions*, 8vo, 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of *Arnolde's Chronicle*, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book,[1] preserved in the public library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the Prolusions will show where they occur. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface, is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one passage.—See v. 310.

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. The ballad of the *Not Browne Mayd* was first revived in the *The Muses Mercury* for June 1707, 4to, being prefaced with a little "Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry:" in which this poem is concluded to be "near 300 years old," upon reasons which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior, who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned Wanley, an excellent judge of ancient books. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of Prior's preserved in the British Museum [Harl. MSS. No. 3777]. The editor of the Prolusions thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because in Sir Thomas

[1] This (which my friend Mr. Farmer supposes to be the first edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf: the song begins at folio 75. The poem has since been collated with a very fine copy that was in the collection of the late James West, Esq.; the readings extracted thence are denoted thus, 'Mr. W.'

More's tale of *The Serjeant*, &c., which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases, with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even though this had been written long before; and, as for the orthography, it is well known that the old printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed, it is hardly probable that an antiquary like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least, he would have been apt to have named its author. But to show how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the Editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the victory of Flodden-field, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines:

> "Grant, gracious God, grant me this time,
> That I may 'say, or I cease, thy selven to please;
> And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;
> And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaven;
> I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
> That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;
> Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord," &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the Prolusions: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room than could be allowed it in this volume.

"Be it ryght or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne,[1]
Affyrmynge this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne
To love them wele, for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can
Theyr favour to attayne,

Ver. 2, woman. Prolusions, and Mr. West's copy.

[1] My friend, Mr. Farmer, proposes to read the first lines thus, as a Latinism:

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,
On women to complayne.

Yet yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for nought, for from her thought
He is a banyshed man."

"I say nat nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayd,
That womans faith is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayd;
But neverthelesse, ryght good wytnèsse
In this case might be layd,
That they love true, and continùe:
Recorde the Not-browne Mayde;
Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart, for in her hart
She loved but hym alone."

"Than betwaine us late us dyscus
What was all the manere
Betwayne them two; we wyll also
Tell all the payne and fere
That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
So that ye me answère:
Wherefore all ye that present be,
I pray you gyve an ere.
I am the knyght, I come by nygur,
As secret as I can,
Sayinge 'Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man.'"

SHE.

"And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll nat refuse,
Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,
That men have an yll use,
(To theyr own shame), women to blame,
And causelesse them accuse:
Therfore to you I answere nowe,
All women to excuse,—

V. 11, her, *i. e.* their.

'Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you tell anone:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'"

HE.

"It standeth so: a dede is do
Wherof grete harme shall growe.
My destiny is for to dy
A shamefull deth, I trowe,
Or elles to fle: the one must be:
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true,
None other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

"O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse
That changeth as the mone!
My somers day in lusty May
Is derked before the none.
I here you say farewell: Nay, nay,
We dèpart nat so sone.
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go?
Alas, what have ye done?
All my welfàre to sorrowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

"I can beleve it shall you greve,
And somewhat you dystrayne;
But aftyrwarde your paynes harde,
Within a day or twayne,

V. 63, The somers. Prol.

Shall sone aslake, and ye shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought
Your labour were in vayne:
And thus I do, and pray you to,
As hartely as I can:
For I must to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

"Now syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde:
Syth it is so that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall never be sayd the Not-browne May I
Was to her love unkynde.
Make you redy, for so am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

"Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyll thynke, and say;
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,
That ye be gone away
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye sholde thus for me
Be called an yll womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

V. 81, to, *i. e.* too.
V. 91, Shall it never. Prol. and Mr W.
V. 94, Althought. Mr. W.

SHE.

"Though it be songe of old and yonge
That I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge that speke so large
In hurtynge of my name.
For I wyll prove that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame,
In your dystresse and hevynesse,
To part with you the same;
And sure all tho that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

"I counceyle you remember howe
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out
To wode with an outlàwe.
For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe,
And as a thefe thus must you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe;
Yet had I lever than
That I had to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

"I thinke nat nay; but, as ye say,
It is no maydens lore;
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have sayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt and shote
To gete us mete in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more;

V. 117, To shewe all. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 133, I say nat. Prol and Mr. W. V. 138, and store. Camb. copy.

From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony stone:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

"For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde,
Without pytè hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!),
What rescous could ye fynde?
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than;
Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

"Ryght wele knowe ye that women be
But feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is indede,
To be bolde as a knyght.
Yet in such fere yf that ye were,
With enemyes day or nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
To greve them as I myght,
And you to save, as women have,
From deth 'men' many one:
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

"Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye coude nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,

V. 150, socours. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 162, and night. Camb. copy. V. 164, to helpe ye with my myght. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 172, frost and rayne, Mr. W.

The colde, the hete; for, dry or wete,
We must lodge on the playne;
And us above none other rofe
But a brake bush or twayne,
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve,
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

"Syth I have here bene partynère
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your wo
Endure, as reson is;
Yet am I sure of one plesùre,
And shortely, it is this:
That where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
I coude nat fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
That we were sone agone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

"If ye go thyder, ye must consyder
When ye have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete be for you gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne;
Ne shetès clene to lye betwene,
Made of threde and twyne;
None other house but leves and bowes
To cover your hed and myne.
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète
Sholde make you pale and wan:
Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

V. 174, Ye must. Prol. V. 189, shortley gone. Prol. and Mr. W.
V. 196, Nevther bere. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 201. Lo myn. Mr W.

SHE.

" Among the wylde dere such an archère
As men say that ye be
Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plentè;
And water clere of the ryvère
Shall be full swete to me,
With which in hele I shall ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And or we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

" Lo, yet before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me,
As cut your here up by your ere,
Your kyrtel by the kne;
With bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes, yf nede be;
And this same nyght, before day-lyght,
To wode-warde wyll I fle;
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
Do it shortely as ye can:
Els wyll I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

" I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede,
To shorte my here, a bow to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my swete mother, before all other,
For you I have most drede!

V. 207. May *ye* nat fayle. Prol. Ib. May nat fayle. Mr W. V. 219, above your ere. Prol. V. 220, above the kne. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 223, the same. Prol. and Mr. W.

But nowe, adue! I must ensue
  Where fortune doth me lede.
All this mark ye; now let us fle;
  The day cometh fast upon;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone."

HE.

"Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go;
  And I shall tell ye why;——
You appetyght is to be lyght
  Of love, I wele espy:
For lyke as ye have sayed to me,
  In lyke wyse, hardely,
Ye wolde answère, whosoever it were,
  In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde,
  And so is a womân;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go
  Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

"Yf ye take hede, it is no node
  Such wordes to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
  Or I you loved, pardè.
And though that I of auncestry
  A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
  A squyer of lowe degrè;
And ever shall, whatso befall,
  To dy therfore[1] anone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
  I love but you alone."

V. 251, For I must to the grene wode go. Prol. and Mr. W. V 253, yet is. Camo. copy: perhaps for *yt is*. V. 262, dy with him. Editor's MS.

[1] *i. e.* for this cause; though I were to die for having loved you.

HE.

"A barons chylde to be begylde
It were a cursed dede!
To be felàwe with an outlawe,
Almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were the pore squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That by my cursed dede
Ye were betrayed; wherfore, good mayd,
The best rede that I can
Is that I to the grene wode go
Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

"Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd;
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Than have ye me betrayd.
Remember you wele, howe that ye dele,
For yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde to leve behynde
Your love, the Not-Browne Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy,
Sone after ye be gone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

"Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent,
For in the forest nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you:
Another fayrère than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe.

V. 278, outbrayd. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 282, ye be as. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 283, Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde. Prol. and Mr. W.

It were myne ese to lyve in pese;
So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go
Alone, a banyshed man."

SHE.

"Though in the wode I undyrstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I wyll be your;
And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
And courteys every hour,
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me, to my power;
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
'Of them I wolde be one.'
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

"Myne own dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde and true;
Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyfe
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that for your truthe
Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
Be nat dismayed: whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began,
I wyll nat to the grene wode go;
I am no banyshed man."

SHE.

"These tydings be more gladd to me
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they sholde endure;
But is often sene,

V. 310, So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,
Yet wold I be that one.
V. 315, of all. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 325, gladder. Prol. and Mr W

Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
The wordès on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele from me, I wene;
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone;
For in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone."

HE.

"Ye shall nat nede further to drede.
I wyll nat dysparàge
You, (God defend!) syth ye descend
Of so grete a lynàge.
Now undyrstande, to Westmarlande,
Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge, and with a rynge,
By way of maryage,
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlys son,
And not a banyshed man."

AUTHOR.

Here may ye se, that women be
In love meke, kynde, and stable:
Late never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But rather pray God that we may
To them be comfortable,
Which sometyme proveth such as he loveth,
Yf they be charytable.
For syth men wolde that women sholde
Be meke to them each one,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone.

V. 340, grete lynyage. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 347, Then have. Prol. V. 348, And no banyshed. Prol. and Mr. W. V. 352, This line wanting in Prol. and Mr. W. V. 355, proved—loved. Prol. and Mr. W. Ib. as loveth. Camb. V. 357, Forsoth. Prol. and Mr. W.

VII.

A Balet by the Earl Rivers.

The amiable light in which the character of Anthony Widville, the gallant Earl Rivers, has been placed by the elegant author of the *Catalogue of Noble Writers*, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed, therefore, that the insertion of this little sonnet will be pardoned, though it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret Castle, a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.

This ballad we owe to Rouse, a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied it from the earl's own handwriting. *In tempore*, says this writer, *incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum* BALET *in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis:* **Sum what musyng,** *&c. Rossi.—Hist.* 8vo, 2d edit. p. 213. In Rouse the second stanza, &c., is imperfect, but the defects are here supplied from a more perfect copy, printed in "Ancient Songs, from the Time of K. Henry III. to the Revolution," p. 87.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's edit. 1721, p. 555, beginning thus:

"Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,
And sore sighyng, All desolate.
My remembrying Of my lyving
My death wishyng Both erly and late.

"Infortunate Is so my fate
That wote ye what, Out of mesure
My life I hate; Thus desperate
In such pore estate, Doe I endure," &c.

SUMWHAT musyng, And more mornyng,
In remembring The unstydfastnes;
This world being Of such whelyng,
Me contrarieng, What may I gesse?

I fere dowtles, Remediles,
Is now to sese My wofull chaunce.
[For unkyndness, Withouten less,
And no redress, Me doth avaunce,

With displesaunce, To my grevaunce,
And no suraunce Of remedy.]
Lo in this traunce, Now in substaunce,
Such is my dawnce, Wyllyng to dye.

Me thynkys truly, Bowndyn am I,
And that gretly, To be content:
Seyng playnly, Fortune doth wry
All contrary From myn entent.

My lyff was lent Me to on intent,
Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!
But I ne went Thus to be shent,
But sho hit ment; Such is her won.

Ver. 15, That fortune. Rossi Hist. V. 19, went, *i. e.* weened

VIII.

Cupid's Assault: by Lord Vaux.

The reader will think that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of Rivers and Vaux, though nearly contemporaries, if the following song is the composition of that Sir Nicholas (afterwards Lord) Vaux, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII., and died in the year 1523.

And yet to this lord it is attributed by Puttenham, in his *Art of Eng. Poesie*, 1589, 4to, a writer commonly well informed: take the passage at large. "In this figure [Counterfait Action] the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvelous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended, 'When Cupid scaled,' &c." p. 200. For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux, see Mr. Walpole's *Noble Authors*, vol. i.

The following copy is printed from the first edit. of *Surrey's Poems*, 1557, 4to. See another song of Lord Vaux's, book ii. No. 2.

When Cupide scaled first the fort
Wherein my hart lay wounded sore,
The batry was of such a sort,
That I must yelde or die therfore.

There sawe I Love upon the wall,
How he his banner did display:
"Alarme, alarme," he gan to call;
And bad his souldiours kepe aray.

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,
Were pearced hartes with teares besprent,
In silver and sable to declare
The stedfast love he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest
In colours like to white and blacke,
With powder and with pelletes prest
To bring the fort to spoile and sacke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,
Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
For spence of pouder he spared not
"Assault! assault!" to crye aloude.

There might you heare the cannons rore;
Eche pece discharged a lover's loke;
Which had the power to rent, and tore
In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpettes sowne
The scaling ladders were up set,
And Beautie walked up and downe,
With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
And shrouded him under 'his' targe:
As one the worthiest of them all,
And aptest for to geve the charge.

Then pushed souldiers with their pikes,
And halberdes with handy strokes;
The argabushe in fleshe it lightes,
And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

Ver. 30, her. ed. 1557: so ed. 1585.

And, as it is the souldiers use
When shot and powder gins to want,
I hanged up my flagge of truce,
And pleaded up for my livès grant.

When Fancy thus had made her breche,
And Beauty entred with her band,
With bagge and baggage, sely wretch,
I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beautie bad to blow retrete,
And every souldier to retire,
And Mercy wyll'd with spede to fet
Me captive bound as prisoner.

"Madame," quoth I, "sith that this day
Hath served you at all assayes,
I yeld to you without delay
Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

"And sith that I have ben the marke
At whom you shot at with your eye,
Nedes must you with your handy warke
Or salve my sore, or let me die."

*** Since the foregoing song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord Vaux, the poet, was not the Lord Nicholas Vaux who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title. For, in the first place, it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux, the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir Thomas Wyat and the Earl of Surrey, neither of whom made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham, in his *Art of English Poesie*, 1589, in p. 48, having named Skelton, adds, "In the latter end of the same kings raigne, [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of courtly Makers, [poets,] of whom Sir Thomas Wyat the elder, and Henry Earl of Surrey, where the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie . . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie . . . . . In the *same time*, or *not long after*, was the Lord Nicholas Vaux, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings."[1]—Webbe, in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586, ranges them in the following order, —"The Earl of Surrey, the Lord Vaux, Norton, Bristow." And Gascoigne, in the place quoted in this work [b. ii. no. 2], mentions Lord Vaux after Surrey.—Again, the style and measure of Lord

[1] *i. e.* Compositions in English.

Vaux's pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII., and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyat, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes: but what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the British Museum is a copy of his poem, *I lothe that I did love* [vid. book ii. ubi supra], with this title, "A dyttye or sonet made by the Lord Vaus, in the time of the noble Quene Marye, representing the image of Death."—Harl. MSS. No. 1703, § 25.

It is evident, then, that Lord Vaux the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry VII., but either his son, or grandson; and yet, according to Dugdale's *Baronage*, the former was named Thomas, and the latter William: but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the Christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux,[2] except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

Thomas, Lord Vaux, of Harrowden in Northamptonshire, was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son. William was not summoned to parliament till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This lord died in 1595.—See Dugdale, vol. ii. p. 304. Upon the whole, I am inclined to believe that Lord Thomas was the poet.

[2] In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596, he is called simply "Lord Vaux the elder."

IX.

Sir Aldingar.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS. with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that the author of this poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry.

Our king he kept a false stewàrde,
Sir Aldingar they him call:
A falser steward than he was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
Her deere worshippe to betraye;
Our queene she was a good womàn,
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame;
He tooke the lazar upon his backe,
Him on the queenes bed has layne.

"Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyest,
Looke thou goe not hence away;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day." [1]

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king:
"If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tydings I could bring."

"Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,
Say on the soothe to mee."
"Our queene hath chosen a new, new love,
And shee will have none of thee.

"If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame;
But she hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame."

"If this be true, thou Aldingar,
The tyding thou tellest to me,
Then will I make thee a rich, rich knight,
Rich both of golde and fee.

[1] He probably insinuates that the king should heal him by his power of touching for the King's Evil.

"But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee!
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree."

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
And opend to him the dore:
"A lodlye love," King Harry says,
"For our queene, Dame Elinore!

"If thou were a man, as thou art none,
Here on my sword thoust dye;
But a payre of new gallowes shall be built,
And there shalt thou hang on hye."

Forth then hyed our king, I wysse,
And an angry man was hee,
And soone he found Queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

"Now God you save, our Queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see!
Here you have chosen a newe, newe love,
And you will have none of mee.

"If you had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had been your shame;
But you have chose you a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.

Therfore a fyer there shall be built,
And brent all shalt thou bee."—
"Now out alacke!" sayd our comly queene,
"Sir Aldingar's false to mee.

"Now out alacke!" sayd our comlye queene,
"My heart with griefe will brast:
I had thought swevens had never been true,
I have proved them true at last.

"I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve,
I my bed wheras I laye,
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
Had carryed my crowne awaye;

"My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head-geere;
And he wold worrye me with his tush,
And to his nest y-beare:

"Saving there came a little 'gray' hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
That dead he downe did fall.

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
A battell wold I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar:
Att him I cast my glove.

"But seeing Ime able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant me a knight
To fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar,
To maintaine me in my right."

"Now forty dayes I will give thee
To seeke thee a knight therin:
If thou find not a knight in forty dayes,
Thy bodye it must brenn."

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
By north and south bedeene;
But never a champion colde she find,
Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
Noe helpe there might be had;
Many a teare shed our comelye queene,
And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
And knelt upon her knee:
"Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may be.

"And here I will make mine avowe,
And with the same me binde,
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some helpe may finde."

Ver. 77, see below, ver. 137.

Then forth she rode on a faire palfrèye,
Oer hill and dale about;
But never a champion colde she finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,
When our good queene must dye;
All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that fair damsèlle,
And the salt teares fell from her eye;
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,
She met with a tinye boye.

A tinye boy she mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde;
He seemed noe more in mans likenèsse,
Then a childe of four yeere olde.

"Why grieve you, damselle faire," he sayd,
"And what doth cause you moane?"
The damsell scant wolde deigne a looke,
But fast she pricked on.

"Yet turne againe, thou faïre damsèlle,
And greete thy queene from mee;
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest;
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

"Bid her remember what she dreamt,
In her bedd wheras shee laye;
How when the grype and the grimly beast
Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

"Even then there came the little gray hawke,
And saved her from his clawes:
Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cause."

Back then rode that faire damsèlle,
And her hart it lept for glee:
And when she told her gracious dame,
A gladd woman then was shee.

But when the appointed day was come,
No helpe appeared nye;
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood,
And a stake was made of tree;
And now Queene Elinor forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
And three times spake on hye:
"Giff any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forth, or shee must dye."

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye;
And now the fyer was lighted up,
Queen Elinor she must dye.

And now the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might bee;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tinye boy they see.

"Away with that stake, away with those brands,
And loose our comelye queene:
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene."

Forthe then stood Sir Aldingar,
But when he saw the chylde,
He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
And weened he had been beguylde.

"Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee;
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
Thoughe I am so small to see."

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde,
So gilt it dazzled the ee;
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

"Stand up, stand up, thou false traitòr,
And fight upon thy feete,
For, and thou thrive as thou begin'st,
Of height wee shall be meete."

"A priest, a priest," sayes Aldingàr,
"While I am a man alive;
A priest, a priest," sayes Aldingàr,
"Me for to houzle and shrive.

"I wolde have laine by our comlie queene,
But shee wolde never consent;
Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge,
In a fyer to have her brent.

"There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blind and lame;
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd had him layne.

"Then ranne I to our comlye king,
These tidings sore to tell:
But ever alacke!" sayes Aldingar,
"Falsing never doth well.

"Forgive, forgive me, Queene, madàme,
The short time I must live."
"Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive."

"Here take thy queene, our King Harryè,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye,
A truer and fairer wife."

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
And loosèd her full sone;
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye:
——The boye was vanisht and gone.

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand;
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head stewârde,
To wayte withinn his hall. 220

* * *

X.

The Gaberlunzie Man.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Tradition informs us that the author of this song was King James V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise,[1] and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in this ballad of *The Gaberlunzie Man*, and in another entitled *The Jolly Beggar*, beginning thus:

"Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,
And he tuik up his quarters into a land'art toun.
"Fa, la, la," &c.

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*,[2] where the ingenious writer remarks, that there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.

Bishop Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated ballad of *Christ's Kirk on the Green*, which is ascribed to King James I. in Bannatyne's MS., written in 1568. And notwithstanding that authority, the Editor of this book is of opinion that Bishop Tanner was right.

King James V. died December 13th, 1542, aged 33.

The pauky auld carle came ovir the lee,
Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,
Saying, "Good wife, for zour courtesie,
Will ze lodge a silly poor man?"

[1] Sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry, near Edinburgh.

[2] Vol. ii. p. 203.

The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down azont the ingle he sat;
My dochters shoulders he gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

"O wow!" quo he, "were I as free,
As first when I saw this countrie,
How blyth and merry wad I bee!
And I wad nevir think lang."
He grew canty, and she grew fain,
But little did her auld minny ken,
What thir slee twa togither were say'n,
When wooing they were sa thrang.

"And O!" quo he, "ann ze were as black,
As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,
Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' me thou sould gang."
"And O!" quoth she, "ann I were as white,
As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,
And awa with thee Ild gang."

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wyliely they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claiths;
Syne to the servants bed she gaes,
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed whair the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away;
She clapt her hands, cryd, "Dulefu' day!
For some of our geir will be gane."
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist.
She dancid her lane, cryd, "Praise be blest,
I have lodgd a leal poor man.

Ver. 29, the carline, other copies.

"Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn;
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben."
The servant gaed where the dochter lay,
The sheets was cauld, she was away;
And fast to her good wife can say,
"Shes aff with the gaberlunzie man."

"O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And hast ze, find these traitors agen;
For shees be burnt, and hees be slein,
The wearyfou gaberlunzie man."
Some rade upo horse, some ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But ay did curse and did ban.

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
For snug in a glen, where nane could see,
The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith;
To lo'e her for ay he gae her his aith;
Quo she, "To leave thee, I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie man.

"O kend my minny I were wi' zou,
Illfardly wad she crook her mou;
Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,
Aftir the gaberlunzie mon."
"My dear," quo he, "zeer'e zet owre zonge,
And hae na learnt the beggars tonge,
To follow me frae toun to toun,
And carrie the gaberlunzie on."

"Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed
The gaberlunzie to carrie—o.

Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout owre my ee;
A cripple or blind they will cau me,
While we sall sing and be merrie—o."

XI.

On Thomas Lord Cromwell.

It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy, inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining Popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the Tower, June 11, 1540, and that of his being beheaded, July 28, following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catherine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities: his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary will of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shown him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance. The original copy, printed at London in 1540, is entitled "A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called *Trolle on Away*." To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen,

Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.
Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.

Both man and chylde is glad to here tell
Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwell,
Now that he is set to learn to spell.
Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face,
Thou haddyst fayre tyme, but thou lackydyst grace;
Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydst a pace.
Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyst,
Thou lockydst them vp where no man wyst,
Tyll in the kynges treasoure suche thinges were myst.
Synge, &c.

Both crust and crumme came thorowe thy handes,
Thy marchaundyse sayled over the sandes,
Therfore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.
Synge, &c.

Fyrste when Kynge Henry, God saue his Grace!
Perceyud myschefe kyndlyd in thy face,
Then it was tyme to purchase the a place.
Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
Mouyd with petye, and made the hys seruyture;
But thou, as a wretche, suche thinges dyd procure.
Synge, &c.

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke,
For thou hast bene so long a scysmatyke.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldyst not learne to knowe these thre;
But euer was full of iniquite:
Wherfore all this lande hathe ben troubled with the.
Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke,
Agaynst the churche thou baddest them stycke;
Wherfore nowe thou hast touchyd the quycke.
Synge, &c.

Both sacramentes and sacramentalles
Thou woldyst not suffre within thy walles;
Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules.
Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,
Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,
Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.
Synge, &c.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,
But couetyd euer to clymme to hye,
And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.
Synge, &c.

Ver. 32, *i. e.* Cain, or Ishmael. See below the note, book v. no. iii stanza 3rd.

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose;
Wherfore all Englande doth hate the, as I suppose,
Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.
Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest have learned thy cloth to flocke
Upon thy gresy fullers stocke;
Wherfore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.
Synge, &c.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,
And for thy carcas care thou nought,
Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought.
Synge, &c.

God saue Kyng Henry with all his power,
And Prynce Edwarde, that goodly flower,
With al hys lordes of great honoure.

Synge trolle on awaye, syng trolle on away.
Hevye and how rombelowe trolle on awaye.

V. 41, Cromwell's father is generally said to have been a blacksmith at Putney, but the author of this ballad would insinuate that either he himself, or some of his ancestors, were fullers by trade.

*** The foregoing piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on through a succession of seven or eight ballads, written for or against Lord Cromwell. These are all preserved in the Archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio Collection of Proclamations, &c., made in the reigns of King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, King James I., &c.

XII.

Harpalus.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the "Songs and Sonnettes" of the Earl of Surrey, &c., 4to, in that part of the collection which consists of pieces by "uncertain Auctours." These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a

victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII.: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of Sir Thomas Wyat, in 1541.—See Surrey's Poems, 4to, folios 19, 49.

Though written perhaps near half a century before the *Shepherd's Calendar*,[1] this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues, in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,
As fresh as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere;
And Phylida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

But Phylida was all tò coye
For Harpalus to winne;
For Corin was her onely joye,
Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine,
How often garlandes make
Of couslips and of colombine?
And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,
And forced more the field;
Of lovers lawe he toke no cure:
For once he was begilde.

Harpalus prevailed nought,
His labour all was lost:
For he was fardest from her thought,
And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane,
And drye as clot of clay;
His fleshe it was consumed cleane;
His colour gone away.

[1] First published in 1579.

His beard it had not long be shave;
His heare hong all unkempt:
A man most fit even for the grave,
Whom spitefull love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all 'forewacht;'
His face besprent with teares;
It semde unhap had him long 'hatcht,'
In mids of his dispaires.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare;
As one forlorne was he;
Upon his head alwayes he ware
A wreath of wyllow tree.

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
And he sate in the dale;
And thus with sighes and sorrowes shril,
He gan to tell his tale.

"Oh Harpalus!" (thus would he say)
"Unhappiest under sunne!
The cause of thine unhappy day,
By love was first begunne.

"For thou wentest first by sute to seeke
A tigre to make tame,
That settes not by thy love a leeke,
But makes thy griefe her game.

"As easy it were for to convert
The frost into 'a' flame;
As for to turne a frowarde hert,
Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

"Corin he liveth carèlesse;
He leapes among the leaves;
He eats the frutes of thy redresse;
Thou 'reapst,' he takes the sheaves.

"My beastes a whyle your foode refraine,
And harke your herdmans sounde,
Whom spitefull love, alas! hath slaine,
Through-girt with many a wounde.

Ver. 33, &c. The corrections are from ed. 1574.

"O happy be ye, beastès wilde,
That here your pasture takes;
I se that ye be not begilde
Of these your faithfull makes.

"The hart he feedeth by the hinde;
The bucke harde by the do;
The turtle dove is not unkinde
To him that loves her so.

"The ewe she hath by her the ramme;
The young cow hath the bull;
The calfe with many a lusty lambe
Do fede their hunger full.

'But wel-away! that nature wrought
The, Phylida, so faire!
For I may say that I have bought
Thy beauty all to deare.

"What reason is that crueltie
With beautie should have part?
Or els that such a great tyranny
Should dwell in womans hart!

"I see therefore to shape my death
She cruelly is prest;
To th' ende that I may want my breath:
My dayes been at the best.

"O Cupide, graunt this my request,
And do not stoppe thine eares:
That she may feele within her brest
The paines of my dispaires;

"Of Corin, 'who' is carèlesse,
That she may crave her fee,
As I have done, in great distresse,
That loved her faithfully.

"But since that I shal die her slave,
Her slave and eke her thrall,
Write you, my frendes, upon my grave
This chaunce that is befall.

"'Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
By cruell love now slaine;
Whom Phylida unjustly thus
Hath murdred with disdaine.'"

XIII.

Robin and Makyne.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a contemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The critics will judge of their respective merits; but must make some allowance for the preceding ballad, which is given simply as it stands in the old editions: whereas this which follows has been revised and amended throughout by Allan Ramsay, from whose *Ever-Green*, vol. i., it is here chiefly printed. The curious reader may however compare it with the more original copy, printed among "Ancient Scottish Poems, from the MS. of George Bannatyne, 1568, Edinb. 1770, 12mo." Mr. Robert Henryson (to whom we are indebted for this poem) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him besides what is contained in the following eloge, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century:

"In Dumferling, he [Death] hath tane Broun,
With gude Mr. Robert Henryson."

Indeed, some little further insight into the history of the Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum; viz. "The morall Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister Robert Henrisoun, scolmaister of Dumfermling, 1571."—Harleian MSS. 3865, § 1.

In Ramsay's *Ever-Green*, vol. i., whence the above distich is extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryson; the one entitled *The Lyon and the Mouse;* the other, *The garment of gude Ladyis.* Some other of his poems may be seen in the "Ancient Scottish Poems, printed from Bannatyne's MS." above referred to.

Robin sat on the gude grene hill,
Keipand a flock of fie:
Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,
"O Robin rew on me;

I haif thee luivt baith loud and still,
Thir towmonds twa or thre;
My dule in dern bot giff thou dill,
Doubtless but dreid Ill die."

Robin replied, "Now by the rude,
Naithing of luve I knaw,
But keip my sheip undir yon wod;
Lo quhair they raik on raw.
Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
Thou Makyne to me schaw;
Or quhat is luve, or to be lude?
Fain wald I leir that law."

"The law of luve gin thou wald leir,
Tak thair an A, B, C;
Be heynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
Wyse, hardy, kind and frie.
Sae that nae danger do the deir,
Quhat dule in dern thou drie;
Press ay to pleis and blyth appeir,
Be patient and privie."

Robin, he answert her againe:
"I wat not quhat is luve,
But I haif marvel in certaine,
Quhat makes thee thus wanrufe.
The wedder is fair, and I am fain,
My sheep gais hail abuve,
And sould we pley us on the plain,
They wald us baith repruve."

"Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
And wirk all as I reid,
And thou sall haif my heart all hale,
Eik and my maiden-heid.
San God, he sendis bute for bale,
And for murning remeid,
I'dern with thee bot gif I dale,
Doubtless I am but deid."

Ver. 19, Bannatyne's MS. reads as above, *heynd*, not *heynd* as in the Edinb. edit. 1770. V. 21. So that no danger. Bannatyne's MS.

"Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,
Gif ye will meit me heir,
Maybe my sheip may gang besyde,
Quhyle wo have liggd full neir;
But maugre haif I, gif I byde,
Frae thay begin to steir;
Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
Then Makyne mak gude cheir."

"Robin, thou reivs me of my rest;
I luve bot thee alane."
"Makyne, adieu! the sun goes west,
The day is neir-hand gane."
"Robin, in dule I am so drest,
That luve will be my bane."
"Makyn, gae luv quhair-eir ye list,
For leman I luid nane."

"Robin, I stand in sic a style,
I sich and that full sair."
"Makyne, I have bene here this quyle:
At hame I wish I ware."
"Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,
Gif thou will do nae mair."
"Makyne, som other man beguyle,
For hameward I will fare."

Syne Robin on his ways he went,
As light as leif on tree;
But Makyne murnt and made lament,
Scho trow'd him neir to see.
Robin he brayd attowre the bent;
Then Makyne cried on hie,
"Now may thou sing, for I am shent!
Quhat ailis luve at me?"

Makyne went hame withouten fail,
And weirylie could weip;
Then Robin in a full fair dale
Assemblit all his sheip.

Be that some part of Makyne's ail
Out-throw his heart could creip;
Hir fast he followt to assail,
And till her tuke gude keip.

"Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve it sall be thyne,
Withouten departing.
All hale! thy heart for till have myne,
Is all my coveting;
My sheip to morn, quhyle houris nyne,
Will need of nae keiping."

"Robin, thou hast heard sung and say,
In gests and storys auld,
The man that will not when he may,
Sall have nocht when he wald.
I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
Be eiked their cares sae cauld,
That presses first with thee to play
Be forrest, firth, or fauld."

"Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
The wether warm and fair,
And the grene wod richt neir-hand by
To walk attowre all where:
There may nae janglers us espy,
That is in luve contrair;
Therin, Makyne, baith you and I,
Unseen may mak repair."

"Robin, that warld is now away,
And quyt brocht till an end,
And nevir again thereto, perfay,
Sall it be as thou wend;
For of my pain thou made but play,
I words in vain did spend:
As thou hast done, sae sall I say,
Murn on, I think to mend."

V. 99, Bannatyne's MS. has *void*, not *woud*, as in ed. 1770.

"Makyne, the hope of all my heil,
My heart on thee is set,
I'll evermair to thee be leil,
Quhyle I may live but lett,
Never to fail as uthers feill,
Quhat grace so eir I get."
"Robin, with thee I will not deill;
Adieu, for this we met."

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
Outowre the holtis hair;
Pure Robin murnd, and Makyne leugh;
Scho sang, and he sicht sair:
And so left him, bayth wo and wreuch,
In dolor and in care,
Keipand his herd under a heuch,
Amang the rushy gair.

V. 117, Bannatyne's MS. reads as above *feill*, not *faill*, as in ed. 1770.

XIV.

Gentle Herdsman, tell to Me.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the Virgo Parathalassia, in his Colloquy, entitled, *Peregrinatio Religionis Ergo*. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shown him, were incredible, there being scarcely a person of any note in England but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present, to Our Lady of Walsingham.[1] At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners, who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.

[1] See at the end of this ballad an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS., which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by italics.

GENTLE heardsman, tell to me,
Of curtesy I thee pray,
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Which is the right and ready way.

"Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon;
And verry crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone."

Weere the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence,
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

"Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to committ so great a sinne."

Yes, heardsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr:
I am a woman, woe is me!
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill:
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearely I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee;
Of comely mien and shape hee was,
And tenderlye hee loved mee.

*When thus I saw he lo*ved me well,
*I grewe so proud his pa*ine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.

[2]And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pittyed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacriffice my tender age;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

[2] Three of the following stanzas have been finely paraphrased by Dr. Goldsmith, in his charming ballad of *Edwin and Emma;* the reader of taste will have a pleasure in comparing them with the original.

'And' still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he dy'd.

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there forlorn, despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.

Now, gentle heardsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray:
Unto the towne of Walsingam
Show me the right and readye way.

"Now goe thy wayes, and God before!
For he must ever guide thee still:
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well!"

*** To show what constant tribute was paid to OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM, I shall give a few extracts from the "Household-Book of Henry Algernon Percy, 5th Earl of Northumberland." Printed 1770, 8vo.

Sect. XLIII. page 337, &c.

ITEM, My Lorde usith yerly to send afor Michaelmas for his Lordschip's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngeham,—*iiij* d.

ITEM, My Lorde usith ande accustumyth to sende yerely for the upholdynge of the Light of Wax which his Lordschip fyndith birnynge yerly befor our Lady of Walsyngham, contenynge *xj* lb. of Wax in it after *vij* d. ob. for the fyndynge of every lb. redy wrought by a covenaunt maid with the Channon by great, for the hole yere, for the fyndinge of the said Lyght byrning,—*vi* s. *viiij* d.

ITEM, My Lord useth and accustomith to syende yerely to the Channon that kepith the Light before our Lady of Walsyngham, for his reward for the hole yere, for kepynge of the said Light, lightynge of it at all service tymes daily thorowt the yere,—*xij* d.

ITEM, My Lord usith and accustomyth yerely to send to the Prest that kepith the Light, lyghtynge of it at all service tymes daily thorowt the yere,—*iij* s. *iij* d.

XV.

King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth

was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the *Art of English Poesie*, 1589, 4to, seems to speak of it as a real fact. Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called *Acyron*, *i. e.* "When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express;" he adds, "Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to King Edward the Fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide

he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certain rude repentance,

'I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,'

for [*I feare me*] *I shall be hanged*; whereat the king laughed a good,[1] not only to see the Tanner's vaine feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme: and gave him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of Plumpton-parke. *I am afraid*," concludes this sagacious writer, "*the poets of our times that speake more finely and correctedly, will come too short of such a reward.*"—p. 214. The phrase here referred to is not found in this ballad at present,[2] but occurs with some variation in another old poem, entitled, *John the Reeve*, described in the following volume.—See the Preface to *The King and the Miller*, viz.

"Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace
And Edward wer in this place,
Hee shold not touch this tonne:
He wold be wroth with John I HOPE,
Thereffore I beshrew the soupe,
That in his mouth shold come."—Pt. ii. st. 24.

The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleian library, entitled, "A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene King Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c., printed at London, by John Danter, 1596." This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernised and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy (though more recently printed), in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys Collection.

But these are both very inferior in point of antiquity to the old ballad of *The King and the Barker*, reprinted with other "Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry from Authentic Manuscripts, and old Printed Copies, edited by Ritson," Lond. 1791, 8vo. As that very antique poem had never occurred to the Editor of the *Reliques*, till he saw it in the above collection, he now refers the curious reader to it, as an imperfect and incorrect copy of the old original ballad.

In summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

[1] Vide Gloss.

[2] Nor in that of the Barker mentioned below.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on,
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.[3]

"Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
Under the grene wood spraye;
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.

"God speede, God speede thee," said our king,
"Thou art welcome, sir," sayd hee.
"The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe,
Fro the place where thou dost stand?
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

"That is an unreadye waye," sayd our king,
"Thou doest but jest I see;
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee."

"Awaye with a vengeance!" quoth the tanner:
"I hold thee out of thy witt:
All day have I rydden on Brocke, my mare,
And I am fasting yett."

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
No daynties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare."

V. 20, Weet, *i.e.*, to know.

[3] In the reign of Edward IV., Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7, A.D. 1466, among many other bequests has this, "Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13*s.* 4*d.* to buy him an horse."—Vide Harleian Catalogue, 2176. 27. Now if 13*s.* 4*d.* would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.

"Gramercye for nothing," the tanner replyde,
"Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," sayd the king,
"And send them well to priefe;"
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

"What art thou," he sayde, "thou fine fellòwe?
Of thee I am in great feare;
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
Might beseeme a lord to weare."

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
"I tell you, sir, by the roode."
"Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,
And standest in midds of thy goode."[4]

"What tydinges heare you," sayd the kynge,
"As you ryde farre and neare?"
"I heare no tydinges, sir, by the masse,
But that cowe-hides are deare."

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?
I marvell what they bee?"
"What, art thou a foole?" the tanner reply'd;
"I carry one under mee."

"What craftsman art thou," sayd the king;
"I praye thee tell me trowe."
"I am a barker,[5] sir, by my trade;
Nowe tell me what art thou?"

"I am a poore courtier, sir," quoth he,
"That am forth of service worne;
And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
Thy cunninge for to learne."

"Marrye heaven forfend," the tanner replyde,
"That thou my prentise were;
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne
By fortye shilling a yere."

[4] *i.e.* hast no other wealth but what thou carriest about thee.
[5] *i. e.* a dealer in bark.

"Yet one thinge wolde I," sayd our king,
"If thou wilt not seeme strange;
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I faine wold change."

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellòwe,
I will have some boot of thee."

"That were against reason," sayd the king,
"I sweare, so mote I thee;
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see."

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare;
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wiss,
Aye skipping here and theare."

"What boote wilt thou have?" our king reply'd;
"Now tell me in this stound."
"Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twentye groates of white moneyè,
Sith thou will have it of mee."
"I would have sworne now," quoth the tanner,
"Thou hadst not had one penniè.

"But since we too have made a change,
A change we must abide;
Although thou hast gotten Brocke, my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide."

"I will not have it," sayd the kynge,
"I sweare, so mought I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee."

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt,
And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,
That was soe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian, my wife,
Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The king he tooke him up by the legge,
The tanner a f * * lett fall;
"Nowe marrye, goode fellowe," sayd the kyng,
"Thy courtesye is but small."

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadèlle,
And his foote in the stirrup was,
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows toile wagge,
And eke the blacke cowe-horne,
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast;
At length the tanner came tumbling downe,
His necke he had well-nye brast.

"Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he sayd,
"With mee he shall not byde."
"My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

"Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee."

"What boote wilt thou have," the tanner replyd,
"Nowe tell me in this stounde?"
"No pence nor half-pence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purse,
And twentye I have of thine;
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle-horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and shrille;
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

"Nowe, out alas!" the tanner he cryde,
"That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thiefe; yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away."

"They are no thieves," the king replyde,
"I sweare, soe mote I thee;
But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
Here come to hunt with mee."

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde;
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

"A coller, a coller, here," sayd the king,
"A coller" he loud gan crye;
Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
He had not beene so nighe.

"A coller, a coller!" the tanner he sayd,
"I trowe it will breed sorrowe;
After a coller commeth a halter;
I trowe I shall be hang'd to-morrowe."

"Be not afraid, tanner," said our king;
"I tell thee, so mought I thee,
Lo here I make thee the best esquire
That is in the north countrie.[6]

[6] This stanza is restored from a quotation of this ballad in Selden's *Titles of Honour*, who produces it as a good authority to prove, that one mode of creating *Esquires* at that time was by the imposition of a *collar*. His words are, "Nor is that old pamphlet of the *Tanner of Tamworth* and *King Edward the Fourth* so contemptible, but that wee may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making Esquires, by giving Collars, is expressed."— Sub. Tit. Esquire; and vide in Spelmanni Glossar. Armiger. This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Sergeants at Arms, who are invested with a Collar (which they wear on Collar days) by the king himself.

This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, E q., to whom the public is indebted for that curious work the *Curialia*, 4to.

"For Plumpton-Parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside,—
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,—
To maintaine thy good cowe-hide."

"Gramercye, my liege," the tanner replyde;
"For the favour thou hast me showne,
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen."

* * *

XVI.

As Ye came from the Holy Land.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND A TRAVELLER

The scene of this song is the same as in No. xiv. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys Collection, vol. i. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting.

"As I went to Walsingham,
To the shrine with speede,
Met I with a jolly palmer
In a pilgrimes weede.
Now God you save, you jolly palmer;
'Welcome, lady gay,
Oft have I sued to thee for love'
—Oft have I said you nay."

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.[1]

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's *Knight of the burning Pestle*, act ii. sc. ult., and in another old play, called *Hans beer-pot, his invisible Comedy*, &c., 4to, 1618, act i. The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone,

[1] Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus, in his *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, fo. 1.

"Hermets on a heape, with hoked staves,
Wenten to Walsingham, and her[2] wenches after."

[2] i. e. their.

as corrected by him from an ancient copy, and supplied with a concluding stanza.

We have placed this, and *Gentle Herdsman*, &c., thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they must have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.

"As ye came from the holy land
Of blessed Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?"

"How should I know your true love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy land,
That have both come, and gone?"

"My love is neither white[3] nor browne,
But as the heavens faire;
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre."

"Such an one did I meet, good sir,
With an angellicke face,
Who like a nymphe, a queene appeard
Both in her gait, her grace."

"Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me,
And left me all alone,
Who some time loved me as her life,
And called me her owne."

"What is the cause she leaves thee thus.
And a new way doth take,
That some times loved thee as her life,
And thee her joy did make?"

"I, that loved her all my youth,
Growe old now as you see;
Love liketh not the falling fruite,
Nor yet the withered tree.

"For love is like a carelesse childe,
Forgetting promise past;
He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list;
His faith is never fast.

[3] Sc. pale.

"His fond desire is fickle found,
And yieldes a trustlesse joye;
Wonne with a world of toil and care,
And lost ev'n with a toye.

"Such is the love of womankinde,
Or Loves faire name abusde,
Beneathe which many vaine desires
And follyes are excusde.

"But true love is a lasting fire,
Which viewless vestals [4] tend,
That burnes for ever in the soule,
And knowes nor change, nor end."

[4] Sc. angels.

XVII.

Hardyknute.

A SCOTTISH FRAGMENT.

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally passed for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect that it owes most of its beauties (if not its own existence) to the pen of a lady, within the present century. The following particulars may be depended on. One Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket, of Pitferran, in Scotland, who was killed in America, along with General Braddock, in 1755), pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to show an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the two last, beginning with "There's nae light," &c., which were not in the copy that was first printed. The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland), who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expense of publishing the first edition, in folio, 1719. This account was transmitted from Scotland, by Sir David Dalrymple, the late Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion that part of the ballad may be ancient, but retouched and much

enlarged by the lady above mentioned. Indeed, he had been informed that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published the *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733, 2 vols. 8vo, declared he had heard fragments of it repeated in his infancy, before Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

The poem is here printed from the original edition, as it was prepared for the press, with the additional improvements.—See below, page 325.

I.

STATELY stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
Wi' scarce seven years of rest.
He liv'd when Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle wae,
And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
He was their deadlye fae.

II.

High on a hill his castle stood,
With ha's and tow'rs a height,
And goodly chambers fair to se,
Where he lodged mony a knight.
His dame sae peerless anes and fair,
For chast and beauty deem'd,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Save ELENOR the queen.

III.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
All men of valour stout:
In bloody fight with sword in hand
Nine lost their lives bot doubt;
Four yet remain, lang may they live
To stand by liege and land:
High was their fame, high was their might,
And high was their command.

IV.

Great love they bare to FAIRLY fair,
Their sister saft and dear,
Her girdle shaw'd her middle gimp,
And gowden glist her hair.

What waefu' wae her beauty bred?
  Waefu' to young and auld,
Waefu' I trow to kyth and kin,
  As story every tauld.

V.

The King of Norse in summer tyde,
  Puff'd up with pow'r and might,
Landed in fair Scotland the isle
  With mony a hardy knight.
The tydings to our good Scots king
  Came as he sat at dine
With noble chiefs in brave aray,
  Drinking the blood-red wine.

VI.

"To horse, to horse, my royal liege,
  Your faes stand on the strand,
Full twenty thousand glittering spears
  The King of Norse commands."
"Bring me my steed, Mage dapple gray,"
  Our good king rose and cry'd,
"A trustier beast in a' the land
  A Scots king nevir try'd.

VII.

"Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
  That lives on hill sae hie,
To draw his sword, the dread of faes,
  And haste and follow me."
The little page flew swift as dart
  Flung by his master's arm,
"Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
  And rid your king frae harm."

VIII.

Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
  Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen, as they were wont
  In dangers great to do;

He's ta'en a horn as green as glass,
And gi'en five sounds sae shrill,
That trees in green wood shook thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His sons in manly sport and glee
Had past that summer's morn,
When low down in a grassy dale
They heard their father's horn.
"That horn," quo' they, "ne'er sounds in peace,
We've other sport to bide."
And soon they hy'd them up the hill,
And soon were at his side.

X.

"Late, late the yestreen I ween'd in peace
To end my lengthened life,
My age might well excuse my arm
Frae manly feats of strife;
But now that Norse do's proudly boast
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute
He fear'd to fight or fall.

XI.

"Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows shoot sae leel,
That mony a comely countenance
They've turned to deadly pale.
Brade Thomas, take you but your lance,
You need nae weapons mair
If you fight wi't as you did anes
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

XII.

"And Malcolm, light of foot as stag
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield;

Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of mettal clear:
If faes but ken'd the hand it bare
They soon had fled for fear.

XIII.

"Farewell, my dame, sae peerless good"
(And took her by the hand),
"Fairer to me in age you seem
Than maids for beauty fam'd.
My youngest son shall here remain
To guard these stately towers,
And shut the silver bolt that keeps
Sae fast your painted bowers."

XIV.

And first she wet her comely cheiks,
And then her boddice green,
Her silken cords of twirtle twist,
Well plett with silver sheen;
And apron set with mony a dice
Of needle-wark sae rare,
Wove by nae hand, as ye may guess,
Save that of FAIRLY fair.

XV.

And he has ridden o'er muir and moss,
O'er hills and mony a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight
Making a heavy mane;
"Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
By treacherie's false guiles;
Witless I was that e'er ga faith
To wicked woman's smiles."

XVI.

"Sir Knight, gin you were in my bower,
To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Who ne'er knew deadly hate;

Herself wou'd watch you a' the day,
Her maids a dead of night;
And FAIRLY fair your heart wou'd chear,
As she stands in your sight.

XVII.

"Arise, young Knight, and mount your stead,
Full lowns the shynand day;
Choose frae my menzie whom ye please
To lead you on the way."
With smileless look and visage wan
The wounded knight reply'd,
"Kind Chieftain, your intent pursue,
For here I maun abyde.

XVIII.

"To me nae after day nor night
Can e're be sweet or fair,
But soon beneath some draping tree
Cauld death shall end my care."
With him nae pleading might prevail;
Brave Hardyknute to gain,
With fairest words and reason strong,
Strave courteously in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd out o'er
Lord Chattan's land sae wide;
That lord a worthy wight was ay,
When faes his courage sey'd;
Of Pictish race by mother's side,
When Picts rul'd Caledon,
Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid
When he sav'd Pictish crown.

XX.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train
He reach'd a rising hight,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale
Norss menzie lay in sicht.

"Yonder, my valiant sons and feirs,
Our raging revers wait,
On the unconquert Scottish sward
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

"Make orisons to him that sav'd
Our sauls upon the rude;
Syne bravely shaw your veins are fill'd
With Caledonian blude."
Then furth he drew his trusty glave,
While thousands all around
Drawn frae their sheaths glanc'd in the sun;
And loud the bougles sound.

XXII.

To joyn his king adoun the hill
In hast his merch he made,
While, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit
Afore him stately strade.
"Thrice welcome, valiant stoup of weir,
Thy nations shield and pride;
Thy king nae reason has to fear
When thou art by his side."

XXIII.

When bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang scarce cou'd they flee,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the tree.
Lang did they rage and fight fu' fierce,
With little skaith to mon,
But bloody, bloody was the field,
Ere that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The King of Scots, that sindle brook'd
The war that look'd like play,
Drew his braid sword and brake his bow,
Sin bows seem'd but delay.

Quoth noble Rothsay, "Mine I'll keep,
I wat it's bled a score."
"Haste up my merry men," cry'd the king
As he rode on before.

XXV.

The King of Norse he sought to find
With him to mense the faught,
But on his forehead there did light
A sharp, unsonsie shaft;
As he his hand put up to feel
The wound, an arrow keen—
O waefu' chance! there pinn'd his hand
In midst between his een.

XXVI.

"Revenge, revenge," cry'd Rothsay's heir,
"Your mail-coat sha' na bide
The strength and sharpness of my dart:"
Then sent it through his side.
Another arrow well he mark'd,
It pierc'd his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the silver reins,
He low as earth did fa'.

XXVII.

"Sair bleids my liege, sair, sair he bleeds!"
Again wi' might he drew,
And gesture dread his sturdy bow,
Fast the braid arrow flew.
Wae to the knight he ettled at;
Lament now Queen Elgreed;
High dames too wail your darling's fall,
His youth and comely meed.

XXVIII.

Take aff, take aff his costly jupe,
(Of gold well was it twin'd,
Knit like the fowler's net through quhilk
His seelly harness shin'd),

"Take, Norse, that gift frae me and bid
Him venge the blood it bears;
Say, if he face my bended bow
He sure nae weapon fears."

XXIX.

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
Braid shoulders and arms strong,
Cry'd, "Where is Hardyknute sae fam'd
And fear'd at Britain's throne;
Tho' Britons tremble at his name,
I soon shall make him wail,
That e'er my sword was made sae sharp,
Sae saft his coat of mail."

XXX.

That brag his stout heart cou'd na bide,
It lent him youthfu' micht:
"I'm Hardyknute! this day," he cry'd,
"To Scotland's king I heght
To lay thee low as horses hoof:
My word I mean to keep."
Syne with the first stroke e'er he strake,
He garr'd his body bleed.

XXXI.

Norss' een like gray gosehawk's stair'd wyld,
He sigh'd wi' shame and spite:
"Disgrac'd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to strike:"
Then ga' his head a blow sae fell,
It made him doun to stoup,
As laigh as he to ladies us'd
In courtly guise to lout.

XXXII.

Fu' soon he rais'd his bent body,
His bow he marvell'd sair,
Sin blows till then on him but darr'd
As touch of FAIRLY fair;

Norse marvell'd too as sair as he
To see his stately look;
Sae soon as e'er he strake a fae
Sae soon his life he took.

XXXIII.

Where like a fire to heather set,
Bauld Thomas did advance,
Ane sturdy fae with look enrag'd
Up toward him did prance;
He spurr'd his steid through thickest ranks
The hardy youth to quell,
Wha stood unmov'd at his approach
His fury to repell.

XXXIV.

"That short brown shaft sae meanly trimm'd
Looks like poor Scotlands gear,
But dreadfull seems the rusty point!"
And loud he leugh in jear.
"Oft Britons blood has dimm'd its shine;
This point cut short their vaunt:"
Syne pierc'd the boaster's bearded cheek;
Nae time he took to taunt.

XXXV.

Short while he in his saddle swang
His stirrup was nae stay,
Sae feeble hang his unbent knee;
Sure taiken he was fey;
Swith on the harden't clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud;
But Thomas look't nae as he lay
All waltering in his blud.

XXXVI.

With careless gesture, mind unmov't,
On rode he north the plain;
His seem in throng of fiercest strife,
When winner aye the same;

Nor yet his heart dames dimplet cheek
  Could mease soft love to bruik
Till vengefu' Ann return'd his scorn,
  Then languid grew his luik.

XXXVII.

In thraws of death with walowit cheik
  All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriours lay,
  Ne're to arise again;
Ne're to return to native land,
  Nae mair with blithsome sounds
To boast the glories of the day
  And shaw their shining wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
  May wash the rocks with tears,
May lang luik ow'r the shipless seas
  Befor her mate appears.
Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain;
  Thy lord lyes in the clay;
The valiant Scots nae revers thole
  To carry life away!

XXXIX.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross
  Set up for monument,
Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day
  Fill'd keen war's black intent.
Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
  Let Norse the name ay dread,
Ay how he faught, aft how he spar'd,
  Shall latest ages read!

XL.

Now loud and chill blew th' westlin wind,
  Sair beat the heavy shower,
Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute
  Wan near his stately tower.

His tow'r, that us'd wi' torches blaze
To shine sae far at night,
Seem'd now as black as mourning weed,
Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

XLI.

"There's nae light in my lady's bower,
There's nae light in my ha';
Nae blink shines round my FAIRLY fair,
Nor ward stands on my wa'.
What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say;"
Nae answer fitts their dread.
"Stand back, my sons, I'le be your guide:"
But by they past with speed.

XLII.

"As fast I've sped owre Scotlands faes,"—
There ceas'd his brag of weir,
Sair sham'd to mind ought but his dame
And maiden FAIRLY fair.
Black fear he felt, but what to fear
He wist nae yet; wi' dread
Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
And a' the warrior fled.

* * * * *

*** In an elegant publication, entitled *Scottish Tragic Ballads*, printed by and for J. Nichols, 1781, 8vo, may be seen a continuation of the ballad of *Hardyknute*, by the addition of a Second Part, which hath since been acknowledged to be his own composition by the ingenious editor: to whom the late Sir D. Dalrymple communicated (subsequent to the account drawn up above in p. 101), extracts of a letter from Sir John Bruce, of Kinross, to Lord Binning, which plainly proves the pretended discoverer of the fragment of *Hardyknute* to have been Sir John Bruce himself. His words are, "To perform my promise, I send you a true copy of the manuscript I found some weeks ago in a vault at Dunfermline. It is written on vellum, in a fair Gothic character, but so much defaced by time, as you'll find that the tenth part is not legible." He then gives the whole fragment as it was first published in 1719, save one or two stanzas, marking several passages as having perished by being illegible in the old MS. Hence it appears that Sir John was the author of *Hardyknute*, but afterwards used Mrs. Wardlaw to be the midwife of his poetry, and suppressed the story of

the vault; as is well observed by the editor of the *Tragic Ballads*, and of Maitland's *Scot. Poets*, vol. i. p. cxxvii.

To this gentleman we are indebted for the use of the copy, whence the second edition was afterwards printed, as the same was prepared for the press by John Clerk, M.D., of Edinburgh, an intimate companion of Lord President Forbes.

The title of the first edition was, "Hardyknute, a fragment, Edinburgh, printed for James Watson, &c., 1719," folio, twelve pages.

Stanzas not in the first edition are Nos. 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 42.

In the present impression the orthography of Dr. Clerk's copy has been preserved, and his readings carefully followed, except in a few instances, wherein the common edition appeared preferable; viz. He had in ver. 20, *but.*—v. 56, *of harm.*—v. 64, *every.*—v. 67, *lo down.*—v. 83, *That* omitted.—v. 89, *And* omitted.—v. 143, *With argument but vainly strave Lang,*—v. 148, *say'd.*—v. 155, *incampit on the plain.*—v. 156, *Norse squadrons.*—v. 158, *regard revers*, v. 170, *his strides he bent.*—v. 171, *minstrals playand Pibrochs fine.*—v. 172, *stately went.*—v. 182, *mon.*—v. 196, *sharp and fatal.*—v. 219, *which.*—v. 241, *stood wyld.*—stanza 39 preceded stanza 38.—v. 305, *There.*—v. 313, *blew wrestling.*—v. 336 had originally been, *He fear'd a' cou'd be fear'd.*

The Editor was also informed, on the authority of Dr David Clerk, M.D., of Edinburgh (son of the aforesaid Dr. John Clerk), that between the present stanzas 36 and 37, the two following had been intended, but were on maturer consideration omitted, and do not now appear among the MS. additions.

Now darts flew wavering through slaw speed,
  Scarce could they reach their aim;
Or reach'd, scarce blood the round point drew,
  'Twas all but shot in vain:
Right strengthy arms forfeebled grew,
  Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils:
E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,
  And curs'd war's cruel broils.

Yet still wars horns sounded to charge,
  Swords clash'd and harness rang;
But saftly sae ilk blaster blew
  The hills and dales fraemang.
Nae echo heard in double dints,
  Nor the lang-winding horn,
Nae mair she blew out brade as she
  Did eir that summers morn.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

BOOK V.

I.

A Ballad of Luther, the Pope, a Cardinal, and a Husbandman.

In the former book we brought down this second series of poems as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the more striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII., the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns within so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that entitled *Little John Nobody*, may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the time of Edward VI.; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained: especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys Collection, vol. i. folio), to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master.

We are not to wonder that the ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter Plays:—the one published in the time of Henry VIII., entitled **Every Man**; the other called **Lusty Juventus**, printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother Church and her superst-

tions,[1] in the other, the poet, (one R. Wever,) with great success, attacks both. So that the stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it,—a supplement to the pulpit. This was so much the case, that in the play of "Lusty Juventus," chapter and verse are everywhere quoted as formally as in a sermon: take an instance:

> "The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,
> As in the xxxiij chapter it doth appere:
> Be converted, O ye children," &c.

From this Play we learn that most of the young people were new Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation, and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfall of superstition:—

> "The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,
> But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way.
> They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,
> In olde traditions, and made by men," &c.

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

> "The worlde was never meri
> Since chyldren were so boulde:
> Now evry boy will be a teacher,
> The father a foole, the chyld a preacher."

Of the plays above mentioned, to the first is subjoined the following printer's colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man.

[1] Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood:

> "There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron
> That of God hath commissyon,
> As hath the leest preest in the world beynge.
> * * * * * *
> God hath to them more power gyven,
> Than to any aungell, that is in heven;
> With v. words he may consecrate
> Goddes body in flesshe and blode to take,
> And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes.
> The preest byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,
> Both in erthe and in heven.—
> Thou ministers all the sacramentes seven.
> Though we kyst thy feete thou were worthy;
> Thou art the surgyan that cureth synne dedly
> No remedy may we fynde under God,
> But alone on preesthode.
> ——God gave preest that dignitè,
> And letteth them in his stede amonge us be,
> Thus be they above aungels in degre."
>
> See Hawkins's Orig. of Eng. Drama, vol. i. p. 61.

¶ Imprynted at London in Powles chyrche yarde by me John Skot. In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richarde Pynson.

The other is entitled, An enterlude called Lusty Juventus: and is thus distinguished at the end: Finis. quod R. Weber. Imprynted at London in Paules churche yeard by Abraham Vele at the signe of the Lambe. Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

Of these two plays the reader may find some farther particulars in this volume, book ii. See "The Essay on the Origin of the English Stage;" and the curious reader will find the plays themselves printed at large in Hawkins's "Origin of the English Drama," 3 vols Oxford, 1773, 12mo.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

"Let us lift up our hartes all,
And prayse the Lordes magnificence,
Which hath given the wolues a fall,
And is become our strong defence;
For they thorowe a false pretens
From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,[2]
Gettynge from every man his pence,
As satisfactours for the deade.

"For what we with our FLAYLES coulde get,
To kepe our house and servauntes,
That did the Freers from us fet,
And with our soules played the merchauntes;
And thus they with theyr false warrantes
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes,
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

"They spared not the fatherlesse,
The carefull nor the pore wydowe;
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
If it above the ground did growe.
But now we Husbandmen do knowe
Al their subteltye and their false caste;
For the Lorde hath them overthrowe
With his swete word now at the laste."

[2] *i. e.* denied us the cup, see below, ver. 94.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

"Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes,
Hast usurped kynges powers,
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres.
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse,
As do the deceatful foulers
When they theyr nettes craftelye dresse.

"Thou flatterest every prince and lord,
Thretening poore men with swearde and fyre;
All those that do followe Gods worde,
To make them cleve to thy desire,
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire;
Cursing with boke, bell and candell
Such as to reade them have desyre,
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell.

"Thy false power wyl I bryng down,
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
I shall dryve the from citye and towne,
Even with this PEN that thou seyste here.
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shylde and speare,
But I wyll fyght with Gods worde,
Which is now so open and cleare
That it shall brynge the under the borde[3]."

THE POPE.

"Though I brought never so many to hel
And to utter dampnacion
Throughe myne ensample and consel,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.
And thou, Luther, arte accursed;
For blamynge me and my condicion,
The holy decres have the condempned.

[3] *i. e.* make thee knock under the table.

"Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in scripture;
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure.
Knowest thou not that I have power
To make and mar in heaven and hell,
In erth and every creature?
Whatsoever I do it must be well.

"As for scripture, I am above it;
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler[4]?
Nay, nay, hereticks ye are
That will not obey my auctoritie.
With this SWORDE I wyll declare
That ye shal al accursed be."

THE CARDINAL.

"I am a Cardinall of Rome,
Sent from Christes hye vicary
To graunt pardon to more and sume
That wil Luther resist strongly;
He is a greate hereticke treuly
And regardeth to much the scripture;
For he thinketh only thereby
To subdue the popes high honoure.

"Receive ye this PARDON devoutely
And loke that ye agaynst him fight;
Plucke up youre herts and be manlye,
For the pope sayth ye do but ryght;
And this be sure, that at one flyghte,
Allthough ye be overcome by chaunce,
Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte
God can make you no resistaunce.

"But these heretikes for their medlynge
Shall go down to hel every one;
For they have not the popes blessynge
Nor regarde his holy pardòn;

[4] *i. e.* his rule.

They thinke from all destruction
By Christes bloud to be saved,
Fearynge not our excommunicacion:
Therefore shall they al be dampned."

II.

John Anderson my Jo.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

While in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire, we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following (preserved in Maitland's MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library):

"Tak a Wobster, that is leill,
And a Miller, that will not steill,
With ane Priest, that is not gredy,
And lay ane deid corpse thame by,
And, throw virtue of thame three,
That deid corpse sall qwyknit be."

Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of Popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and obscene songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin Service. *Green Sleeves and Pudding Pies*, (designed to ridicule the Popish Clergy,) is said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: *Maggy Lauder* was another: *John Anderson my Jo* was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

In the present edition this song is much improved by some new readings communicated by a friend, who thinks by the "seven bairns," in stanza 2d, are meant the Seven Sacraments; five of which were the spurious offspring of mother Church, as the first stanza contains a satirical allusion to the luxury of the Popish Clergy.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these lu licrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact. —From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called *The*

Book of the Universal Kirk, p. 90, 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne, printer in Edinburgh, printed "a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane baudy song, called *Welcome Fortunes* [1]."

WOMAN.

"John Anderson my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze sall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat;
John Anderson my jo, cum in, and ze's get that."

MAN.

"And how doe ze, cummer? and how hae ze threven?
And how mony bairns hae ze?" Wom. "Cummer, I hae seven."
Man. "Are they to zour awin gude man?" Wom. "Na, cummer, na;
For five of tham were gotten quhan he was awa'."

III.

Little John Nobody.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under King Edward VI., written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's *Memoirs of Cranmer*. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners; whereas he indirectly owns, that their Reverend Father [Archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the Scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must, however, be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the reformed had enlisted themselves many concealed papists who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no

[1] See also Biograph. Britan. 1st edit. vol. i. p. 177.

religion: many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possession of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures: and as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

The reader will remark the fondness of our satirist for alliteration; In this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of *Pierce Plowman's Visions*, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See an Essay on this very peculiar kind of metre, prefixed to book vi. in volume second.

In December, when the dayes draw to be short,
After November, when the nights wax noysome and long,
As I past by a place privily at a port
I saw one sit by himself making a song:
His last [1] talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
That few were fast i' th' faith. I 'freyned [2]' that freake
Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
He said he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

"John Nobody," quoth I, "what news? thou soon note and tell
What maner men thou meane that are so mad."
He said, "These gay gallants that wil construe the gospel,
As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;
To discusse divinity they nought adread;
More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke."
"Thou lyest," quoth I, "thou losel, like a leud lad."
He said he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

"Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
It is sothe said that sect but much unseemly skalk,
As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind;
Yet to their fancy soon a cause will find:
As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke:
Such caitives count to become of Cains kind [3];
But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

[1] Perhaps He left talk. [2] feyned, MSS. and P.C.

[3] Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's Creed, the proud friars are said to be

——"Of Caymes kind." Vide sig. C ij. b.

" For our reverend father hath set forth an order,
Our service to be said in our seignours tongue ;
As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture ;
Our suffrages and services, with many a sweet song,
With homilies and godly books us among ;
That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke ;
But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong ;
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

" For bribery was never so great since born was our Lord,
And whoredom was never les hated sith Christ harrowed hel,
And poor men are so sore punished commonly through the world
That it would grieve any one that good is to hear tel.
For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be so quel,
That if a man do amisse with mischiefe they wil him wreake :
The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell ;
But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

" Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,
And in lechery to leyke al their long life ;
For al the preaching of Paul yet many a proud knave
Wil move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife
To bring them in advoutry, or else they wil strife
And in brawling about baudery Gods commandments breake .
But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife ;
Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

" If thou company with them, they wil currishly carp and not care
According to their foolish fantacy ; but fast wil they naught ;
Prayer with them is but prating ; therefore they it forbear.
Both almes deeds and holiness they hate it in their thought :
Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his bloud us bought,
That he wil mend that is amiss : for many a manful freyke
Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or naught ;
And that I little John Nobody dare not once speake."

Thus in NO place this NOBODY in NO time I met,
Where NO man, 'ne'[4] NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did appear;
Through the sound of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,
That 'Aeolus'[5] through the eccho did cause me to hear.
Then I drew me down into a dale whereas the dumb deer
Did shiver for a shower; but I shunted from a freyke:
For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,
But little John Nobody that dare not once speake.

IV.

Q. Elizabeth's Verses while Prisoner at Woodstock,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his Travels which has been reprinted in so elegant a manner at Strawberry-Hill. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy, are here restored.

O, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be straite reserved,
And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A.D. MDLV. ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

Ver. 4. *Could beare*, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to *did bear*, or *hath borne*. See below, the *Beggar of Bednal Green*, ver. 57. Could say.

[4] then, MSS. and P.C. [5] Hercules, MSS. and P.C.

V.

The Heir of Linne.

The original of this ballad is found in the Editor's folio MS., the breaches and defects in which rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as, indeed, the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernible in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne appears not to have been a lord of parliament, but a laird, whose title went along with his estate.

PART THE FIRST.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotlànd,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun selle his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewàrde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;
Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie[1];
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
He was right glad his land to winne;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ile be the Lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight.
"My sonne, when I am gonne," sayd hee,
"Then thou wilt spend thy lande soe broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

"But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend!
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
"And come with me, my friends," sayd hee,
"Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

[1] *i. e.* earnest-money; from the French 'denier à Dieu.' At this day when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented by the new tenant, which is still called a *God's-penny*.

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monèy.

"Nowe well-aday," sayd the heire of Linne,
"Nowe well-aday, and woe is mee,
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharpely wend his way.

"Now well-aday," said the heire of Linne,
"Now well-aday, and woe is me;
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning shame;
To rob and steal it were a sinne;
To worke, my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on mee
I there shold find a trusty friend."

Ver. 63, 64, 65, &c. See MSS

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne,
Oer hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne:
But bare and lothly were the walles·
"Here's sorry cheare," quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe, dim and darke,
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering sunn here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyselfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie,
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere[2].

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monèy;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plaine to see.

"Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it bee," sayd the heire of Linne,
"And let it bee, but if I amend[3]:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade[4] shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheare,
Away then went the heire of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Upp at the speere[5] then looked hee;
There sate three lords upon a rowe,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

V. 60, an old northern phrase.

[2] In-fere, *i. e.* together.

[3] *i. e.* unless I amend.

[4] *i. e.* advice, counsel.

[5] Perhaps the hole in the door or window, by which it was *speered*, *i. e.* sparred, fastened, or shut. In Bale's 2d part of the *Acts of Eng. Votaries*, we have this phrase (fol. 38), "The dore thereof oft tymes opened and *speared* agayne."

And John himself sate at the bord-head,
Because now Lord of Linne was hee;
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
Away, away, this may not bee:
For Christs curse on my head," he sayd,
"If ever I trust thee one pennìe."

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:
"Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet Saint Charitìe."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellòwe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, "Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord.

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

"And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe:
"Now Christs curse on my head," he sayd,
"But I did lose by that bargàine.

"And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape
By a hundred markes than I had it of thee."

"I drawe you to record, lords," he said,
With that he cast him a gods-pennie:
"Now by my fay," sayd the heire of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monèy."

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold.
He told it forth with mickle dinne.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the Lord of Linne."

Sayes, "Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
Now I am againe the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"Ile make thee keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame."

"Now well-aday!" sayth Joan o' the Scales;
"Now well-aday, and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," sayd the heire of Linne,
"Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said hee:
"Christs curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

* * *

V. 34. of part i., and 102 of part ii., *cast* is the reading of the MS.

*** In the present edition of this ballad, several ancient readings are restored from the folio MS.

VI.

Gascoigne's Praise of the Fair Bridges, afterwards Lady Sandes,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was a celebrated poet in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the *Steele-glass*, 1576, 4to.

Gascoigne was born in Essex, educated in both universities, whence he removed to Gray's-inn; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, entitled, "Gascoigne's Wodmanship, written to Lord Gray of Wilton." Many of his epistles dedicatory, are dated in 1575, 1576, from "his poore house in Walthamstoe:" where he died a middle-aged man in 1578, according to Anth. Wood; or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, entitled, "A Remembrance of the well employed Life and Godly End of George Gascoigne, Esq., who deceased at Stamford in Lincolnshire, Oct. 7. 1577, by Geo. Whetstone, gent. an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end in this world," 4to, no date.—[From a MS. of Oldys.]

Mr. Thomas Warton thinks "Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age in smoothness and harmony of versification[1]." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of Queen Elizabeth's time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, though those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the *Paradise of dainty Devises*[2], (the Dodsley's Miscellany of those times,) will hardly be found one rough or inharmonious line[3]: whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw.—Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of Alexandrines of twelve and fourteen syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter col-

[1] Observations on the *Faerie Queen*, vol. ii. p. 168.

[2] Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to, black-letter.

[3] The same is true of most of the poems in the *Mirrour of Magistrates*, 1563, 4to, and also of Surrey's Poems, 1557.

lections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first entitled, "A hundreth sundrie flowers, bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for Richarde Smith:" without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202), compared with the printer's epist. to the reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is entitled, "The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq. corrected, perfected, and augmented by the author, 1575.—Printed at London, for Richard Smith," &c. No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title-page of this last (by way of printer's[4], or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wood cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, *Occulta Veritas Tempore patet* [R. S.]. This is mentioned, because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this, or some other title-page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg Gallery,[5] and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.

In court whoso demaundes
What dame doth most excell;
For my conceit I must needes say,
Faire Bridges beares the bel.

Upon whose lively cheeke,
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lillie seeme to strive
For equall change of hewe.

And therewithall so well
Hir graces all agree,
No frowning cheere dare once presume
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavishe lippes,
Which like some other best,
Will say the blemishe on hir browe
Disgraceth all the rest.

Thereto I thus replie:
God wotte, they little knowe
The hidden cause of that mishap,
Nor how the harm did growe;

[4] Henrie Binneman.

[5] Le Tems découvre la Verité.

For when Dame Nature first
Had framde hir heavenly face,
And thoroughly bedecked it
With goodly gleames of grace;

It lyked hir so well:
"Lo here," quod she, "a peece
For perfect shape that passeth all
Appelles' worke in Greece.

"This bayt may chaunce to catche
The greatest god of love,
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
That rules the roast above."

But out, alas! those wordes
Were vaunted all in vayne;
And some unseen were present there,
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
Close in a corner stoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir:
I gesse it did him good.

Yet when he felte the flame
Gan kindle in his brest,
And herd Dame Nature boast by hir
To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love
He chaunged into hate,
And sodeynly with mightie mace
Gan rap hir on the pate.

It greeved Nature muche
To see the cruell deede:
Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept
To see hir dearling bleede.

"Wel yet," quod she, "this hurt
Shal have some helpe I trowe;"
And quick with skin she covered it,
That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
For feare of further flame,
When angel-like he saw hir shine,
Whome he had smit with shame.

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
In cradel of hir kind.
The coward Cupide brake hir browe
To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains;
No force, there let it bee:
There is no cloude that can eclipse
So bright a sunne as she.

V. 62, In cradel of hir kind: *i. e.* in the cradel of her family. See Warton's *Observations*, vol. ii. p. 137.

*** The lady here celebrated was Catherine, daughter of Edmond second Lord Chandos, wife of William, Lord Sands. See Collins's *Peerage*, vol. ii. p. 133, ed. 1779.

VII.

Fair Rosamond.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of King Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond, have been taken for fact by our English historians, who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of Queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden, the monk of Chester, whose account, with some enlargements, is thus given by Stow: "Rosamond the fayre daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II. (poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought), dyed at Woodstocke [A.D. 1177], where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house after some was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a Maze;[1] but it was commonly said, that lastly

[1] Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his *Epistle of Rosamond*.

the queene came to her by a clue of thridde, or silke, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tombe:

HIC JACET IN TUMBA, ROSA MUNDI, NON ROSA MUNDA.
NON REDOLET, SED OLET, QUÆ REDOLERE SOLET.

In English thus:

"The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,
Is now here graven; to whom beauty was lent:
In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,
That by her life was sweete and redolent:
But now that she is from this life blent,
Though she were sweete, now foully doth she stinke.
A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke."
Stow's Annals, ed. 1631, p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Holinshed speaks of it, as "the common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde hir out by a silken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after." Vol. iii. p. 115. On the other hand, in Speed's Hist., we are told that the jealous queen found her out "by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde: which the queene followed, till shee had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after." 3rd edit. p. 509. Our ballad-maker, with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained by surprise, from the knight who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable, that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison (Stowe, above, mentions it merely as a slight conjecture); they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly; with furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed, on her tomb-stone, as we learn from a person of credit,[2] among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a *cup*. This, which, perhaps, at first was an accidental ornament (perhaps only the chalice), might in after-times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is that "the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out

[2] Tho. Allen, of Glouc. Hall, Oxon, who died in 1632, aged 90. See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of *Gul. Neubrig. Hist.* vol. iii. p 739.

and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the *cup*, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone."

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow: "Hugh, bishop of Lincolne, came to the abbey of nunnes, called Godstow, ... and when he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tomb it was, he was answered that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to Henry II. . . . . who for the love of her had done much good to that church. Then, quoth the bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest Christian religion should grow in contempt; and to the end that, through example of her, other women being made afraid, may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and advouterous company with men."—Annals, p. 159.

History further informs us, that King John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that these holy virgins might releeve with their prayers the soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund, there interred."[3] . . . In what situation her remains were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from Leland: "Rosamundes tumbe at Godstowe nunnery was taken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription, *Tumba Rosamundæ*. Her bones were closid in lede, and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When it was opened, a very swete smell came owt of it."[4] See Hearne's discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at which time, he tells us, were still seen by the pool at Woodstock the foundations of a very large building, which were believed to be the remains of Rosamond's labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received story. These were William Longue-espe (or Long-sword), Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, Bishop of Lincolne.[5] Geoffrey was the younger of Rosamond's sons, and yet is said to have been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that King Henry fell in love with Rosamond in 1149, when in King Stephen's reign he came over to be knighted by the King of Scots; he also thinks it probable that Henry's commerce with this lady "broke off upon his marriage

[3] Vide reign of Henry II. in Speed's History, writ by Dr. Barcham, Dean of Bocking.

[4] This would have passed for miraculous, if it had happened in the tomb of any clerical person, and a proof of his being a saint

[5] Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

with Eleanor [in 1152], and that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resentment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died, probably before the rebellion of Henry's sons in 1173." [Carte's Hist. vol. i. p. 652.] But let it be observed, that Henry was but sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he stayed but eight months in this island, and was almost all the time with the King of Scots; that he did not return back to England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor; and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond's having ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed, the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamond, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton library; wherein it is thus registered of Geoffrey Plantagenet, "Natus est 5° Henry II. [1159.] Factus est miles 25° Henry II. [1179.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln. 28° Henry II. [1182]." Vide Chron. de Kirkstall (Domitian XII.), Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.

The ballad of *Fair Rosamond* appears to have been first published in "Strange Histories or Songs and Sonnets of Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen, &c. By Thomas Delone. Lond. 1612," 4to. It is now printed (with conjectural emendations) from four ancient copies in black-letter; two of them in the Pepys library.

When as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde,
Appeard to each mans sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, Dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong;
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd,
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
Full soon shee did beguile:

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke:

"My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye,
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye,—

"The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle,
My royal Rose, a thousand times
I bid thee nowe farwelle!

"For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

"But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortlye see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee."

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
Did heare the king saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward lookes did showe.

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which, like the silver-pearled dewe,
Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes, erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceivde
Her vitall spirits faile.

And falling downe all in a swoone
Before King Henrves face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her bodye did embrace.

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

"Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?"
The king did often say:
"Because," quoth shee, "to bloodye warre
My lord must part awaye.

"But since your Grace on forrayne coastes
Amonge your foes unkinde,
Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde?

"Nay, rather let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare;
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

"Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte.

"So I your presence may enjoye
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death:
"Nay, death Ild rather chuse."

"Content thy self, my dearest love,
Thy rest at home shall bee,
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
For travell fits not thee.

"Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
Soft peace their sexe delightes;
Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers;
Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.

"My Rose shall safely here abide,
With musicke passe the daye,
Whilst I amonge the piercing pikes
My foes seeke far awaye.

"My Rose shall shine in pearle and golde,
Whilst Ime in armour dighte;
Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
Whilst I my foes goe fighte.

"And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my loves defence,
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake;
And Rosamonde, for very griefe,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore:
After that daye, faire Rosamonde
The king did see no more.

For when his Grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone,
With envious heart, Queene Ellinor
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls this trustye knighte
In an unhappy houre,
Who, with his clue of twined-thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And wente where Ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

"Cast off from thee those robes," she said,
"That riche and costlye bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught
Which I have brought to thee."

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

"Take pitty on my youthfull yeares,"
Faire Rosamonde did crye;
"And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforcèd bee to dye.

"I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide.

"And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

She gave this comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand,

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

VIII.

Queen Eleanor's Confession.

"Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William Duke of Guienne, and Count of Poictou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII., King of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces which, by her marriage, she had annexed to the crown of France. The young Count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II., King of England, though at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowry. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years; dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John."—See Hume's History, 4to, vol. i. pp. 260, 307. Speed, Stow, &c.

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given, with some corrections, from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous: whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

QUEENE Elianor was a sicke womàn,
And afraid that she should dye;
Then she sent for two fryars of France,
To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all,
By one, by two, by three,
"Earl Marshall, Ile go shrive the queene.
And thou shalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone;" quoth Earl Marshàll,
And fell on his bended knee;
That whatsoever Queene Elianor saye,
No harme therof may bee."

'Ile pawne my landes," the king then cryd,
"My sceptre, crowne, and all,
That whatsoere Queen Elianor sayes,
No harme thereof shall fall.

"Do thou put on a fryars coat,
And Ile put on another;
And we will to Queen Elianor goe,
Like fryar and his brother."

Thus both attired then they goe:
When they came to Whitehall,
The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene,
They fell on their bended knee;
"A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
That you sent so hastilee."

"Are you two fryars of France," she sayd,
"As I suppose you bee?
But if you are two Englishe fryars,
You shall hang on the gallowes tree."

'We are two fryars of France," they sayd,
"As you suppose we bee;
We have not been at any masse
Sith we came from the sea."

"The first vile thing that ever I did,
I will to you unfolde;
Earl Marshall had my maidenhed,
Beneath this cloth of golde."

"Thats a vile sinne," then sayd the king;
"May God forgive it thee!"
"Amen, amen," quoth Earl Marshall;
With a heavye heart spake hee.

"The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you Ile not denye;
I made a boxe of poyson strong,
To poison King Henrye."

"Thats a vile sinne," then sayd the king,
"May God forgive it thee!"
"Amen, amen," quoth Earl Marshall;
"And I wish it so may bee."

"The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover;
I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
All in fair Woodstocke bower."

"Thats a vile sinne," then sayd the king;
"May God forgive it thee!"
"Amen, amen," quoth Earl Marshall;
"And I wish it so may bee."

"Do you see yonders little boye,
A tossing of the balle?
That is Earl Marshalls eldest sonne,
And I love him the best of all.

"Do you see yonders little boye,
A catching of the balle?
That is King Henryes youngest sonne,
And I love him the worst of all.

"His head is fashyon'd like a bull,
His nose is like a boare,——"
"No matter for that," King Henrye cryd,
"I love him the better therfore."

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
And appeared all in redde;
She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands,
And sayd she was betrayde.

Ver. 63, 67. She means that the eldest of these two was by the Earl Marshall, the youngest by the king.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
And a grimme look looked hee;
"Earl Marshall," he sayd, "but for my oathe,
Or hanged thou shouldst bee."

IX.

The Sturdy Rock.

This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall[1]] is preserved in *The Paradise of Daintie Devises*. The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in "An howres recreation in musicke, &c., by Richard Alison, Lond. 1606, 4to:" usually bound up with three or four sets of "Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes, Lond. 1597, 1600, 1608, 4to." One of these madrigals is so complete an example of the Bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.

Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphureous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna's flames ascend not hier:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andelusian merchant, that returnes
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes:
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion, with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composure.

The sturdy rock for all his strength
By raging seas is rent in twaine:
The marble stone is pearst at length
With little drops of drizling rain:
The oxe doth yeeld unto the yoke,
The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

[1] Vide Athen. Ox. pp. 152, 316.

The stately stagge, that scemes so stout,
By yalping hounds at bay is set:
The swiftest bird, that flies about,
Is caught at length in fowlers net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
Is soon deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthie skill,
Doth fade at length and fall away.
There is nothing but time doeth waste;
The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame:
Though spiteful death mans body kill,
Yet hurts he not his vertuous name:
By life or death what so betides,
The state of vertue never slides.

X.

The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall-Green.

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23, where the arms of England are called the "Queenes Armes," but from its tunes being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time.—See the ballad on Mary Ambree in this volume. The late Mr. Guthrie assured the Editor, that he had formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered. In this it was said of the old beggar, that 'down his neck

—— his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The blossomes of the grave."

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies; the concluding stanzas, which contain the old beggar's discovery of himself, are not, however,

given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. Nor yet does the Editor offer them as genuine, but as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song as it stood before: whereas, by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham (fought August 4, 1265), when Simon de Montfort, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and, in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster.

PART THE FIRST.

Itt was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seing shee was but a poor beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessy did say,
"Good father, and mother, let me goe away
To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee."
This suite then they granted to prettye Bessee.

Then Bessy, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted shee,
Who sighed and sobbed for prettye Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow,
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe;
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
Soe sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queenes Armes entertained was shee,
Soe faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end,
But master and mistres and all was her friend;
And every brave gallant that once did her see
Was straight-way enamourd of pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold;
Her beawtye was blazed in every degree,
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy;
Shee shewed herself curteous, and modestlye coye,
And at her commandment still wold they bee,
Soe fayre and so comelye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe,
They craved her favor, but still she sayd noe,
"I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee,—"
Yett ever they honored prettye Bessee.

The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night;
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for prettye Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
He was the third suiter, and proper withall;
Her masters owne sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

"And, if thou wilt marry with mee," quoth the knight,
"Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight;
My hart's so enthralled by thy bewtie,
That soone I shall dye for prettye Bessee."

The gentleman sayd, "Come marry with mee,
As fine as a ladye my Bessy shal bee;
My life is distressed, O heare me," quoth hee,
"And grant me thy love, my prettye Bessee."

"Let me bee thy husband," the merchant cold say,
"Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewells for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee."

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say;
"My father and mother I meane to obey;
First gett their good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall enjoye your prettye Bessee."

To every one this answer shee made;
Wherfore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
"This thing to fulfill we all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my prettye Bessee?"

"My father," shee said, "is soone to be seene;
The seely blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
That daylye sits begg'ng for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.

"His markes and his tokens are knowen very well;
He always is led with a dogg and a bell;
A seely olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yet hee is the father of pretty Bessee."

"Nay then," quoth the merchant, "thou art not for mee;"
"Nor," quoth the innholder, "my wiffe thou shalt bee,"
"I lothe," sayd the gentle, "a beggars degree,
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee!"

"Why then," quoth the knight, "hap better or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight of the purse,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome unto me, my pretty Bessee.

"With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe."
"Nay soft," quoth his kinsmen, "it must not be soe:
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee;
Then take thy adew of pretty Bessee."

But soone after this, by breake of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away;
The younge men of Rumford, as thicke might bee,
Rode after to feitch againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were seene,
Until they came neare unto Bednall-greene,
And as the knight lighted most courteouslie,
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescew came speedilye over the plaine,
Or else the young knight for his love had been slaine;
This fray being ended, then straitway he see
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, "Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore;
Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
Yet will I dropp angells with you for my girle;

"And then if my gold may better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

"But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall all be your owne."
With that they replyed, "Contented bee wee."
"Then here's," quoth the beggar, "for pretty Bessee."

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped, in angels, full three thousand [1] pound;
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemens one, the beggar droppt twayne:

Soe that the place wherin they did sitt
With gold it was covered every whitt;
The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
Sayd, "Now, beggar, hold, for wee have noe more.

"Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright;"
"Then marry," quoth he, "my girle to this knight;
And heere," added hee, "I will now throwe you downe,
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne."

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene.
And all those that were her suitors before,
There fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Bessee matched to the knight,
And then made a ladye in others despite:
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

[1] In the Editor's folio MS. it is 500*l*.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The SECOND FITT [2] shall set forth to your sight,
With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

PART THE SECOND.

OFF a blind beggars daughter most bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight,
All the discourse therof you did see,
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they cold have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the creditt of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties and delicates sweete
Were bought for the banquet, as it was most meete;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This marriage through England was spread by report,
Soe that a great number thereto did resort,
Of nobles and gentles in every degree,
And all for the fame of prettye Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solempnized then,
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
Each one admiring the beautifull bryde.

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke and to reason a number begunn,
They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

[2] See an Essay on the word FIT at the end of the Second Part.

Then spake the nobles, "Much marveil have wee
This jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see."
"My Lords," quoth the bride, "my father's so base
He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace."

"The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe,
Before her own face, were a flattering thinge;
But wee thinke thy father's baseness," quoth they,
"Might by thy bewtye be cleane put away."

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar clad in a silke cloke,
A faire velvet capp and a fether had hee,
And now a musicyan, forsooth, he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
Saies, "Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
Ile sing you a song of pretty Bessee."

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play,
And after that lessons were playd two or three,
He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie:

"A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene,
A blithe bonny lasse, and a daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

"Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe land,
But beggd for a penny all day with his hand,
And yett to her marriage hee gave thousands three,[3]
And still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

"And if any one here her berth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of noble degree,
Therfore never flout att prettye Bessee."

With that the lords and the companye round
With harty laughter were readye to swound;
Att last said the lords, "Full well wee may see,
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee."

[3] So the folio MS.

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes;
"O pardon my father, grave nobles," quoth shee,
"That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee."

"If this be thy father," the nobles did say,
"Well may he be proud of this happy day,
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth and his fortune did never agree.

"And therfore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
(And looke that the truth thou to us doe say),
Thy birth and thy parentage what itt may bee,
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee."

"Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
One song more to sing and then I have done;
And if that itt may not winn good report,
Then doe not give me a GROAT for my sport:

"[Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee;
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
Now loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

"When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose;
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft-times he made their enemyes flee.

"At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine;
Most fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Thoughe thou wast not borne then, my prettye Bessee!

"Along with the nobles that fell at that tyde,
His eldest son Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was fellde by a blowe he receivde in the fight!
A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

"Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse he laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
When by a yong ladye discoverd was hee;
And this was thy mother, my prettye Bessee!

V. 81, The eight succeeding stanzas are conjectured to be the work of Robert Dodsley.—Editor.

"A barons faire daughter stept forth in the nighte
To search for her father who fell in the fight,
And seeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
Was moved with pitye and brought him awaye.

"In secrette she nurst him and swaged his paine,
While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be slaine;
At lengthe his faire bride she consented to bee,
And made him glad father of prettye Bessee.

"And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
We clothed ourselves in beggars arraye;
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee;
All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessee.]

"And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,
Thoughe poore, yet contented, with humble delighte:
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

"And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one that once to your own ranke did belong;
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne'er had beene knowne but for prettye Bessee."

Now when the faire companye everye one
Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar and pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
Saying, "Sure thou art come of an honourable race;
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee."

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte:
A bridegroome most happy then was the young knighte,
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.

***

*** The word FIT, for *part*, often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances; which, being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by *fits*, or intermissions. So Puttenham, in

his *Art of English Poesie*, 1589, says, "the Epithalamie was divided by breaches into three partes to serve for three several FITS, or times to be sung."—p. 41.

From the same writer we learn some curious particulars relative to the state of ballad-singing in that age, that will throw light on the present subject: speaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the short measures used by common rhymers; these, he says, "glut the eare, unless it be in small and popular musickes, sung by these Cantabanqui, upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none other audience then boys or country fellowes, that passe by them in the streete; or else by *blind harpers*, or such like taverne Minstrels, that give a FIT of mirth for a *groat*, . . . their matter being for the most part stories of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough, and such other old romances or historical rimes, made purposely for recreation of the common people at Christmasse dinners and brideales, and in tavernes and alehouses, and such other places of base resorte."—p. 69.

This species of entertainment, which seems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded from more genteel assemblies, he gives us room to infer from another passage. "We ourselves," says this courtly writer,[4] "have written for pleasure a little brief romance, or historical ditty, in the English tong, of the Isle of Great Britaine, in short and long meetres, and by breaches or divisions [*i. e.* FITS,] to be more commodiously sung to the harpe in places of assembly, where the company shal be desirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times past, as are those of king Arthur and his knights of the round table, Sir Bevys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like."—p. 33.

In more ancient times, no grand scene of festivity was complete without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance on *Guy and Colbronde*, in the Editor's folio MS.—

> "When meate and drinke is great plentyè,
> And lords and ladyes still wil bee,
> And sitt and solace lythe;[5]
> Then itt is time for mee to speake,
> Of keene knightes, and kempès great,
> Such carping for to kythe."

If we consider that a groat in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-singers of our time. The reciting of one such

[4] He was one of Q. Elizabeth's gent. pensioners, at a time when the whole band consisted of men of distinguished birth and fortune.—Vide Ath. Ox.

[5] Perhaps "blythe."

ballad as this of the *Beggar of Bednall-green*, in two parts, was rewarded with half-a-crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the preceding ballad, p. 366, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father till after her speech, ver. 68. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a groat for his reward, ver. 80, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession. Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the first part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the second. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expense of a second groat's-worth. Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine FITS, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word FIT; it seems at one time to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time, between the several parts (answering to PASSUS in the *Visions of Pierce Plowman*): thus in the ancient ballad of *Chevy-Chase*, vol. i. p. 1, the first part ends with this line,

"The first FIT here I fynde:"

i. e. here I come to the first pause or intermission. (See also vol. i. p. 18.) By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause.—(See the concluding verses of the First and Second Parts of "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudesly," in vol. i. pp. 113 & 118.) This sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer; who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances):

"Lo! lordis mine, here is a FITT;
If ye woll any more of it,
To tell it woll I fonde."

The word FIT indeed appears originally to have signified a poetic strain, verse, or poem; for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus king Ælfred in his *Boetius*, having given a version of lib. 3, metr. 5, adds, þære þrýðe þæt þæt fitte ásungen hæfde, page 65, *i. e.* "when wisdom had sung these [FITTS] verses." And in the Proem to the same book ron on fitte, "put into [FITT] verse." So in Cedmon, p. 45, geond on fitte, seems to mean "composed a song," or "poem." The reader will trace this old Saxon phrase in the application of the word *fond*, in the foregoing passage of Chaucer.—See Glossary.

Spenser has used the word *fit* to denote "a strain of music." See his poem entitled, "Collin Clout's come home again," where he says,

"The Shepherd of the ocean [Sir Walt. Raleigh]
Provoked me to play some pleasant FIT.
And when he heard the music which I made
He found himself full greatlye pleas'd at it," &c.

It is also used in the old ballad of *King Estmere*, vol. i. p. 51, v. 243.

From being applied to music, this word was easily transferred to dancing; thus in the old play of **Lusty Juventus**, (described in vol. i. p. 95, and p. 327,) Juventus says,

"By the masse I would fayne go daunce a FITTE."

And from being used as a part or division in a ballad, poem, &c., it is applied by Bale to a section or chapter in a book, though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm; for thus he entitles two chapters of his **English Votaryes**, part ii. viz.—fol. 49, "The fyrst FYTT of Anselme with Kynge Wyllyam Rufus."—fol. 50, "An other FYTT of Anselme with kynge Wyllyam Rufus."

XI.

Fancy and Desire.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation, that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's *Arte of Eng. Poesie*,[1] and found entire in the *Garland of Good-will*. A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the *Paradise of daintie Devises*. One of these is entitled "The complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it worth notice are these:

"A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'
Who triumphs over me;
For black and tawnie will I weare,
Which mourning colours be."

We find in Hall's *Chronicle*, that when Queen Catharine of Arragon died, Jan. 8, 1536, "Queen Anne [Bullen] ware YELLOWE for the mourning." And when this unfortunate princess lost her head, May 19, the same year, "on the ascension day following, the kyng for mourning ware WHYTE," fol. 227, 228.

Edward, who was the 17th Earl of Oxford, of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's *Noble Authors*. Athen. Oxon, &c.

[1] Lond. 1589, p. 172.

Come hither shepherd's swayne:
"Sir, what do you require?"
I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.
"My name is Fond Desire."

When wert thou borne, Desire?
"In pompe and pryme of May."
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot?
"By fond Conceit, men say."

Tell me, who was thy nurse?
"Fresh Youth in sugred joy."
What was thy meate and dayly foode?
"Sad sighes with great annoy."

What hadst thou then to drinke?
"Unsavoury lovers teares."
What cradle wert thou rocked in?
"In hope devoyde of feares."

What lulld thee then asleepe?
"Sweete speech, which likes me best."
Tell me, where is thy dwelling place?
"In gentle hartes I rest."

What thing doth please thee most?
"To gaze on beautye stille."
Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe?
"Disdayn of my good wille."

Doth companye displease?
"Yes, surelye, many one."
Where doth Desire delighte to live?
"He loves to live alone."

Doth either tyme or age
Bring him unto decaye?
"No, no, Desire both lives and dyes
Ten thousand times a daye."

Then, fond Desire, farewelle,
Thou are no mate for mee;
I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle
With such a one as thee.

XII.

Sir Andrew Barton.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from the late Mr. Guthrie's *Peerage;* which was begun upon a very elegant plan, but never finished. Vol. i. 4to, p. 22.

"The transactions which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey [1] and his family at this time [A.D. 1511], was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council-board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council-board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas [2] and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship [called by Hall the Bark of Scotland]. The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews were carried into the river Thames. [Aug. 2, 1511.]

"This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father's order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward's fortune; for,

[1] Thomas Howard, afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

[2] Called by old historians Lord Howard, afterwards created Earl of Surrey in his father's lifetime. He was father of the poetical Earl of Surrey.

on the 7th of April, 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c.

"King James 'insisted' upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: 'though' Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his court of admiralty by their attornies, to vindicate themselves." This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

In the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which, it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In part ii. v. 156, it is said, that England had before "but two ships of war." Now the Great Harry had been built only seven years before, viz. in 1504: which "was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, when a prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient but hiring ships from the merchants."—Hume.

This ballad, which appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, has received great improvements from the Editor's folio MS., wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernized and abridged from it. The following text is however in some places amended and improved by the latter, (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection,) as also by conjecture.

THE FIRST PART.

'When Flora with her fragrant flowers
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
And Neptune with his daintye showers
Came to present the monthe of Maye;'[3]
King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
Over the river of Thames past hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
And downe they knelt upon their knee.

"O yee are welcome, rich merchànts,
Good saylors, welcome unto mee."
They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
But rich merchànts they cold not bee.
"To France nor Flanders dare we pass,
Nor Bordeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a rover that lyes on the seas,
Who robbs us of our merchant ware."

Ver. 15, 83, robber. MS.

[3] From the pr. copy.

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
"I thought he had not beene in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright."
The merchants sighed, and said, "Alas!"
And thus they did their answer frame;
"He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name."

The king lookt over his left shouldèr,
And an angrye look then looked hee;
"Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?"
"Yea, that dare I," Lord Howard sayes;
"Yea, that dare I, with heart and hand;
If it please your grace to give me leave,
Myselfe wil be the only man."

"Thou art but yong," the kyng replyed,
"Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare."
"Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appeare."
"Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
And chuse them over my realme so free;
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
To guide the great shipp on the sea."

The first man that Lord Howard chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten;
Good Peter Simon was his name.
"Peter," sais hee, "I must to the sea,
To bring home a traytor live or dead;
Before all others I have chosen thee,
Of a hundred gunners to be the head."

"If you, my lord, have chosen mee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
If I misse my marke one shilling bread." [4]

V. 29, Lord Charles Howard, MS.
[4] An old English word for breadth.

My lord then chose a boweman rare,
'Whose active hands had gained fame;
In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne,
And William Horseley was his name.[6]

"Horseley," sayd he, "I must with speede
Go seeke a traytor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowemen brave
To be the head I have chosen thee."
"If you," quoth hee, "have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head,
On your main-mast Ile hanged bee,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread."

With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
And days he scant had sayled three,
Upon the 'voyage' he tooke in hand,
But there he mett with a noble shipp,
And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

"Thou must tell me," Lord Howard said,
"Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And shewe me where thy dwelling is,
And whither bound, and whence thou came."
"My name is Henry Hunt," quoth hee
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
"I and my shipp doe both belong
To the Newcastle that stands upon Tyne."

"Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?"

V. 70, journey. MS.

[5] Pr. copy.

[6] Mr. Lambe, in his notes to the poem on the *Battle of Flodden Field*, contends that this expert bowman's name was not *Horseley*, but *Hustler*, of a family long seated near Stockton, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. Vide p. 5.

Then ever he sighed, and sayd, "Alas!"
With a grieved mind, and well away,
"But over-well I knowe that wight;
I was his prisoner yesterday.

"As I was sayling uppon the sea,
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare,
To his hach-borde he clasped me,
And robd me of all my merchant ware.
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his owne,
And I am nowe to London bounde,
Of our gracious king to beg a boone."

"That shall not need," Lord Howard sais;
"Lett me but once that robber see,
For every penny tane thee froe
It shall be doubled shillings three."
"Nowe God forefend," the merchant said,
"That you shold seek soe far amisse!
God keepe you out of that traitors hands!
Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

"Hee is brasse within, and steele without,
With beames on his topcastle stronge;
And eighteen pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along.
And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
St. Andrewes crosse, that is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen canons on each side.

"Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one,
I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall,
He wold overcome them everye one,
If once his beames they doe downe fall." [7]

V. 91, the MS. has here *archborde*, but in part ii. ver. 5, *hachebord*.

[7] It should seem from hence, that before our marine artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval commanders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the heavy *Dolphins*, made of lead or iron, used by the ancient Greeks; which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the mast, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemy's ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the bottoms of their undecked

"This is cold comfort," sais my lord,
"To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea:
Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or to Scottland hee shall carrye mee."

"Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
Or else hee never orecome will bee.
And if you chance his shipp to borde,
This counsel I must give withall,
Let no man to his topcastle goe
To strive to let his beams downe fall.

"And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to mee,
On each side of my shipp along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
Whether you sayle by day or night;
And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke
You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton, knight."

THE SECOND PART.

The merchant sett my lorde a glasse,
Soe well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton, knight.
His hachebord it was 'gilt' with gold,
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee;
"Nowe by my faith," Lord Howarde sais,
"This is a gallant sight to see.

"Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see;
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
As merchants use to sayle the sea."

V. 5, 'hached with gold.' MS.

Triremes, or otherwise damaging them. These are mentioned by Thucydides, lib. vii, p. 256, ed. 1564, folio, and are more fully explained in *Schefferi de Militiâ Navali*, lib. ii. cap. v., p. 136, ed. 1653, 4to.

N.B.—It everywhere in the MS. seems to be written *beames*.

But they stirred neither top nor mast; [e]
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by;
"What English churles are yonder," he sayd,
"That can soe litle curtesye?

"Now by the roode, three yeares and more
I have been Admirall over the sea,
And never an English nor Portingall
Without my leave can passe this way."
Then called he forth his stout pinnàce;
"Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."

With that the pinnace itt shott off;
Full well Lord Howard might it ken;
For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,
And killed fourteen of his men.
"Come hither, Simon," sayes my lord,
"Looke that thy word be true, thou said;
For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,
If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread."

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold;
His ordinance he laid right lowe,
He put in chain full nine yardes long,
With other great shott, lesse and moe,
And he lette goe his great gunnes shott;
Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
He see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,
Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
"Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell."
When my lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose,
Within his heart hee was full faine;
"Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

V. 35, *i. e.* discharged chain-shot.
[e] *i. e.* did not salute.

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrewe sais,
"Weale, howsoever this geere will sway;
Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,
Is come to seeke mee on the sea."
Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare;
In att his decke he gave a shott,
Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt, with rigour hott,
Came bravely on the other side;
Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
"Nowe, out alas!" Sir Andrewe cryed,
"What may a man now thinke or say?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

"Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That aye wast ready att my call;
I will give thee three hundred markes,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall."
Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
"Horseley see thou be true in stead;
For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread."

Then Gordon swarved the main-mast tree,
He swarved it with might and maine;
But Horseley with a bearing arrowe,
Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
And he fell unto the haches again,
And sore his deadlye wounde did bleed:
Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
How that the Gordon hee was dead.

"Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only sisters sonne;
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne."

V. 67, 84, pounds. MS. V. 75, bearinge, sc. that carries well, &c. But see Gloss.

With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with nimble art;
But Horseley with a broad arròwe
Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart.

And downe he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did streame amaine;
Then every Scott cryed, "Well-away!
Alas a comelye youth is slaine!"
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With griefe and rage his heart did swell;
"Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
For I will to the topcastle mysell.

"Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe;
That gilded is with gold soe cleare;
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls hee it ware.
And when he had on this armour of proofe,
He was a gallant sight to see;
Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
My deere brothèr, could cope with thee."

"Come hither, Horseley," sayes my lord,
"And looke your shaft that itt goe right;
Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a knight."
"Ile shoot my best," quoth Horseley then,
"Your honour shall see, with might and maine;
But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,
I have now left but arrowes twaine."

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then,
Upon his breast did Horseley hitt,
But the arrow bounded back agen.
Then Horseley spyed a privye place,
With a perfect eye, in a secrette part·
Under the spole of his right arme
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

" Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew sayes,
" A little lme hurt, but yett not slaine;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
And then Ile rise and fight againe.
Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew sayes,
" And never flinche before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse,
Untill you hear my whistle blowe."

They never heard his whistle blow,
Which made their hearts waxe sore adread:
Then Horseley sayd, " Aboard, my lord,
For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead."
They boarded then his noble shipp,
They boarded it with might and maine;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
The rest were either maimed or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrewes head;
" I must have left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead."
He caused his body to be cast
Over the hatchbord into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crownes:
" Wherever thou land this will bury thee."

Thus from the warres Lord Howard came,
And backe he sayled ore the maine;
With mickle joy and triumphing
Into Thames mouth he came againe.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And sealed it with seale and ring;
" Such a noble prize have I brought to Your Grace
As never did subject to a king.

" Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee,
A braver shipp was never none;
Nowe hath Your Grace two shipps of warr,
Before in England was but one."

King Henryes grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home;
"And where," said he "is this rover stout,
That I myselfe may give the doome?"

"The rover, he is safe, my leige,
Full many a fadom in the sea;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I must have left England many a day.
And Your Grace may thank four men i' the ship
For the victory wee have wonne;
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

"To Henry Hunt," the king then sayd,
"In lieu of what was from thee tane,
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.
And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
And lands and livings shalt have store;
Howard shall be Erle Surrye hight,
As Howards erst have beene before.

"Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne;
And the men shall have five hundred markes
For the good service they have done."
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
To see Sir Andrewe Barton, knight;
They weend that hee were brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face,
And eyes soe hollow in his head,
"I wold give," quoth the king, "a thousand markes,
This man were alive as hee is dead.
Yett for the manfull part hee playd,
Which fought soe well with heart and hand,
His men shall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother kings high land."

V. 175, 6, . . . Erle of Nottingham, And soe was never, &c. MS

XIII.

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.[1]

A SCOTTISH SONG.

The subject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife, Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots: but this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed Earl Bothwell's age, which was upwards of 60 at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story: A young lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself, which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS., corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's *Miscellany*.

Balow, my babe, lye still and sleipe!
It grieves me sair to see thee weipe:
If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,
Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mothers joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly stil and sleipe,
It grieves me sair to see thee weepe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred wordes[2] to muve,
His faynings fals and flattering cheire
To me that time did not appeire:
But now I see, most cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, &c.

[1] It is now an established fact that the unhappy Lady Anne was daughter to Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney. The faithless "father" was the lady's cousin, Alexander Erskine, son to the Earl of Mar. While in the service of the Covenanters, he came to his death in Douglass Castle, 1640. See Child's English and Scottish Ballads, IV., 123.—Editor.

[2] When sugar was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet *sugred* is used by all our old writers metaphorically, to express extreme and delicate sweetness.—See above, p. 372, v. 10. Sugar at present is cheap and common; and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.

Lye still, my darling, sleipe a while,
And when thou wakest, sweitly smile:
But smile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids; nay God forbid!
But yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire
Thy fatheris hart and face to beire.
Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
Be luving to thy father still:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him doth still abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
Balow, &c.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver trew,
And nevir change hir for a new:
If gude or faire, of hir have care,
For womens banning's wonderous sair.
Balow, &c.

Bairne, sin thy cruel father is gane,
Thy winsome smiles maun eise my paine;
My babe and I'll together live,
He'll comfort me when cares doe grieve:
My babe and I right saft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
That evir kist a womans mouth!
I wish all maides be warnd by mee
Nevir to trust man's curtesy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'll use us then they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly stil, and sleipe,
It grives me sair to see thee weipe.

XIV.

The Murder of the King of Scots.

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial, imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom, of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain, capricious, worthless young man, of weak understanding and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret; and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant eulogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry, Lord Darnley was the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, by the Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, by the Earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV. Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567–8. This crime was perpetrated by the Earl of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Rizzio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65. It will be remembered at v. 5, that this princess was Queen-dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II., who died Dec. 4, 1560.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlànde!
For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;
The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The Queene of France a letter wrote,
And sealed itt with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland within,
And shee would marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
To bee a prince unto a peere:
But you have heard, and soe have I too,
A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
Lord David was his name,
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
He wold have sate him downe in the cheare,
And tho itt beseemed him not so well,
Altho the kinge had beene present there.

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wrothe,
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
I shall you tell how it befell,
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was slaine,
For him her faire cheeks shee did weete,
And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wrothe,
And made their vow all vehementlye,
For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,
The king himselfe, how he shall dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
And layd greene rushes in his way;
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthye king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;
To take his rest was his desire;
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
But his chamber was on a blasing fire.

Up he lope, and the window brake,
And hee had thirtye foote to fall;
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
Underneath his castle wall.

"Who have wee here?" Lord Bodwell sayd;
"Now answer me, that I may know."
"King Henry the Eighth my uncle was;
For his sweete sake some pitty show."

Ver. 15, sic. MS. Lord David Rizzio.

"Who have we here?" Lord Bodwell sayd·
"Now answer me when I doe speake."
"Ah, Lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pitty on me I pray thee take."

"Ile pitty thee as much," he sayd,
"And as much favor show to thee,
As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine,
That day thou deemedst him to die [1]."

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
Through towers and castles that were nye,
Through an arbor into an orchàrd,
There on a peare-tree hanged him hye.

When the governor of Scotland heard
How that the worthye king was slaine,
He pursued the queen so bitterlye,
That in Scotland shee dare not remanie.

But shee is fledd into merry England,
And here her residence hath taine,
And through the queene of Englands grace,
In England now shee doth remaine.

[1] Pronounced after the northern manner *dee*.

XV.

A Sonnet by Q. Elizabeth.

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*: a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced, shows what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of that age, viz.:—

"I find," says this antiquated critic, "none example in English metre, so well maintaining this figure [*Exargasia*, or the Gorgeous, Lat. *Expolitio*] as that dittie of her majesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall; which figure beyng, as his very originall name purporteth, the most bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it

asketh in reason to be reserved for a last complement, and desciphred by a ladies penne, herselfe beyng the most bewtifull, or rather bewtie of queenes.[1] And this was the occasion; our soveraigne lady perceiving how the Scottish queenes residence within this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were skarce meete for so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of innovation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes by her libertie and life; the queene our soveraigne ladie, to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret practizes, though she had long with great wisdome and pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweet and sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the danger of their ambition and disloyaltie; which afterwards fell out most truly by th' exemplary chastisement of sundry persons, who in favour of the said Scot. Qu. declining from her majestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the realme by many evill and undutifull practizes."

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, not long before the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Pembroke and Arundel, the Lord Lumley, Sir Nich. Throcmorton, and others, were taken into custody. See Hume, Rapin, &c. It was originally written in long lines, or Alexandrines, each of which is here divided into two.

The present edition is improved by some readings adopted from a copy printed in a collection from the papers of Sir John Harrington, intituled, *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Lond. 1769, 12mo, where the verses are accompanied with a very curious letter, in which this sonnet is said to be "of her Highness own inditing. . . . . My Lady Willoughby did covertly get it on her Majesties tablet, and had much hazzard in so doing; for the Queen did find out the thief, and chid for her spreading evil bruit of her writing such toyes, when other matters did so occupy her employment at this time; and was fearful of being thought too lightly of for so doing." * * *

THE doubt of future foes
  Exiles my present joy;
And wit me warnes to shun such snares,
  As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow,
  And subjects faith doth ebbe;
Which would not be if reason rul'd,
  Or wisdome wove the webbe.

But clowdes of joyes untried
  Do cloake aspiring mindes;
Which turn to raine of late repent,
  By course of changed windes.

Ver. 1. dread. al. ed. V. 9, toyes. al. ed.

[1] She was at this time near threescore.

The toppe of hope supposed
The roote of ruthe will be;
And frutelesse all their graffed guiles,
As shortly all shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blindes,
Shal be unseeld by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falshood finds.

The daughter of debate,[2]
That discord ay doth sowe,
Shall reape no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight
Shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
To poll the toppes that seeke such change,
Or gape for such like joy.

†‡†

*** I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's, preserved by Puttenham, (page 197,) "which (says he) our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance of fortune."

"Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the sway,
Where Vertue's force can cause her to obay."

The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.

[2] She evidently means here the Queen of Scots.

XVI.

King of Scots and Andrew Browne.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related, does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably

built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem, from ver. 97, to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death of the Earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed, June 2, 1581, when James was in his 15th year.

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, London,) is entitled, "A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young King of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne, an Englishman, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of *Milfield*, or els to *Green Sleeves*." At the end is subjoined the name of the author, W. Elderton. "Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church," in black-letter, folio.

This Elderton, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriffs' courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads: and probably other pieces in these volumes besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a victim to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys:—

"HIC SITUS EST SITIENS, ATQUE EBRIUS ELDERTONUS,
QUID DICO HIC SITUS EST? HIC POTIUS SITIS EST."

"Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid."

See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall.]—Biogr. Brit. [Drayton, by Oldys., Note B.]—Ath. Ox.—Camden's Remains.—The Exale-tation of Ale among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo, 1653.

'OUT alas!' what a griefe is this,
That princes subjects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing
It is to offend the anointed king!
Alas for woe, why should it be so?
This makes a sorrowful heigh-ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
As proper a youth as neede to be,
Well given to every happy thing,
That can be in a kinge to see:

Yet that unluckie country still,
Hath people given to craftie will.
Alas for woe, &c.

On Whitsun eve it so befell,
A posset was made to give the king,
Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
And that it was a poysoned thing:
She cryed, and called piteouslie,
"Now help, or els the king shall die!"
Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,
And hard the ladies piteous crye,
Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than,
Out of the doores in haste to flie;
But all the doores were made so fast,
Out of a window he got at last.
Alas for woe, &c.

He met the bishop coming fast,
Having the posset in his hande:
The sight of Browne made him aghast,
Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.
With him were two that ranne awa,
For feare that Browne would make a fray.
Alas for woe, &c.

"Bishop," quoth Browne, "what hast thou there?"
"Nothing at all, my friend," sayde he,
"But a posset to make the king good cheere."
"Is it so?" sayd Browne, "that will I see.
First I will have thyself begin,
Before thou go any further in;
Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh-ho."

The Bishop sayde, "Browne I doo know,
Thou art a young man poore and bare;
Livings on thee I will bestowe;
Let me go on, take thou no care."

"No, no" quoth Browne, "I will not be
A traitour for all Christiantie:
Happe well or woe, it shall be so,
Drink now with a sorrowfull," &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by
His belly burst and he fell downe:
A just rewarde for his traitery!
"This was a posset indeed," quoth Brown.
He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,
To come to the kinge when he did please.
Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this,
He humbly fell uppon his knee,
And praysed God that he did misse
To tast of that extremity:
For that he did perceive and know,
His clergie would betray him so:
Alas for woe, &c.

"Alas," he said "unhappie realme,
My father and grandfather slaine:
My mother banished, O extreame
Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne!
And now like treason wrought for me,
What more unhappie realme can be!"
Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere;
And trustie Browne too in like case,
He knighted him with gallant geere,
And gave him 'lands and livings great,'
For dooing such a manly feat,
As he did showe, to the bishop's woe,
Which made, &c.

Ver. 67. His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather, the old Earl of Lennox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sep. 5, 1571.

When all this treason done and past
Tooke not effect of traytery,
Another treason at the last,
They sought against his majestie;
How they might make their kinge away
By a privie banket on a daye.
Alas for woe, &c.

'Another time' to sell the king
Beyonde the seas they had decreede:
Three noble earles heard of this thing,
And did prevent the same with speede.
For a letter came, with such a charme,
That they should doo their king no harme:
For further woe, if they did soe,
Would make a sorrowful heigh-hoe.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
"Take heede you do not offend the king;
But shew yourselves like honest men
Obediently in every thing;
For his godmother[1] will not see
Her noble childe misus'd to be
With any woe; for if it be so,
She will make," &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true,
In England, Scotland, every where,
That no such daunger may ensue,
To put the prince or state in feare:
That God, the highest king, may see
Obedience as it ought to be.
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so,
To avoide the sorrowful heigh-ho.

[1] Queen Elizabeth.

XVII.

The Bonny Earl of Murray.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

In December, 1591, Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign, James VI., but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon, Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart, Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7, 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself: a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's History.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray, half expiring, said "You hae spilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky, pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, "You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

King James, who took no care to punish the murderers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth.—See the preface to the ballad.—See also Mr. Walpole's *Catalogue of Royal Authors*, vol. i. p. 42

YE highlands and ye lawlands,
Oh! quhair hae ye been?
They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,
And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!
And quhairfore did you sae!
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he playd at the gluve;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
Oh! he was the Queenes luve.

Oh! lang will his lady
Luke owre the castle downe,[1]
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Cum sounding throw the towne.

[1] *Castle downe* here has been thought to mean the *Castle of Downe*, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

XVIII.

Young Waters.

A SCOTTISH BALLAD.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality which Queen Anne of Denmark is said to have shown for the bonny Earl of Murray; and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the reader judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit,—Sir James Balfour, knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocates' library at Edinburgh.

"The seventh of Febry, this zeire, 1592, the Earle of Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntley at his house in Dunibrissel in Fyffe-shyre, and with him Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King's jealousie of Murray, quhum the Queene, more rashely than wisely, some few days before had commendit in the King's hearing, with too many epithets of a proper and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises proceedit from a proclamatione of the Kings, the 13 of Marche following; inhibiteine the zoung Earle of Murray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father's slaughter, in respect he being wardeit [imprisoned] in the castell of

Blacknesse for the same murther, was willing to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing but by the King's majesties commissione; and was neither airt nor part in the murther."[1]

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet, 8vo. The world was indebted for its publication to the Lady Jean Hume, sister to the Earle of Hume, who died at Gibraltar.

About Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A'! there is cum to our kings court
Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she saw zoung Waters
Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind;
Ane mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,
And siller shod behind;
The horse zong Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But than spake a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he:
"O tell me qhua's the fairest face
Rides in the company?"

"I've sene lord, and I've sene laird,
And knights of high degree,
Bot a fairer face than zoung Watèrs
Mine eyne did never see."

Out then spack the jealous king
(And an angry man was he):
"O, if he had been twice as fair,
Zou micht have excepted me."

[1] This extract is copied from the *Critical Review*.

"Zou're neither laird nor lord," she says,
"Bot the king that wears the crown;
Theris not a knight in fair Scotland'
Bot to thee maun bow down."

For a' that she could do or say,
Appeasd he wad nae bee;
Bot for the words which she had said
Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Put fetters to his feet;
They hae taen zoung Waters, and
Thrown him in dungeon deep.

"Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind both and the weit;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Wi fetters at my feet.

"Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town,
In the wind both and the rain;
Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
Neir to return again."

They hae taen to the heiding-hill[2]
His zoung son in his craddle;
And they hae taen to the heiding-hill
His horse both and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
His lady fair to see;
And for the words the queen had spoke
Zoung Waters he did dee.

[2] *Heiding-hill; i. e.* heading [beheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial hillock.

XIX.

Mary Ambree.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong-holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English Gaunt,) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made, with the assistance of English volunteers, to retrieve the former of those places, probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his *Epicœne*, first acted in 1609, act 4, sc. 2: his *Tale of a Tub*, act 1, sc. 4: and his masque entitled the *Fortunate Isles*, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad:—

"——Mary Ambree,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gaunt,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight," &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, act 5, *sub finem*
"——— My large gentlewoman, my Mary Ambree, had I but seen into you, you should have had another bedfellow.——"

It is likewise evident, that she is the virago intended by Butler in *Hudibras*, (p. i. c. iii. v. 365.) by her being coupled with Joan d'Arc, the celebrated Pucelle d'Orleans.

"A bold virago stout and tall
As *Joan* of France, or English *Mall*."

This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS. and by conjecture. The full title is, "the valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is *The Blind Beggar*, &c.

When captaines couragious, whom death cold not daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,
They mustred their souldiers by two and by three
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major[1] was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight, 6
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

[1] So MS. Serjeant Major, in P.C.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe,
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe;
A faire shirt of male[2] then slipped on shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe shee strait did provide,
A strong arminge-sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all such, as wold, bee of her band;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

"My soldiers," she saith, "soe valiant and bold,
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;
Still formost in battel myselfe will I bee:"
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say,
"Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons soe well do agree,
Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree."

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

"Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:"
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Shee led upp her souldiers in battaile array,
Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

[2] A peculiar kind of armour, composed of small rings of iron, and worn under the clothes. It is mentioned by Spenser, who speaks of the Irish gallowglass, or foot-soldier, as "armed in a long shirt of mayl." (View of the State of Ireland.)

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets soe hott;
For one of her owne men a score killed shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon shee slasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre;
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee·
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;
To beate down the walles they all did decree:
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

"Now saye, English Captaine, what woldest thou give
To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live?
Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee:"
Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

"Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?"
"A knight, sir, of England, and captaine soe free,
Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee."

"No captaine of England; behold in your sight
Two brests in my bosome, and therfore no knight:
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple mayden called Mary Ambree."

"But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree."

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne
Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne·
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all:
" Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall;
A mayden of England, sir, never will bee
The whore of a monarcke," quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne;
Therfore English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XX.

Brave Lord Willoughbey.[1]

Peregrine Bertie, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was, the year after, made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

"My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was one of the queenes best swordsmen: . . . . . he was a great master of the art military . . . . . I have heard it spoken, that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentifull portion of her grace: and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that he was none of the *Reptilia;* intimating, that he could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not his element; for, indeed, as he was a great souldier, so he was of suitable magnanimitie, and could not brooke the obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court."—(Naunton.)

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601. Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations), may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says, in the dedication to his version of

[1] Lord Willoughby was the son of the noble lady who figures as the heroine of the well-known ballad, *The Duchess of Suffolk's Calamity.*—Editor.

Homer's *Frogs and Mice*, concerning the brave and memorable retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, through the whole Spanish army under the Duke of Parma, for three miles together.

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
The most couragious officers
Were English captains three;
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave Lord Willoughbèy.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee;
The other Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand men,
Upon the bloody shore.

"Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about:
And shoot you right, you bow-men,
And we will keep them out.
You musquet and callìver men,
Do you prove true to me:
I'le be the formost man in fight,"
Says brave Lord Willoughbèy.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail.
The wounded men on both sides fell,
Most pitious for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours, to all mens view,
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more;

And then upon dead horses,
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously:
Which made the Spaniards waver;
They thought it best to flee;
They fear'd the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
"Come, let us march away;
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay;
For yonder comes Lord Willoughbey,
With courage fierce and fell;
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell."

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men persued couragiously,
And caught their forces quite;
But at last they gave a shout,
Which ecchoed through the sky;
"God, and St. George for England!"
The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious queen was told
Of this same victory.
" O this is brave Lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won;
Of all the lords of honour,
'Tis he great deeds hath done."

To the souldiers that were maimed
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day;
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free:
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismaid;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foraign enemies,
And set our nation free:
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

XXI.

Victorious Men of Earth.

This little moral sonnet hath such a pointed application to the heroes of the foregoing and following ballads, that I cannot help placing it here, though the date of its composition is of a much later period. It is extracted from " Cupid and Death, a masque by J. S. [James Shirley], presented Mar. 26, 1653." London, printed 1653, 4to.

VICTORIOUS men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you binde in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day;

Yet you proud monarchs must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls yee to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague, and war,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confin'd,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle wayes to kill:
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

XXII.

The Winning of Cales.

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz (called by our sailors corruptly *Cales*), on June 21, 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard, admiral, and the Earl of Essex, general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopped the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but missed of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina, the Spanish admiral, took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprise, amounted to twenty millions of ducats.—See Hume's History.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm:—

"A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,
And a laird of the North country;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three."

The ballad is printed, with some corrections, from the Editor's folio MS., and seems to have been composed by some person who was concerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatning our country with fyer and sword;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous,
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums,
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas presentlye went our lord admiral,
With knights couragious and captains full good;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood.
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye;
Braver ships never were seen under sayle,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers ore their head;
Now, bragging Spaniards, take heed of your tayle,
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye
Where the kinges navy securelye did ryde;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descryde.
Dub a dub, &c.

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
Which at that season was made in that place;
The beacons were fyred, as need then required;
To hyde their great treasure they had little space.
Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,
And how their men drowned themselves in the sea;
There might you hear them cry, wayle and weep piteously,
When they saw no shift to scape thence away,
Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;
But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
Were took in fight manfullye and brought away.
Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex, most valiant and hardye,
With horsemen and footmen marched up to the town;
The Spanyards which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
Did fly for their savegard, and durst not come down.
Dub a dub, &c.

"Now," quoth the noble Earl, "courage, my soldiers all,
Fight, and be valiant, the spoil you shall have;
And be well rewarded all from the great to the small;
But looke that the women and children you save."
Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight, thinking it vain to fight,
Hung upp flags of truce and yielded the towne;
Wee marched in presentlye, decking the walls on hye,
With English colours which purchased renowne.
Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
For gold and treasure we searched eche day;
In sòme places wè did find pyes baking left behind,
Meate at fire rosting, and folkes run away.
Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandize, every shop catched our eyes,
Damasks and sattens and velvets full fayre;
Which soldiers mèasur'd out by the length of their swords;
Of all commodities eche had a share.
Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
March'd to the market-place, where he did stand;
There many prisoners fell to our several shares;
Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fannd.
Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave General saw they delayed all,
And wold not ransome their towne as they said,
With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedsteds,
Their joint-stools and tables, a fire we made;
And when the town burned all in flame,
With tara, tantara, away wee all came.

XXIII.

The Spanish Lady's Love.[1]

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of these descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

It was a tradition in the West of England, that the person admired by the Spanish lady was a gentleman of the Popham family, and that her picture, with the pearl necklace mentioned in the ballad, was not many years ago preserved at Littlecot, near Hungerford, Wilts, the seat of that respectable family.

Another tradition hath pointed out Sir Richard Levison, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, as the subject of this ballad; who married Margaret, daughter of Charles, Earl of Nottingham, and was eminently distinguished as a naval officer and commander in all the expeditions against the Spaniards in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, particularly in that to Cadiz in 1596, when he was aged 27. He died in 1605, and has a monument, with his effigy in brass, in Wolverhampton church.

It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How shee wooed an English man?[2]
Garments gay as rich as may be,
Decked with jewels she had on;
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lye;
Cupid's bands did tye them faster,
By the liking of an eye;
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

[1] Both Shenstone and Wordsworth have employed this graceful romance as a model; the former, in his *Moral Tale of Love and Honour;* the latter in his *Armenian Lady's Love.*—Editor.

[2] Recent evidence, with good reason, maintains that Sir John Bolle, of Thorpe Hall, Lincolnshire, was the gallant hero of the romance.—Editor.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adorned,
None to do them injury:
Then said this lady mild, "Full woe is me;
O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

"Gallant Captain, shew some pity
To a ladye in distresse;
Leave me not within this city,
For to dye in heavinesse;
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

"How should'st thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou knowst thy country's foe?
Thy faire wordes make me suspect thee;
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
"All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light!

"Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termed,
Gentle foes we have you found.
With our city, you have won our hearts eche one;
Then to your country bear away that is your owne."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty;
Spain doth yield a wonderous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find;
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard;
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert.
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest;
The wife of every Englishman is counted blest."

"It wold be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page Ile follow thee, where'er thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know, in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shal be thy own,
And eke five hundred pounds [3] in gold that lies unknown."

"On the seas are many dangers;
Many storms do there arise,
Which wil be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
"Well in troth I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous ladye, leave this fancy;
Here comes all that breeds the strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain."

"O how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love and true affection first commence.

"Commend me to thy lovely lady;
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold.
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

Ver. 65, Well in worth. MS. [3] So the MS. 10,000*l.* *P.*

"I will spend my days in prayer,
  Love and all her laws defye;
In a nunnery will I shroud mee,
  Far from any companye;
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

"Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
  Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
  Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee!"
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie."

V. 86, So the folio MS. Other editions read *his laws*.

XXIV.

Argentile and Curan

Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in thirteen books, entitled *Albion's England* by William Warner: "An author (says a former editor) only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse. His poem is an epitome of the British history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit; in some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of *Argentile and Curan*]—a tale full of beautiful incidents in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style; and in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with."—[Muses' Library, 1738, 8vo.] To his merit nothing can be objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

Warner is said, by A. Wood,[1] to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated in Oxford, at Magdalene-hall: as also in the latter part of his life to have been retained in the service of Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem. However that may have been, new light is thrown upon his history, and the time and manner of his death are now ascertained by the following extract from the parish register-book of Amwell, in Hertfordshire, which was obligingly communicated to the editor by Mr. Hoole, the very ingenious translator of Tasso, &c.

[1608–1609.] "Master William Warner, a man of good yeares and

[1] Athen. Oxon.

of honest reputation: by his profession an Atturnye of the Common Pleas; author of Albions England, diynge suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on thursday night beeinge the 9th daye of March, was buried the satturday following, and lyeth in the church at the corner under the stone of Walter Ffader."

"*Signed* Tho. Hassall, Vicarius."

Though now Warner is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their age.[2] But Warner rather resembled Ovid, whose Metamorphoses he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced a perpetual poem from the Deluge down to the era of Elizabeth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And though he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often displays a most charming and pathetic simplicity: as where he describes Eleanor's harsh treatment of Rosamond:

"With that she dasht her on the lippes
So dyed double red:
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lippes that bled."

The edition of *Albion's England* here followed, was printed in 4to, 1602; said in the title-page to have been "first penned and published by William Warner, and now revised and newly enlarged by the same author." The story of *Argentile and Curan* is, I believe, the poet's own invention; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was, however, so much admired, that not many years after he published it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas of six lines, entitled "The most pleasant and delightful historie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princesse Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime king of Northumberland, &c., by William Webster, London, 1617," in 8 sheets, 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem. This episode of Warner's has also been altered into the common ballad of "the two young Princes on Salisbury Plain," which is chiefly composed of Warner's lines, with a few contractions and interpolations, but all greatly for the worse.—See the collection of *Historical Ballads*, 1727, 3 vols. 12mo.

Though here subdivided into stanzas, Warner's metre is the old-fashioned Alexandrine of fourteen syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.

THE Bruton's 'being' departed hence
Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
Where diversly in divers broyles
The Saxons lost and wonne.

[2] Athen. Oxon.

King Edel and King Adelbright
In Diria jointly raigne;
In loyal concorde during life
These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life,
To Edel thus he sayes:
"By those same bondes of happie love,
That held us friends alwaies;

"By our by-parted crowne, of which
The moyetie is mine;
By God, to whom my soule must passe,
And so in time may thine,

"I pray thee, nay I cònjure thee,
To nourish as thine owne,
Thy neece, my daughter Argentile,
Till she to age be growne;
And then, as thou receivest it,
Resigne to her my throne."

A promise had for his bequest,
The testatòr he dies:
But all that Edel undertooke,
He afterwards denies.

Yet well he 'fosters for' a time
The damsell that was growne
The fairest lady under heaven;
Whose beautie being knowne,

A many princes seeke her love;
But none might her obtaine,
For grippell Edel to himselfe
Her kingdome sought to gaine;
And for that cause from sight of such
He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
A prince in Danske, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love;
As much as man might bee.

Unhappie youth, what should he doe?
His saint was kept in mewe;
Nor he, nor any noble-man
Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits
He pines himselfe awaye;
Anon he thought by force of arms
To win her if he maye;

And still against the kings restraint
Did secretly invay.
At length the high controller Love,
Whom none may disobay,

Imbased him from lordlines
Into a kitchen drudge,
That so at least of life or death
She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see and speake,
He did his love bewray,
And tells his birth: her answer was,
She husbandles would stay.

Meane while the king did beate his braines,
His booty to atcheive,
Nor caring what became of her,
So he by her might thrive.
At last his resolution was
Some pessant should her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)
He did observe with joye
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
Scapt many an amorous toye.[3]

The king, perceiving such his veine,
Promotes his vassal still,
Lest that the basenesse of the man
Should lett, perhaps, his will.

[3] The construction is, "How that many an amorous toy, or fooler y of love, 'scaped Curan;" *i. e.* escaped from him, being off his guard.

Assured therefore of his love,
But not suspecting who
The lover was, the king himself
In his behalf did woe.

The lady resolute from love,
Unkindly takes that he
Should barre the noble, and unto
So base a match agree;

And therefore shifting out of doores,
Departed thence by stealth,
Preferring povertie before
A dangerous life in wealth.

When Curan heard of her escape,
The anguish in his hart
Was more than much, and after her
From court he did depart;

Forgetfull of himselfe, his birth,
His country, friends, and all,
And only minding (whom he mist)
The fondresse of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent
Or court, or stately townes,
But solitarily to live
Amongst the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
Well pleased so to live;
And shepherd-like to feed a flocke
Himselfe did wholly give.

So wasting, Love, by worke and want,
Grew almost to the waine;
But then began a second love,
The worser of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
Where Curan kept his sheepe,
Did feed her drove: and now on her
Was all the shepherds keepe.

Ver. 110, keepe, *i. e.* heed.

He borrowed on the working daies
His holy russets oft,
And of the bacon's fat, to make
His startops blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend,
He left it at the folde;
Sweete growte or whig his bottle had.
As much as it might holde.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,
And cheese as white as snow,
And wildings, or the seasons fruit
He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,
And sheep-hooke lay him by,
On hollow quilles of oten straw
He piped melody.

But when he spyed her, his saint,
He wip'd his greasie shooes,
And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
And thus the shepheard wooes.

"I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheese,
As good as tooth may chawe,
And bread and wildings souling well.
(And therewithall did drawe

"His lardrie) and in 'yeaning' see
Yon crumpling ewe," quoth he,
"Did twinne this fall: and twin shouldst thou,
If I might tup with thee.

"Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,
To elvish and too coy;
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,
That suche a flocke enjoy?

"I wis I am not: yet that thou
Doest hold me in disdaine
Is brimme abroad and made a gybe
To all that keepe this plaine

Ver. 112, *i. e.* holy-day russets. V. 135, eating P.CC.—

"There be as quaint (at least that thinke
Themselves as quaint) that crave
The match, that thou, I wot not why,
Maist but mislik'st to have.

"How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot
Thou art a female) I
Her know not here that willingly
With maiden-head would die.

"The plowmans labour hath no end,
And he a churle will prove;
The craftsman hath more worke in hand
Then fitteth unto love;

"The merchant, traffiquing abroad,
Suspects his wife at home:
A youth will play the wanton; and
An old man prove a mome.

"Then chuse a shepheard: with the sun
He doth his flocke unfold,
And all the day on hill or plaine,
He merrie chat can hold;

"And with the sun doth folde againe;
Then jogging home betime,
He turnes a crab, or turnes a round,
Or sings some merry ryme.

"Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round
The nut-brown bowl doth trot;
And sitteth singing care away,
Till he to bed be got.

"Theare sleepes he soundly all the night,
Forgetting morrow-cares;
Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
Nor uttering of his wares;

"Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
Or cracke of credit lost;
Not spending franklier than his flocke
Shall still defray the cost.

V. 153, Her know I not ner that. ed. 1602. V. 169, *i. e.* roasts a crab, or apple. V. 171, to tell, whilst round the bole doth trot. ed. 1597.

"Well wot I, sooth they say, that say
More quiet nights and daies
The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he
Whose cattel he doth graize.

"Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but
A man, and so am I;
Content is worth a monarchie,
And mischiefs hit the hie.

"As late it did a king and his
Not dwelling far from hence,
Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,
For fair a matchless wench."——
Here did he pause, as if his tongue
Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
Did egge him on to tell
How faire she was, and who she was,
"She bore," quoth he, "the bell

'For beautie: though I clownish am,
I know what beautie is;
Or did I not, at seeing thee,
I senceles were to mis.

* * * * *

'Her stature comely, tall; her gate
Well graced; and her wit
To marvell at, not meddle with.
As matchless I omit.

A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
A forehead smooth and hie;
An even nose, on either side
Did shine a grayish eie;

"Two rosie cheeks, round ruddy lips,
White just-set teeth within;
A mouth in meane, and underneathe
A round and dimpled chin.

"Her snowie necke with blewish veines
Stood bolt upright upon
Her portly shoulders: beating balles
Her veined breasts, anon

"Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
Her middle falling still,
And rising whereas women rise: * * *
—Imagine nothing ill.

"And more, her long and limber armes
Had white and azure wrists;
And slender fingers aunswere to
Her smooth and lillie fists.

"A legge in print, a pretie foot:
Conjecture of the rest,
For amorous eies, observing forme,
Think parts obscured best.

"With these, O raretie! with these
Her tong of speech was spare;
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake,
The balle from Ide to bear.

"With Phœbe, Juno, and with both
Herselfe contends in face;
Wheare equall mixture did not want
Of milde and stately grace.

"Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
Were chearefull unto all:
Even such as neither wanton seeme,
Nor waiward; mell nor gall.

"A quiet minde, a patient moode,
And not disdaining any;
Not gybing, gadding, gawdy: and
Sweete faculties had many.

"A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie
Might praise, might wish, might see;
For life, for love, for forme more good,
More worth, more faire than shee.

"Yea such an one, as such was none,
Save only she was such:
Of Argentile to say the most,
Were to be silent much."

"I knew the lady very well,
But worthles of such praise,"
The neatresse said; "and muse I do,
A shepheard thus should blaze
The 'coate' of beauti.[1] Credit me,
Thy latter speech bewraies

"Thy clownish shape a coined shew.
But wherefore dost thou weepe?"
The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
And both doe silence keepe.

"In troth," quoth he, "I am not such
As seeming I professe:
But then for her, and now for thee,
I from myselfe digresse.

"Her loved I (wretch that I am
A recreant to be)
I loved her that hated love,
But now I die for thee.

"At Kirkland is my fathers court,
And Curan is my name,
In Edels court sometimes in pompe,
Till love countrould the same,—

"But now—what now?—deare heart, how now?
What ailest thou to weepe?"
The damsell wept, and he was woe,
And both did silence keepe.

"I graunt," quoth she, "it was too much
That you did love so much;
But whom your former could not mov',
Your second love doth touch.

[1] *i.e.* emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1597, 1602, 1612, read *coote*.

"Thy twice-beloved Argentile
Submitteth her to thee,
And for thy double love presents
Herself a single fee,
In passion, not in person, chang'd:
And I, my lord, am she."

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,
And silent for a space,
When as the extasie had end,
Did tenderly imbrace;
And for their wedding and their wish
Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then
Was named so this land)
Then Curan had an hardier knight;
His force could none withstand;
Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime
In Argentile her right,
He warr'd in Diria,[2] and he wonne
Bernicia[2] too in fight;
And so from trecherous Edel tooke
At once his life and crowne,
And of Northumberland was king,
Long raigning in renowne.

[2] During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of six northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira (called here Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending those which lay north.

XXV.

Corin's Fate.

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient: these are extracted from a small quarto MS. in the Editor's possession, written in the time of Queen Elizabeth. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

Corin, most unhappie swaine,
Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?
Little foode is on the plaine;
Full of danger is the rocke.

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes;
Forests tangled are with brakes:
Meadowes subject are to floodes;
Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine and hill,
Forest, moore, and meadow-ground,
Hunger will as surely kill:
How may then reliefe be found?

Such is hapless Corins fate:
Since my waywarde love begunne,
Equall doubts begett debate
What to seeke and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed;
Yet to speke will move disdaine:
If I see her not I bleed,
Yet her sight augments my paine.

What may then poor Corin doe?
Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell;
For to linger thus in woe
Is the lover's sharpest hell.

* *
*

XXVI.

Jane Shore.

Though so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtesan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens; the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many

popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas More's history of Richard III., written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edward IV.

"Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for covetise, the protector sent into the house of Shore's wife (for her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that ever she had, (above the value of two or three thousand marks,) and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide unto her, for the manner sake, that she went about to bewitch him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein to destroy him: in conclusion, when that no colour could fasten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist was true, and that natheles every man laughed at to here it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught of her body. And for thys cause, (as a goodly continent prince, clene and faultless of himself, sent oute of heaven into this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners,) he caused the bishop of London to put her to open pennance, going before the crosse in procession upon a sonday with a taper in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array save her kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, namelye, while the wondering of the people caste a comly rud in her chekes, (of which she before had most misse,) that her great shame wan her much praise among those that were more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer to se sin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then rejoiced therin, when thei considred that the protector procured it more of a corrupt intent, then any virtuous affection.

"This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended, honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving somewhat to soone; her husbande an honest citizen, yonge, and goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happely the thinge that the more easily made her encline unto the king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and other wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender hearte. But when the king had abused her, anon her husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her up to him al together. When the king died, the lord chamberlen [Hastings] toke her:[1] which in the kinges daies, albeit he was sore

[1] After the death of Hastings she was kept by the Marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV.'s queen. In Rymer's Fœdera is a proclamation of Richard's dated at Leicester, October 23, 1483, wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a-year in land, is offered for taking "Thomas late marquis of Dorset," who, "not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and *lived in actual adultery with the wife of Shore*."—Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not

enamoured upon her, yet he forbare her, either for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithfulness.

"Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you wold have changed, but if you would have wished her somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her youthe. Albeit some that *now see her*, (*for yet she liveth*,) deme her never to have been wel visaged. Whose jugement seemeth me somewhat like as though men should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her scalpe taken out of the charnel-house; for now is she old, lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but ryvilde skin, and hard bone. And yet being even such, whoso wel advise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes how filled, wold make it a fair face.

"Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant behaviour. For a proper wit had she, and could both rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometime taunting without displeasure, and not without disport. The king would say, That he had three concubines, which in three divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another the wiliest, the third the holiest harlot in his realme, as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two wer somewhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilite content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties; but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the king therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had, but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for sinne it wer to belie the devil) she never abused to any mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where the king toke displeasure, she would mitigate and appease his mind: where men were out of favour, she wold bring them in his grace: for many, that had highly offended, shee obtained pardon: of great forfeitures she gate men remission: and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many men in gret stede, either for none or very smal rewardes, and those rather gay than rich: either for that she was content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she delited to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy be not alway covetous.

"I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces of great matters: which thei shal specially think, that happely shal esteme her only by that thei *now see her*. But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be remembred, in how much she is *now* in the mor beggarly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance, after good substance, after as grete favour with the prince, after as grete sute and seking to with al those, that in those days had busynes to spede, as many other men were of their times, which be now famouse only by the infamy in their il dedes. Her doinges were not much lesse, albeit

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with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended. Vide Rym. Fœd. tom. xij. p. 204

thei be muche less remembred because thei were not so evil. For men use, if they have an evil turne, to write it in marble: and whoso doth us a good tourne, we write it in duste.[2] Which is not worst proved by her; for *at this daye* shee beggeth of many at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if shee had not bene."—See More's Works, folio, black letter, 1557, pp. 56, 57.

Drayton has written a poetical epistle from this lady to her royal lover, and in his notes thereto he thus draws her portrait: "Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour, her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open penance in Paul's churchyard, *commanded that no man should relieve her*, which the tyrant did, not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly." —See *England's Heroical Epistles*, by Michael Drayton, Esq., London, 1637, 12mo.

The history of Jane Shore receives new illustration from the following letter of King Richard III., which is preserved in the Harl. MSS. number 433, article 2378, but of which the copy transmitted to the Editor has been reduced to modern orthography, &c. It is said to have been addressed to Russel, bishop of Lincoln, lord chancellor, anno 1484.

By the KING.

"Right Reverend Father in God, &c., signifying unto you, that it is shewed unto us, that our Servant and Solicitor Thomas Lynom, marvellously blinded and abused with the late Wife of William Shore, now living in Ludgate by our commandment, hath made Contract of Matrimony with her, as it is said, and intendeth to our full great marvel, to effect the same. WE, for many causes, would be sorry that he should be so disposed; pray you therefore to send for him, and in that ye goodly may, exhort, and stir him to the contrary: And if ye find him utterly set for to marry her, and none otherwise would be advertised, then, if it may stand with the laws of the church, we be

[2] The words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakspeare that proverbial reflection in Henry VIII. act iv. sc. 2.

> "Men's evil manners live in brass: their virtues
> We write in water."

Shakspeare, in his play of Richard III., follows More's history of that reign, and therefore could not but see this passage.

content the time of marriage be deferred to our coming next to London; that upon sufficient Surety found of her good abearing, ye do so send for her Keeper, and discharge him of our said commandment, by Warrant of these, committing her to the rule, and guiding of her Father, or any other, by your direction, in the mean season. Given, &c.

"RIC. Rex."

It appears from two articles in the same MS. that King Richard had granted to the said Thomas Linom the office of King's Solicitor, (Article 134,) and also the manor of Colmeworth, com. Bedf. to him, his heirs male. (Article 596.)

An original picture of Jane Shore, almost naked, is preserved in the Provost's lodgings at Eton; and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College, Cambridge, to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with Edward IV. A small 4to mezzotinto print was taken from the former of these by J. Faber.

The following ballad is printed (with some corrections) from an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is, "The woefull lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in London, sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the tune of '*Live with me,*' *&c.* To every stanza is annexed the following burthen:

"Then maids and wives in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end."

If Rosamonde, that was so faire,
Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
That was beloved of a king.

In maiden yeares my beautye bright
Was loved dear of lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gaine,
A husband for me did obtaine;
And I, their pleasure to fulfille,
Was forc'd to wedd against my wille.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruine to my life;
And then my life I lewdlye spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwelle,
As London yet can witness welle;
Where many gallants did beholde
My beautye in a shop of golde.

I spred my plumes, as wantons doe,
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,
Because chast love I did not finde
Agreeing to my wanton minde.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the eares of Englandes king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coye what he desir'd.

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
Whose friendship I esteemed deare,
Did saye, "It was a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king."

By her persuasions I was led,
For to defile my marriage-bed
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
And therefore did my state resigne,
To be King Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reape the pleasures of content;
There had the joyes that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on highe,
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mrs. Blague I in short space
Obtainde a livinge from his Grace.

Ver 31 [illegible] *i. e.* is.

No friende I had, but in short time
I made unto promotion climbe;
But yet for all this costlye pride,
My husbande could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
His heart with deadlye griefe did sting;
From England then he goes away
To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame;
Although a prince of peerlesse might
Did reape the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the courte,
With lords and ladies of great sorte;
And when I smil'd, all men were glad,
But when I frown'd, my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore
To helpless people, that were poore;
I still redrest the orphans crye,
And sav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
I succour'd babes of tender yeares;
And never look'd for other gaine
But love and thankes, for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,
And then my dayes of woe grew nighe;
When crook-back Richard got the crowne,
King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend
This tyrant brought to shameful end.

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shamefull manner in a sheet:

Where many thousands did me viewe,
Who late in court my credit knewe;
Which made the teares run down my face,
To think upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope therebye to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant.

But she denyed to me the same,
When in my need for them I came;
To recompense my former love,
Out of her doores shee did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state.
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by mee,
For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distrest,
And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
Did give me food to succour me:

For which, by lawe, it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good
Durst not afford mee any food;
Whereby I begged all the day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and gems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed:
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at lengthe
I yielded up my vital strength
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now since my dying daye,
Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye;[3]
Which is a witness of my sinne,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just;
Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every one?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives:
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

[3] But it had this name long before; being so called from its being a common *Sewer* (vulgarly *Shore*) or drain. See Stow.

XXVII.

Corydon's Doleful Knell.

This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies one of which is in *The golden Garland of Princely Delights.*

The burthen of the song, DING DONG, &c., is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet, it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aërial dirge in Shakspeare's *Tempest:*

> "Full fadom five thy father lies,
> Of his bones are corrall made;
> Those are pearles that were his eyes;
> Nothing of him, that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange:
> Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
> Harke now I hear them, Ding dong bell."
> "Burthen, Ding dong."

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude the above air in a manner the most solemn, and expressive of melancholy.

My Phillida, adieu love!
For evermore farewel!
Ay me! I've lost my true love,
And thus I ring her knell,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
Our bridal bed was made;
But 'stead of silkes so gay,
She in her shroud is laid.
Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
By maides in fair array,
Till the obsequies are ended,
And she is wrapt in clay.
Ding, &c.

Her herse it shall be carried
By youths that do excell;
And when that she is buried,
I thus will ring her knell.
Ding, &c.

A garland shall be framed
By art and natures skill,
Of sundry-colour'd flowers,
In token of good-will.[1]
Ding, &c.

And sundry-colour'd ribbands
On it I will bestow;
But chiefly black and yellowe[2]
With her to grave shall go.
Ding, &c.

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
The rarest ever seen,
And with my tears, as showers,
I'll keepe them fresh and green.
Ding, &c.

Instead of fairest colours,
Set forth with curious art,[3]
Her image shall be painted
On my distressed heart.
Ding, &c.

And thereon shall be graven,
Her epitaph so faire,
"Here lies the loveliest maiden,
That e'er gave shepheard care."
Ding, &c.

[1] It is a custom in many parts of England, to carry a flowery garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

[2] See above, preface to no. xi. book v. p. 371.

[3] This alludes to the painted effigies of alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

In sable will I mourne;
Blacke shall be all my weede:
Ay me! I am forlorne
Now Phillida is dead!
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong,
My Phillida is dead!
I'll stick a branch of willow
At my fair Phillis' head.

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